DEC. 30,
1939

Liberty

5¢

TREASON IN OUR CHOOLBOOKS

George E. Sokolsky

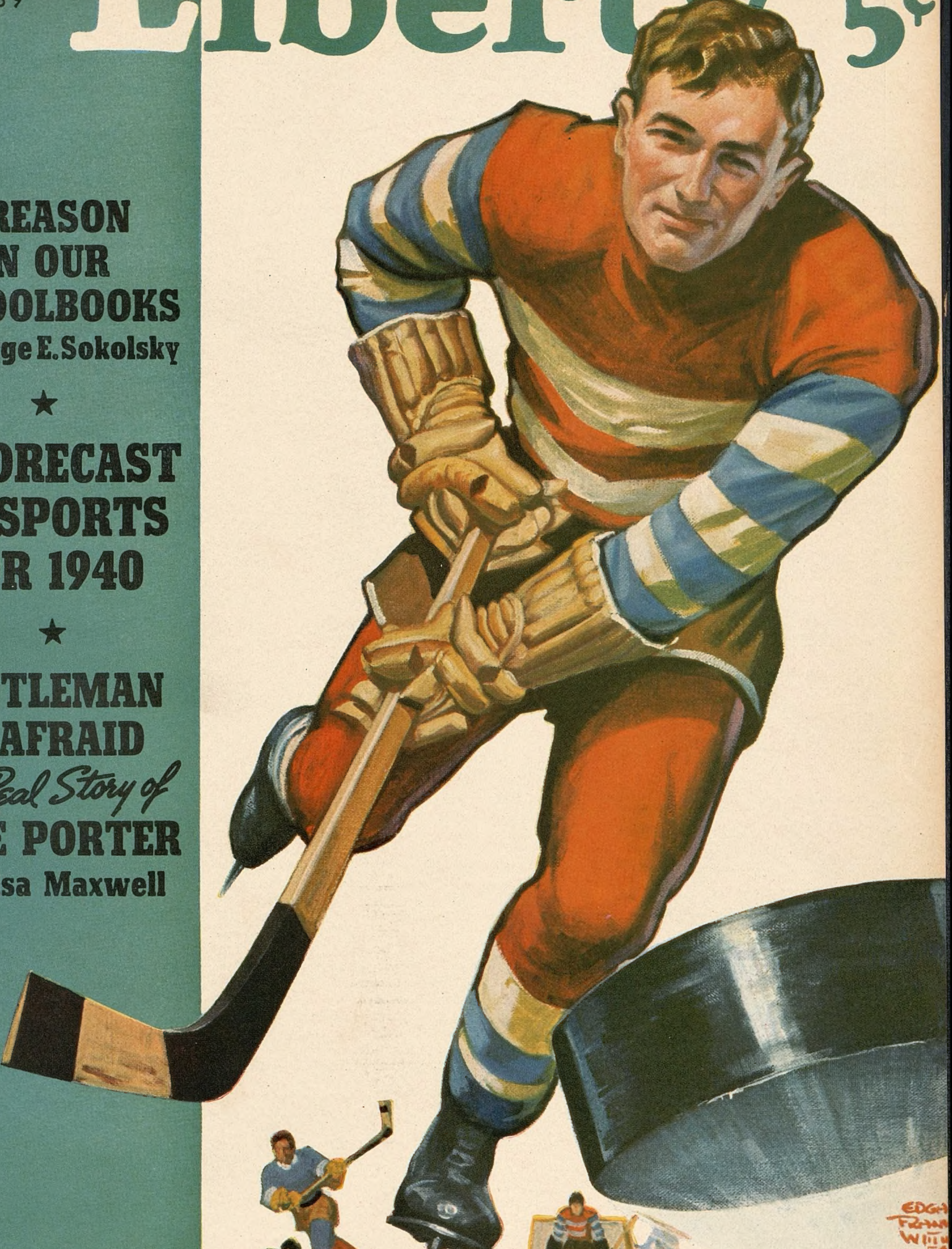
★

A FORECAST OF SPORTS FOR 1940

★

GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID

The Real Story of
OLE PORTER
by Elsa Maxwell


EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

Wine with your festive meals

...IT LENDS A SPECIAL TOUCH OF HOSPITALITY

Famous hosts and hostesses find an increasing number of their guests prefer this moderate kind of beverage

A fine table wine like ruby Burgundy or golden Sauterne—its soft fragrance mingled with the savory aroma of roast turkey! Each taste piquant and appetizing, inviting you to enjoy dinner to the full!

Why don't you try it, this year?

Sip your wine slowly—let it bring out and complement the tempting flavor of "turkey and fixings." For Burgundy and Sauterne make good food taste even better . . . they are made to add glamour and extra goodness to your main course.

You'll find that wines like these add a note of leisurely enjoyment—a note of geniality—to your festive meal. You'll discover they flatter even your most discriminating guest.

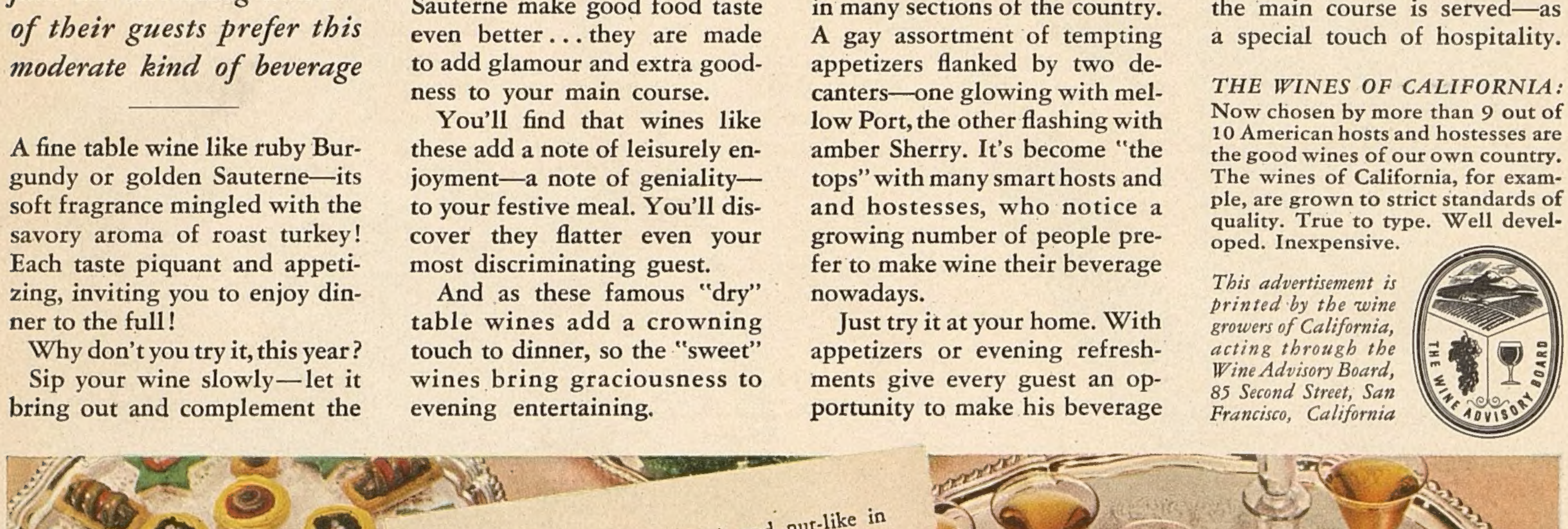
And as these famous "dry" table wines add a crowning touch to dinner, so the "sweet" wines bring graciousness to evening entertaining. Here, for instance, is an idea reported by well-known hosts in many sections of the country. A gay assortment of tempting appetizers flanked by two decanters—one glowing with mellow Port, the other flashing with amber Sherry. It's become "the tops" with many smart hosts and and hostesses, who notice a growing number of people prefer to make wine their beverage nowadays.

Just try it at your home. With appetizers or evening refreshments give every guest an opportunity to make his beverage wine. Or bring to dinner a good table wine and pour it when the main course is served—as a special touch of hospitality.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD



Sherry is mellow amber—rich and nut-like in flavor. It's the perfect wine to go with appetizers. And with desserts a good wine is red, full-bodied Port. Port is also an admirable after dinner wine, and the good companion for wafers or fruit cake in the afternoon or evening

Mother's a Whizz at Apple Pies—but Jane's the better at guarding Her Smile!

Modern children could probably teach you, too, that Massage with Ipana helps protect a winning smile

MOTHER'S pies certainly hit the spot! They top off a meal to perfection—always taste like more. And Jane hopes some day *hers* will taste as good. But, at 8, Jane has a far more important lesson down pat—one that Mother, and Dad, too, would be wise to learn. She knows the value of gum massage in helping to safeguard bright and sparkling smiles.

Like thousands of modern children, Jane can thank her teacher for this early start in gum massage. Already she has learned that gums, too, need special care and attention—that "pink tooth brush" is a warning to be heeded.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Most modern gums get too little exercise. They need the stimulation that comes from vigorous chewing—exercise that many of today's soft foods deny them. Naturally, lazy gums tend to become weak—and, all too often, flash that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

If you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean trouble, but let him decide. Very often his verdict will be "lazy, underworked gums"—gums, as many dentists advise, that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

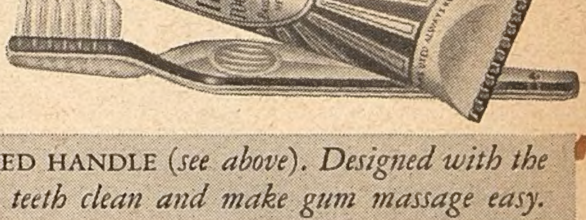
For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, stronger.

Take care of *your* smile. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling, attractive!

Try the Ipana way for a Brighter Smile!

Teacher says, "Massage helps wake up lazy gums," Mother!
Sonny's after me again, Tom, about gum massage. I'm going to try it.
Sa-ay, Mary, that tip was a good idea. Your smile is much brighter now!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TEETH AND GUMS

et the new D.D. Tooth Brush *—The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

DECEMBER 30, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 52

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

DO THE STRIKERS PAY THE LOSSES?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

It is indeed difficult to understand the inability of workmen to realize that they pay the lion's share of the losses due to strikes, and this does not refer entirely to wages. The millions of dollars that are lost in a strike must be regained by adding them to the cost of the product, whatever it may be; and when the cost of any kind of merchandise is increased, the demand decreases automatically; and that means the loss of jobs in every instance, and the loss of jobs means increased government costs on WPA jobs and relief, and all that brings increased taxes, which every worker pays in hidden taxes. . . . Every pound of butter . . . every pair of shoes . . . every suit of clothes . . . the monthly rent include a certain amount of hidden taxes. In a five-dollar pair of shoes there is at least one dollar or more in hidden taxes, and practically the same or a greater percentage in nearly everything else the workman buys.

In the recent Chrysler strike millions of dollars were lost, and every one of the workmen rendered idle because of this strike will ultimately pay a share of this loss in hidden taxes—and that is in addition to the wages they lose.

To be sure, some of the loss must be incurred by the workers who furnish the materials which Chrysler turns into automobiles, and a large part of the loss will have to be assumed by the members of the various Chrysler sales organizations throughout the country.

But the workers who handle the product from the raw material to the ultimate buyer will have to assume the lion's share—84 per cent—of the losses.

Through an investigation, the details of which were published by the Department of Commerce, it was definitely indicated that from practically every manufactured product the workers secure 84 cents, and capital, or the owners, 16 cents.

And occasionally, as was true in the Chrysler situation, there is the struggle as to who is to be the boss . . . the workers in an establishment or the owner. That naturally brings the query as to who is most interested—those who have their money invested or the workers. There can be only one answer to that question. . . . The workers can find other jobs, and they may lose or gain by changing; but the owner of the business is tied to it. He cannot change. He has to stick to his job.

Every business organization depends upon super-efficient management in any hectic competitive field. Without outstanding ability of supervising executives, jobs are of doubtful value. They can never be permanent. We can readily realize that early bankruptcy would be the fate of any organization without efficient management.

Competition is said to be the life of trade, but it is a hard taskmaster. No manufacturer can compel his customers to continue buying his product. He must turn out merchandise as good as or better than his competitor, at a favorable price, or the product cannot be sold.

The sit-down strike was a terrific blow to industry, and the workers assumed their share of the loss . . . 84 cents on every dollar.

Unionism can be a great beneficent force, or it can be a wrecking crew that ultimately destroys every business it contacts; and when workers attempt to control management, such interference leads directly toward the bankruptcy courts.

We should remember that intelligent management necessitates careful study through long years of experience.

If union leaders would realize the value of friendly co-operation and would use their influence to compel legislators to change their attitude toward business, jobs would increase so fast that the dole and WPA workers would be past history.

The source of the wealth, prosperity, and the high standard of living which this country enjoys is almost entirely due to business. Agriculture may have helped, but big business is the main source; and when the officials of this country once realize the accuracy of this assertion, the attitude toward the investing world should change very radically.

A statement is often made that no one will attack Santa Claus. Big business may not be in the same class, but it is the source of nearly all the good things of life that we are enjoying in this country.

Even the dog doesn't bite the hand that feeds it, and encouragement and appreciation of the source of our livelihood would be helpful to all concerned.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"If the railroads are so good *– why aren't they rich?"*

THAT'S a sensible question, and we'd like to answer it, because business success in these United States is judged pretty much by whether or not you're able to make money.

But when you talk about the railroads you have to deal with two kinds of success that don't have much relation to each other.

On the one hand is *operating* success.

That includes, for instance, *safety*, and on this score the American railroads have the finest record in the world.

Or it includes *speed* — and the railroads in the past twenty years have stepped up freight speed by more than 60% — with similar improvements in passenger schedules.

Or it includes *operating efficiency* — and the railroads today could handle the biggest volume in their history — the traffic of the peak year 1929 — with 350,000 to 400,000 fewer freight cars than were used at that time.

Or it includes *cost of service* — and the railroads today haul a ton a mile at an average cost that's about the same you pay for a penny postcard.

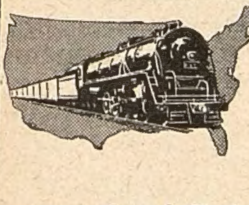
But when it comes to *financial* success — you run into this situation:

Railroads meet all their own costs and help support the government as well. They operate under the strict control of rules and regulations built up over the past 50 years on the theory that they are a monopoly, but actually they compete with other forms of transportation which are promoted and subsidized by government.

The effect of such inequality is to decrease railroad traffic and reduce railroad earnings.

There is no question of the railroads' ability to do the job from an operating standpoint.

From the standpoint of earnings, all they need to make a living is a fair chance to meet other forms of transportation on equal terms.



"See America"

FOR $90

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States – east coast, west coast, border to border – go by one route, return by another – liberal stopovers – for $90 railroad fare in coaches – $135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth). Get the full facts from your ticket agent about the greatest travel bargain in history!

A FAIR FIELD – NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR – IN TRANSPORTATION

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHAT THE ALLIES' WAR AIMS SHOULD BE

Famed Briton gives a program for war and peace and tells why he thinks Chamberlain should quit

BY H. G. WELLS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE whole world is asking for the War Aims of the Allied Powers, and we British and our Allies are damping enthusiasm at home and throughout the Empire, and losing the moral support of America and the neutral countries generally, by the failure of our governments to make any lucid statement of their war intentions.

It is stupid to say, "Wait until the war is won." Any sensible man who fights, fights to win; that goes without saying. And he has an Aim. A man who fights to win without any Aim before him can find a readier relief for his pugnacity than the laborious restraints, discomforts, and uncertainties of modern warfare. Most modern men have no set craving for fighting, and they are asking now with an increasing querulousness why their private lives are being disorganized and why they are being dragged, pushed, exhorted, compelled into a vast war effort with no assurance whatever that any worth-while results at all are to come out of it.

And our government, the people who are ordering and pushing us about—and doing it in an obviously very incompetent way—makes no statement that is in any way reassuring and stimulating. Great Britain pretends to be a "democracy," that is to say a rule of, by, and for the people, etc., etc. Consequently *our* government is assumed to be acting under *our* instructions. Yet it gives no sign of what it imagines these instructions to be. It will not say what it imagines it is up to. So far as we are able to judge, it does not know. But it will not admit it does not know. This inefficient government of ours has been clutching hysterically to strangle liberty of discussion and protest. Our individual liberties are threatened by emergency legislation. Our representatives, our ministries and servants, are out of hand.

Let me say while it is still sayable that we have no particular confidence in the Prime Minister; he has never given evidence of marked ability of any sort; his record as a business man is anything but brilliant; he was one of Mr. Lloyd George's failures during the last war; he impresses us as having the peevish secretiveness of a man who cannot stand criticism; his preference for mediocrities in office and his manifest jealousy of special gifts and abilities may quite conceivably lose us this war—with everything in our favor—and few of us feel safe with him. Nor do we feel safe with our Foreign Office. For all we know, the war is already being sold by secret treaty, behind our backs. That happened during the last war.

Yet we are unable to get any alternative government. It seems impossible to persuade people that there can be worse things than a change of government during wartime, and that Mr. Chamberlain is one of them. Consequently the desire to see him and his government pinned to some clear statement of what it is all about is growing urgent and more general. We want War Aims now.

To be sure, it is not impossible that by the time this article appears, Mr. Chamberlain will have relinquished his leadership to other hands. But that possibility makes our need of War Aims no less imperative and urgent. That change would not solve the problem unless his successor, if and when chosen, represented a united Britain and not the point of view of a particular group or class.

We are not fighting the Germans. Every one agrees to that. Our government most of all. We are fighting Hitler and the Nazis. We want to *free* the Germans. And so we may point out how very similar is the predicament of these friends of ours, these Germans whom we are fighting to liberate, to our own. They too find themselves marched off to war and undergoing, I am told, far greater privations and even more tiresome regulations than our own. They too, we are told, have a considerable distrust of their leaders. They too want to know what it is all about. But obviously they can no more get rid of Hitler than we can get rid of Mr. Chamberlain, and Hitler anyhow has at least the prestige of being in his rough way a successful man. His Propaganda Minister tells these Germans we are so acutely anxious to free quite awful stories of what will happen to them if they don't fight. It is a rather clever propaganda and it quotes every foolish threat against Germany to keep them at the desperate pitch. They are going to be liberated from the Nazi yoke, our leaflets tell them, and instead of being simply grateful and sabotaging Herr Hitler, they ask, "What then?"

"What then?" they ask. "What then?" And that is where Herr Goebbels finds his opportunity.

India too is saying: "Yes, we will support you in this war, *but* some day it will end; probably in a sort of muddling-through way you will win it; and then what?"

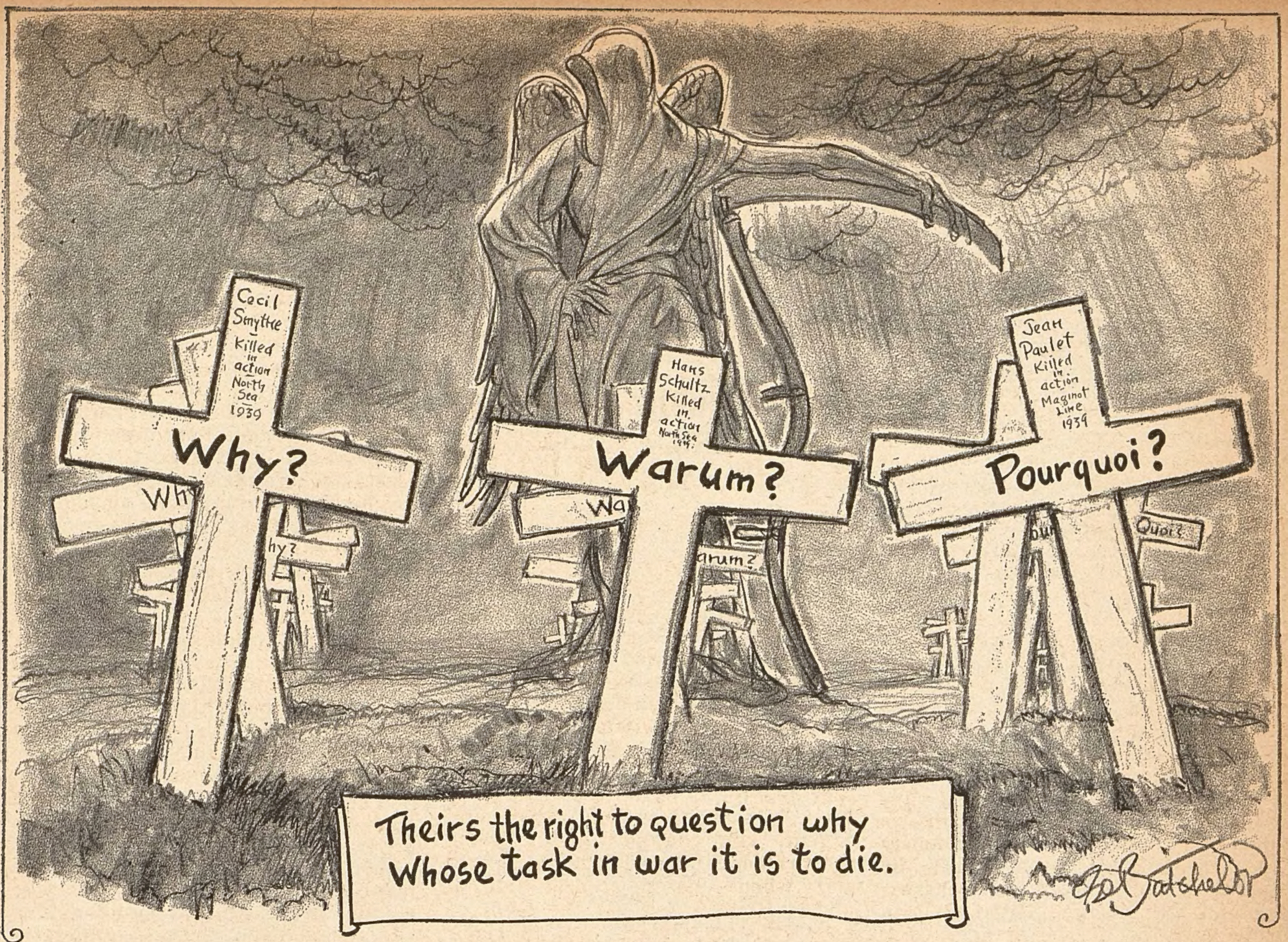
And while we British, thus challenged, stand embarrassed behind our prevaricating government, the hostile propaganda profits by that silence. All sorts of indiscreet, unwise utterances are made. Mr. Duff Cooper, landing at New York, cools his mind by blowing off about a forthcoming revolt of the German army and a return to monarchy in Germany; a Holy Roman Empire, I suppose, leading that new crusade of which the Pope has been talking against anti-God Russia. Good propaganda for us that must be in neutral Russia, and a stimulating outlook for Protestant and Social Democratic Germans!

An obscure periodical in Toulouse unfolds a project for cutting up our beloved Germans when we have liberated them (and extracted proper indemnities) into a number of small, entirely disarmed states. This stuff goes into Germany at once. This, says the German radio, is what they mean to do with you! This is what these British leaflets did not tell you! You see, you must fight. It will be Little Man, What Now? all over again and worse, if you don't.

We common British intend nothing of the sort. In a dim, deep instinctive way our people are setting about this war reluctantly, seriously, and resolutely. We want to bring Nazi aggression to a standstill and to admitted defeat. And we have no clear ideas at all about what is to happen to Germany afterward. We do not believe it is practicable to cut up Germany, and we have not the remotest idea of fighting in a religious war between the Vatican and Russia. We know that we have been forced and misled into a position where we are bound to go on fighting. We are fighting against lawless violence; that is to say, we are fighting that "war to end war" which began on August 4, 1914.

We were cheated in 1918, and put off with the Geneva League of the Victorious Powers for twenty years, and we have muddled along to this. And this time we are clearer about it and we want our government to implement our will. We are fighting to abolish violence, we, the common people of Britain and France, because we find it impossible to live the lives we want to live in a belligerent world. That, in the broadest terms, is our War Aim.

We want to have no more mistakes about it this time. We do not want another patched-up politicians' muddle. And so, taught by the frustrations of the League of Nations period, we are setting ourselves to discover how we can realize that essential aim. Certain necessities are becoming very clear again to more and more of us. And the first of these is to do again what it has been the practice of the parliamentary peoples to do whenever


Cecil Smythe Killed in action North Sea 1939
Why?
Hans Schultz Killed in action North Sea 1939
Warum?
Jean Paulet Killed in action Maginot Line 1939
Pourquoi?
Theirs the right to question why
Whose task in war it is to die.

they come to a revolutionary turning-point of their histories, which is to make a declaration of the fundamental principles upon which the new phase is to be organized. This was done to check the encroachments of the Crown in Magna Charta. The Petition of Right of 1628 repeated this expedient. It was done again in the Declaration of Right and the Bill of Rights which ended the "Leviathan" and the divine right of kings. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights are an integral part of American law. The American Declaration of Independence was another such statement of a people's will, and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man derived its inspiration directly from that document.

Now that we are at another great turning point of human history, we need another fundamental assertion of the supremacy of the claims of the common man against any privilege, pre-emption, or government whatever. We need a new Declaration of Rights, and one of such a nature that it will involve an ultimate repudiation of violence and warfare from end to end of the earth.

What should be the clauses of such a Declaration today? All the conditions of human life have been profoundly altered during the last two centuries. New occasions have arisen and old grievances ceased to distress us. Greatly daring, I have recently launched in the Times, the News Chronicle, and elsewhere a trial draft of the modern Rights of Man. It has received much friendly support and some very competent criticism.

I propose now to discuss briefly a major point in the Rights of Man; to go over one of the clauses of that draft, as it has been amended, leaving further points for possible future discussion. I feel that when we have established the form of that fundamental law, then and then only will it be possible to take up the detached problems of the War Aims that we encounter on our way toward our fundamental aim, with some assurance that they will fall into a reasonable and hopeful outlook for a new World Order.

We want to draw up a document and demand of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends abroad and at home:

"Is this what we are fighting for? And if not, then will you please tell us what you imagine we *are* fighting for?

"Or, better perhaps, get out."

I am by no means the only one to realize the cardinal importance of a Declaration of Rights at the present time. A number of people have been making drafts of such a declaration. The draft that was launched in the Times and the News Chronicle produced a considerable correspondence. It was reprinted extensively in America and elsewhere. I propose to discuss this one clause of it in the light of what people at large are saying and doing, and to point out how they contribute toward determining the more detailed statement of our objective.

In its original form that draft began with a preamble and proceeded in an orderly fashion from a statement of primary physical needs up to the provision of a legal world code. That was how it had come off my mind. But I found that most of the people, and the younger men in particular who were going to do the fighting, with whom I discussed the declaration were not prepared to receive it in quite the same order. They wanted it put another way round.

They were moved principally by two things. Firstly, they felt the need of fighting again to "put down violence" in the world, to go on with the war to end war that had lost its way at Versailles; and, secondly, they had been stirred profoundly by those outrages upon human dignity perpetrated by the Nazis.

The second motive was perhaps the stronger. Many of them had been incredulous at first of the stories that came from concentration camps and escapees. When they realized reluctantly that such things could still be done in the heart of Europe, something like a lynching spirit was stirred up in them. The peace of the world receded into the background. "These Nazis are *too* bad," they said. The first thing they wanted in a Declaration of War Aims was a plain statement that such things must happen no more on earth.

This present warfare is going to be much less of a sporting event than the 1914-18 struggle. Hardly anything sharpened the temper of the British troops then. They wouldn't even call the Germans "Huns"; they called them "Fritz" and "Jerry"; they treated their prisoners with a certain derisive affection; they respected the cry of "*Kamerad!*" right up to the end.

I doubt if they are going to behave in quite the same way to the young Germany of Hitler, wearing its thick boots (that have stamped in the faces of Jewish women), its brown shirts, that recall the victims smothered in latrines and all the cloacal side of Hitlerism, its swastika—ignorantly stolen from the Semitic Stone Age peoples, oafish and hysterically cruel. I guess that in face of this material the bayoneting this time will be done in a different spirit.

GRIMMER, more serious warfare. . . . Not only are we likely to hear less of "Fritz" and "Jerry," but presently our own young men, whose lives are being crippled and disordered, will be found less amenable to the delights of being real "Tommies," of hearing endless jokes about "better 'oles" and "old Bill," of being entertained by troupes of third-rate comics, inundated with cigarettes, and sent chocolate boxes and Christmas greetings from quite the most eminent people.

"We are here to clean up something," they will say, "something you gentlemen and ladies who are picnicking so bravely and merrily in evacuated and carefully camouflaged ministries 'somewhere in England' failed to clear up after 1918. Will you get on with it this time so that we can come back to a real worthwhile life? What exactly are you doing, and what are you going to do, to stop this sort of foolery forever? If we are assured you are doing something effective, we shall not grudge our sacrifices; but if we are to have all this pseudo-cheerful muck dug up, to remind us that this is just dear old 1914-18 over again—well, the morale of this army may suffer."

The least we can do, we elderly civilians who sit warm at home, protected by enormously exaggerated and madly expensive precautions, is to work out what the country is fighting for and see whether this time we cannot get the goods delivered. We have to give our utmost to so co-ordinating and implementing the motives of the real fighters as to make them effective, and that is why we demand something more comprehensive, more lucid, and more binding upon these gentlemen at Westminster and in the hide-outs than vague speeches and promises.

The "Tommies" were promised a land "fit for heroes" last time. Let their sons bear that in mind. This time we want that sort of thing signed and in writing and defined and clear before we get deafened and blinded by the fighting.

Now in this first draft which was made for that Declaration of Rights which is absolutely necessary if the war is to come to any rational end—if, that is, we are to "end war"—the repudiation of the brutality that has so greatly stirred us to combat is put not as the first clause but as the ninth. It does in fact depend for its effective realization upon preceding propositions of a more general character, but there is no reason why we should not pass upon it now. Here it is:

"(9) That no man shall be subjected to any sort of mutilation or sterilization except with his own deliberate consent, freely given, nor to bodily assault, except in restraint of his own violence, nor to torture, beating or any other bodily punishment; (he shall not be subjected to imprisonment with such an excess of silence, noise, light or darkness as to cause mental suffering, or to imprisonment in infected, verminous or otherwise insanitary quarters, or be put into the company of verminous or infectious people). He shall not be forcibly fed nor prevented from starving himself if he so desire. He shall not be forced to take drugs nor shall they be administered to him without his knowledge and consent. That the extreme punishments to which he may be subjected are rigorous imprisonment for a term of not longer than fifteen years or death."

WHAT COACHES THINK OF LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

As in other years, LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1939 is picked by the players themselves. Once again Norman L. Sper has gone to them for their choices and will report these to Liberty's readers. What the nation's leading coaches think of this method of selecting the All-America team can be judged from the following opinions expressed to Mr. Sper and Liberty:

LOU LITTLE, Columbia Univ.: "Your method outstanding. The boys who are in there playing certainly have more basis on which to form their opinions."

D. X. BIBLE, Univ. of Texas: "Certainly the players should know more about men that merit consideration than any one else."

WALLACE WADE, Duke Univ.: "The All-Players All-America method is as fair as any method that can be devised."

BERNIE BIERMAN, Minnesota: "The men playing on the opposite side of the line are by far the best judges."

W. H. WOOD, Army, West Point: "Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team represents a cross section of opinion that is based on direct contact and not dependent on high-powered publicity."

MAL ELWARD, Purdue Univ.: "Your idea of selecting an All-America team is probably the best way."

HARRY MEHRE, Univ. of Mississippi: "Your method is the sanest and fairest of all. Only the players themselves can fairly judge the ability of one another."

JAMES PHALAN, Washington: "I believe it is a very logical method of selecting an All-America team."

FRITZ CRISLER, Michigan: "Certainly the opinion of the football players is a valuable one."

NEXT WEEK—THE TEAM!

In this I have put certain phrases in parentheses because they may be considered too detailed and redundant, but they are put in nevertheless, as so many provisions of Magna Charta were put in, to point a finger directly at some conspicuous contemporary abuse. And does the reader subscribe to that Clause 9? And if not, what has he against it? Shall we amend it, rephrase it, bind ourselves to fight for it whenever necessary, or admit that the things we have cited in that clause are things that may be legally done by any one in power? The Nazis and the Communists think they are, and that is one main reason why we are under arms and at war.

The recently published White Paper makes it plain that *our government has known for some time* that such things were going on, and yet that up to a late hour it was willing to make peace with those who are responsible for all these tortures and murders the White Paper now substantiates. I suppose if our government had after all made that eleventh-hour peace, then all that is in the White Paper would have been hushed up. We should have sat down to our Christmas dinner thanking God for Mr. Chamberlain and ignoring the concentration camps altogether.

And this incalculable government of ours is still quite capable of sitting down in some sort of conference with the Nazis, the White Paper forgotten. We have no assurance that it will hold firmly to these common human rights for whose sake alone our people are willing to fight. And so we want our government to declare for these rights unequivocally—or get out.

We are fighting this war for human freedom, for ending the perpetual tension of war, and a better way of living, or we are fighting for nothing worth fighting for. If we are to have a declaration of rights that will fully embody these aims and provide a sound basis for a new world order, much has to be added to the repudiation of manhandling and violence contained in that one clause.

CAN we have different ideologies now in the same world? According to Molotov, we can. This is a complete regression from the original Communist International idea—Workers of the World, etc. Liberal Progressivism can now take up the task of world reconstruction which Russia has abandoned.

A rational world unification and revolution, based on this fundamental Declaration of Rights, is a vast proposition, but it is not impossible. There is no alternative but a brigand world.

THE END

Prayer FOR A PLAYBOY

Of a woman's faith and a priceless gift—A vivid tale of shadows strangely routed on Christmas Eve

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT was snowing. Well, it looks like Christmas, he thought, and then added, Nuts to it! The snow was New York snow. It melted as soon as it touched the pavement. It looked festive, drifting down like moths against the arc lights, but underfoot it was soiled and sloppy. As he trudged along it oozed into his thin patent-leather pumps.

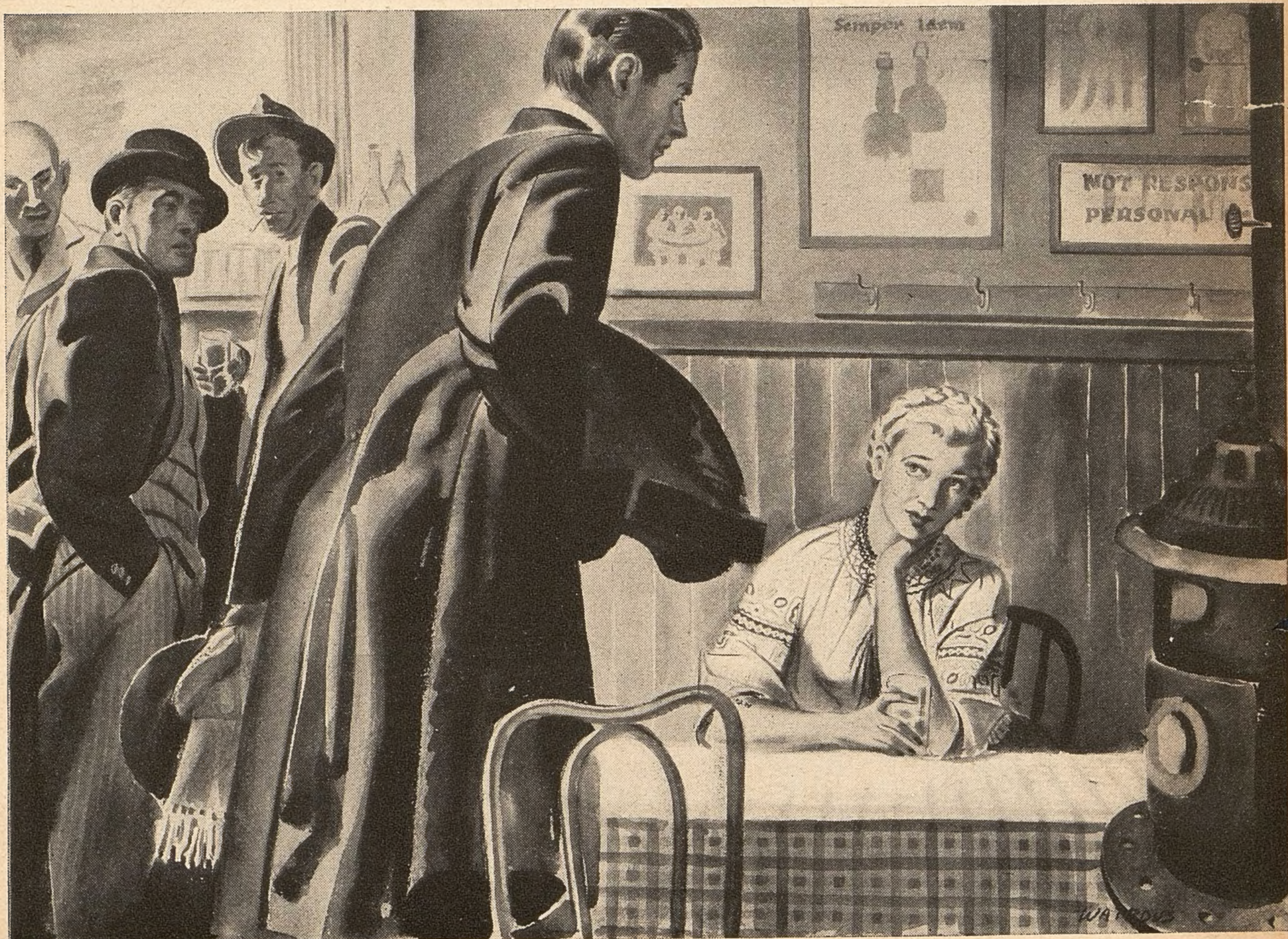
He hadn't, fortunately, worn his silk hat but, instead, a soft black hat, and now it was sodden. But he didn't care. He didn't give a damn. Not about anything. Things were bad enough at any time, but at Christmastime they were cruel.

He had started for Arden Van Vliet's Christmas Eve party, but at the doorway of the huge apartment house in Sutton Place, the moment he had alighted from the taxicab and paid its driver, he had felt he could not go in. He could not assume the mask of gay indifference which Arden and her friends expected of him. He thought with distaste of their bright chatter and metallic gaiety.

He could return later, when most of the people had gone. Or even later, when Arden would be alone.

So he had turned away from the ornate doorway and walked west, his shoulders bent a little against the snow, his feet shuffling through the slush. He was in Second Avenue now, headed downtown, the recently acquired elegance of Sutton Place left far behind him. He had stopped in at several low-doored saloons, shabby and pathetic in their attempts at Christmas finery. He had had several drinks—raw fiery stuff slopped over the bar to him—and he was, he supposed, a little drunk. But he didn't care.

Once in a while he thought of Beatrice in Reno and of his boy who was with her, and he wondered what they were doing this Christmas Eve.



With a lurch Craig started toward her while the men at the bar stared at him again.

Would Beatrice have a tree for the boy? And he thought of other Christmas Eves when Beatrice and he had happily decorated the tree. He recalled the tree the Van Vliets had one Christmas—Arden was living with Peter Van Vliet, her third husband, then—and that tree was all in silver and blue. The branches were coated with silver and from them hung large crystal blue balls while through them shone blue lights. Beatrice had laughed at it. "So like Arden!" she had said.

Beatrice was old-fashioned about Christmas trees as well as other things.

So they had decorated their own Christmas tree with a miscellaneous assortment of ornaments, flung tinsel over its branches, even strung for it long strands of popcorn, red and white. And, to finish off, on the topmost spire they had always hung the star—the star of Bethlehem.

YES, Beatrice was old-fashioned. About husbands, too. And he had been brought up so differently. Among his friends it had been taken for granted that a man could play around, dash here and there, philander a bit. Well, he thought, I have to take my medicine now. And he realized that none of it, none of the playboying, had meant a thing to him. Fundamentally, only Beatrice and the boy had meant anything.

This affair with Arden! It was just plain silly. Yet he knew that Arden expected to make him her fourth husband. Well, if she did, it would be through mere apathy on his part. And loneliness! He must be on his guard when he returned to Arden's apartment tonight. It was so easy to snare a lonely man on Christmas Eve.

It was early yet—it was not ten—but John Craig still did not feel like returning to Sutton Place. Of course he could go to his club for an hour or two. He had lived at his club since Beatrice and the boy had left, because to him the apartment had seemed haunted and impossible since his wife's and his son's departure.

"Just one more drink," he said to himself and turned into a saloon that, when he entered, he saw was some sort of a hall. There was a bar on one side, but in the center there was a cleared space and couples were dancing.

As John Craig stood at the bar, the men around him stared at him with curiosity and perhaps a little hostility. Soon, however, they resumed their talk, guttural and in a language he did not understand. He had evidently wandered into some foreign section of the city.

He turned from the bar and gazed at the dancers. Then he saw the girl. She sat alone at a table. Her dress looked exotic — at least her waist above the table was white and heavily embroidered in vivid colors. Her flaxen hair was wound in a long braid around her head. Her eyes were a china blue with the bright unquestioning gaze of a doll's eyes. And she was smiling at him.

With a slight lurch he started toward her while the men at the bar stared at him again, then, shrugging their shoulders, went back to their drinks with deep, malicious laughter.

"Anna, she gets the prize," one of them said in English, loud and insolent.

Craig sat down opposite the girl. "Merry Christmas, Anna!" he said.

"You know my name?" she asked.

He nodded toward the bar. "I heard one of them say it."

Her eyes saddened. "Yes, they know me. They know my name." She hesitated. "Maybe you buy me a little drink for Christmas, yes?"

"What would you like?"

"A little beer."

"No!" he said, and the devil was in him. "No! We must have champagne. It's Christmas, isn't it?"

"I have never tasted champagne," Anna said. "Is it goot? Maybe we better have beer. Beer, it is goot."

"No, we'll have champagne," said Craig, and pounded the table.

The men at the bar turned once more and a waiter hurried up angrily.

"Champagne!" Craig demanded peremptorily, "The best you have."

"Can you pay for it?" asked the waiter.

Craig drew a roll of bills from his pocket and threw a twenty-dollar bill upon the table.

The waiter at once became servile and brushed the table with the dirty napkin he carried. "*Ja, ja*, mister," he said. "Right away."

But Anna looked worried. "You should not show so much money, not here," she said.

Nothing happened, however, and the waiter brought warm champagne, opened the bottle, poured the wine into glasses half filled with ice.

ANNA put her strong arms on the table, cupped her chin in her hands, and smiled at Craig with rather heavy coquetry as if coquetry were a thing apart from her, something forced upon her. But every little while her eyes left his to glance at the men at the bar.

"You must be very rich," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Rich as hell." And laughed.

She lowered her eyes. "Also very unhappy," she said.

"Yes," he admitted.

"And lonely," she whispered—"unhappy and lonely as I am tonight."

"Why are you unhappy and lonely, Anna?"

Her left shoulder lifted slightly. "When one is in a strange country, when one has lost her home, her husband, well— But let us be gay! Give me some more champagne, ple-ease. I do not like the taste but maybe it will make us gay."

"Shall I order another bottle?"

"No, no!" she said quickly. "Let us drink this and go. Pay for this wine, ple-ease, and let us go."

Craig paid for the wine from the twenty-dollar bill still lying on the table and tipped the waiter gererously. "For Christmas!" he said to the waiter, and the waiter touched his forehead with his hand in a quaint gesture.

Anna rose and so did Craig. He helped her into her coat—a coat of shaggy fur worn bare in spots. Then, however, two men separated themselves from the group at the bar and came over to them. They were thickset fellows with broad brown faces and enormous hands. They said something to Anna in their guttural voices, but she sprang in front of Craig and, while he watched with curious detachment, yelled at them in a strident voice. The men drew back before her fury.

Then Anna seized Craig's arm. "Come! We must go at once," she ordered.

Outside it was still snowing but the night had grown colder. Now the snow clung to the roofs and doorsteps, painting them immaculate. Still Anna held his arm and, with many a backward glance, hurried him along.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

She turned to look at him. "To my room," she said. "I thought it was understood."

For a moment he hesitated. Then he went on. After all, what did he care?

THEY walked two blocks and around a corner into a side street, where Anna climbed the steps of a decrepit old house. She took out a key and opened the door.

As if in a daze, Craig followed her when, inside the house, she climbed a flight of stairs and unlocked another door. A dim light was burning in the room they entered and on a couch at one side a child was sleeping. Anna turned the light a little higher and Craig saw the child's curly hair was so light it was almost white. One cheek was pillowed on his hand. He had the heartbreaking innocence and beauty of a sleeping child.

"He will not wake," Anna said. "We can go into this little room beyond. He will not hear us."

But Craig came out of his daze. "No, Anna!" he said. "No! Is this your child?"

She turned upon him savagely. "Why do you think I am what I am?" she cried. "It is for him. In this rich unkind country there was no work for me."

Her cry had awakened the child. He stirred and sat up, and Anna fell to her knees beside his couch and drew him into her arms with hushed passionate endearments.

Craig remembered this was Christmas Eve and he thought of his own boy so far away. "Have you a Christmas tree for him, Anna?" he asked.

She lifted her head from the child and looked at Craig. He saw that she was crying now. She shook her head. "How could I?" she said.

Craig went to the door. "I'll be back, Anna," he said. "Give me your keys."

Obediently, as if she were accustomed to obedience, she rose, opened her purse, handed him the keys.

Craig went downstairs and out of the house. It was almost midnight. But down the street he found some shops still open. He went into one and bought little hard round cakes and raisins and candy in bright packages until his arms were full. Then he went outside and presently saw a taxicab coming. He whistled to its driver, and when the cab stopped dumped his packages into the cab.

" Doing your Christmas shopping a little late, ain't you, buddy? " asked the driver.

" Yes," said Craig. " Have you any idea where I can get a Christmas tree and some toys? "

" Well, better late than never, I always say," said the driver.

They cruised the streets and managed to pick up a stunted little tree. And in a store that sold cigarettes and soft drinks they found some few poor toys—a box of blocks, a little dog that when wound up waddled around, barking, some picture books with crayons to color the pictures. And a little donkey with a basket on his back. Craig stuck some five-dollar bills into the basket.

Then they went back to the house in which Anna lived, and the driver helped Craig carry up the packages.

" Wait for me in front of the house," Craig said.

" I was thinking of getting back to my missus," said the driver.

" All right," said Craig, and thrust a bill into his hand. " Thanks for your help and merry Christmas."

" I'll be waiting downstairs," said the driver, and tiptoed out the room and down the stairs.

I GOT what I could for him, Anna," Craig said apologetically. " Nearly everything was closed and—"

Anna took his hand. " You are so goot," she said.

" I have a boy of my own—"

" Why are you not with him on Christmas Eve? "

He shook his head somberly.

" Oh! That is why you are so unhappy," she said.

And suddenly, to his entire astonishment, Anna fell to her knees, her hands clasped, her head bowed. Craig knew she was praying for him, for his happiness. He smiled. Anna's prayers would not help him.

When she rose she took Craig's hand and held it against her breast. Her eyes were shining.

" You go home now," she said. " You go home, and maybe you will find your happiness."

" You expect miracles," he said.

" This is the night for miracles," Anna said. " Do as I say. Go home! Good night, my friend." And she threw her arms around him and kissed him. But it was such a kiss as a mother might give a prodigal son.

In front of the house the taxicab waited.

" Sorry to keep you out so late," Craig said.

" That's O. K., buddy," said the driver. " My old woman won't be worried. She knows anything is likely to happen Christmas Eve."

Craig gave him the address of Arden Van Vliet's apartment. Arden would probably be alone now. Why not get it settled with her? Craig thought wearily. Yet he hadn't gone far when on an impulse he leaned forward again and gave the driver a different address—the address of his apartment, the apartment where he and Beatrice and the boy had lived.

We shall see whether prayers are answered, he thought mockingly, and whether this is the night for miracles.

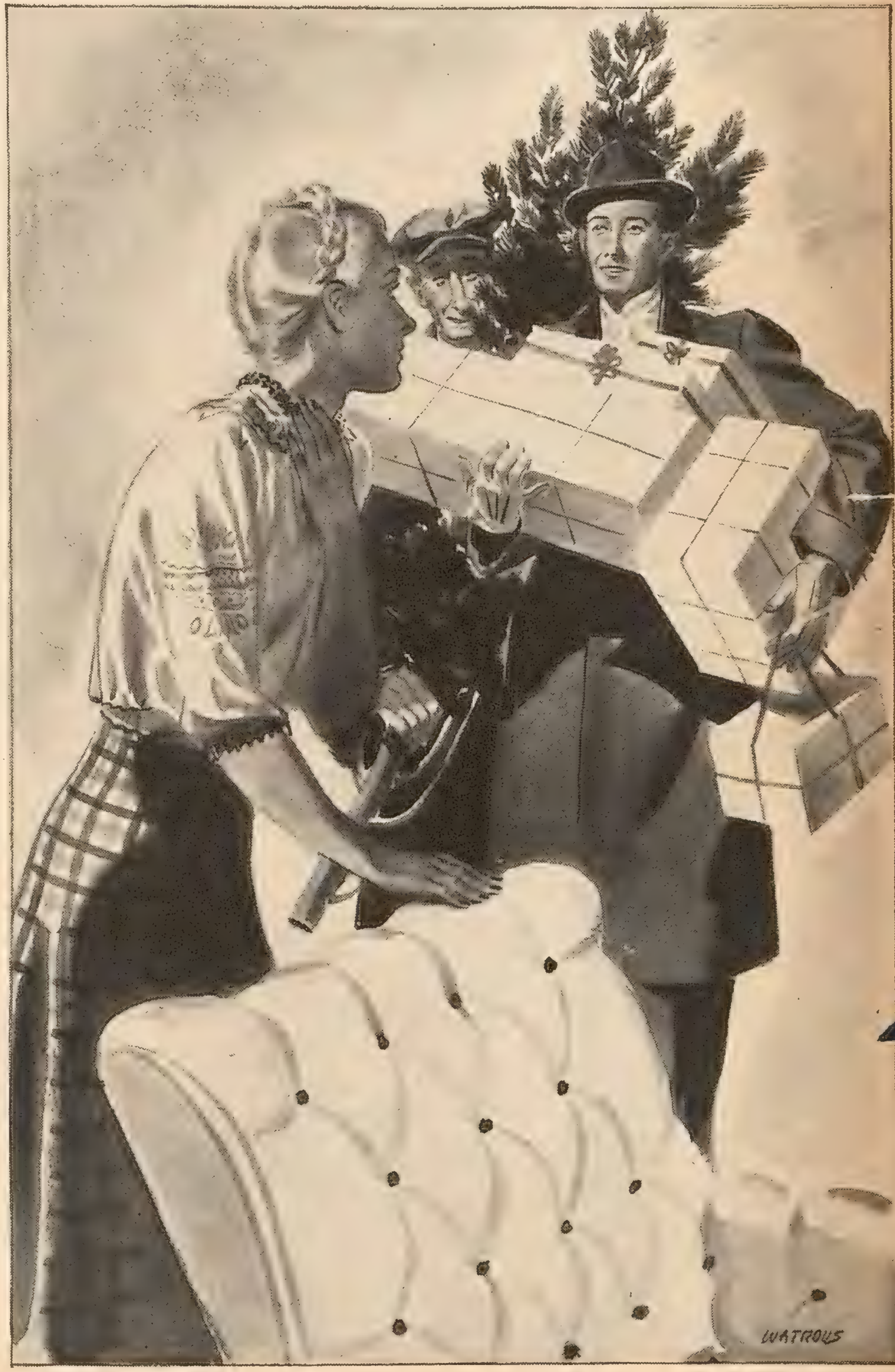
He and Beatrice had lived in an old-fashioned apartment near Washington Square. There was no doorman on duty by the time Craig arrived there, but he had the keys on his key ring. He sent the cab driver happily back to his " old woman " and let himself in. Anyway he could sleep here.

He opened the door of his apartment. There were lights in the hallway. There were lights in the living room. And he no sooner had opened the door than Beatrice came running down the hall to him.

" John! " she cried. " I couldn't go through with it. It's all been a mistake, a hideous mistake—"

And, even before she was in his arms, Craig knew the miracle had happened.

THE END



Then they went back to the house in which Anna lived, and the driver helped Craig carry the packages.

Gungirl

The Story of America's
FEMALE PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

SHE was fifteen and blonde, Stella Mae Irwin. She had pretty legs and loved to roller-skate. A gay, laughing little girl like your daughter or mine.

Within the year she had robbed her first bank. At sixteen she was well on her way to become America's Female Public Enemy No. 1.

Bennie Dickson taught her the crime business.

Bennie came naturally by his pedagogical proclivities. His father was an instructor in the Topeka High School. Dickson Sr.'s students called him " Professor " or, more affectionately, " Prof."

A nice man, Professor Dickson. He gave his son every advantage a nice boy should have. Bennie took the advantages. Bennie was the taking kind. Before he was through he took almost everything in the Middle West —including Stella Mae.

They met, the boy and the girl, at a Topeka roller-skating rink in the summer of 1937.

Bennie Dickson was smallish, blue-eyed and fair-complexioned, and looked much younger than his age, which was twenty-seven. Erect, well proportioned, muscular, athletic, an excellent skater, he quickly attracted the blue-eyed and fair-complexioned Stella Mae. She was smallish too, a slim five-feet-three-ful. Soon they were having dates, on wheels and off.

Suddenly Bennie had to go away from there.

Stella Mae was desolate. Skating cross-armed with the girl friend, which she had been doing when she met Bennie Dickson, no longer thrilled her. Boys of her own age bored her. Compared with Bennie, they were nothing. Bennie was a man of the world.

So glamorous was he to her distorted thinking that she approached with complete indifference the task of readying herself for the fall term of school, her second at Topeka High. She took no interest in shopping for the modest school wardrobe. That was bad, Mother Irwin well knew. Stella Mae was in love.

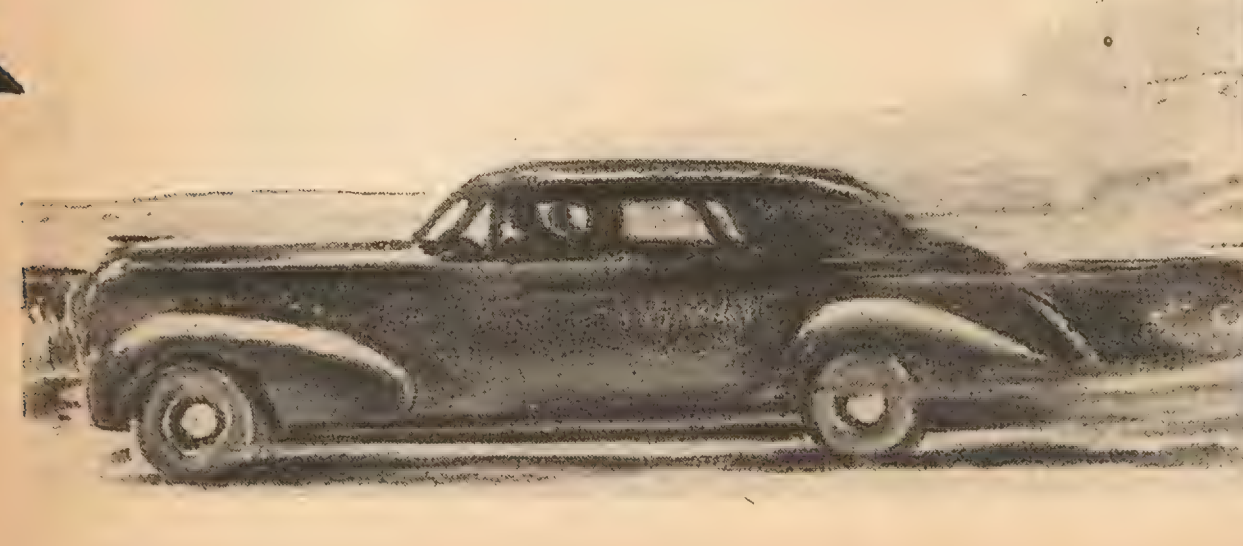
Letters came almost daily to her, first from Chicago, then from Los Angeles. Finally came the letter the child had been waiting for: the letter with the money order in it that was to take her to her lover. An hour later she was steaming westward on the Santa Fe—westward to California, the State of Missing Girls.

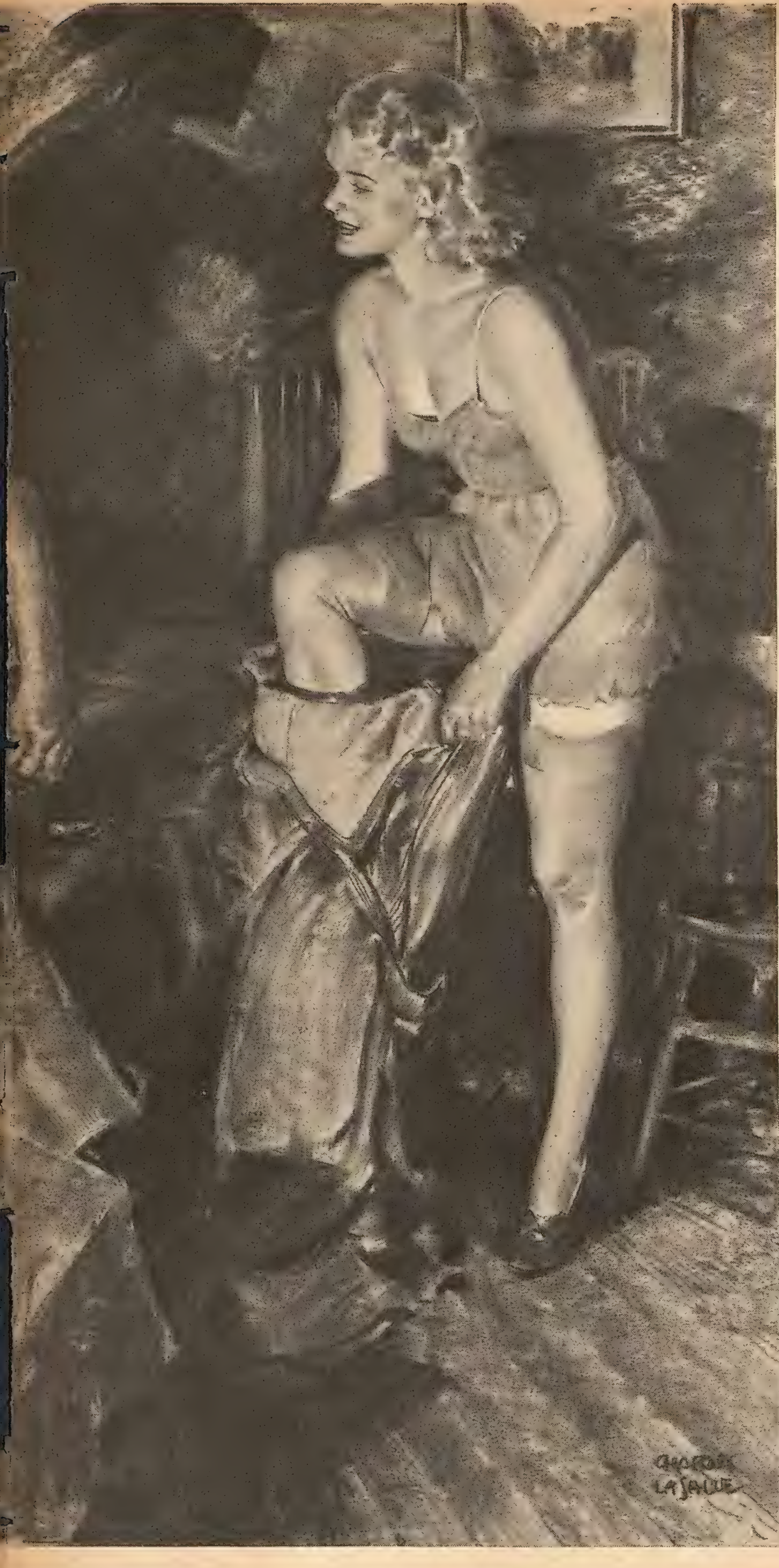
Fifteen, fair, wide-eyed, alone, Stella Mae Irwin stepped off the train at the little mosquelike red-brick station which had for decades marked the gateway to Los Angeles.

Little did she know—or *did* she?—the kind of life into which she was going.

She knew, of course, that Dickson

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES LA SALLE





She and Bennie tumbled out of bed and dressed themselves carefully in denim overalls.

From G-men's files! The amazing tale of a bride and her hectic honeymoon

had been in trouble with the law. There was that time, when he was fifteen, that he was arrested for joyriding in a car that did not belong to him; and that other time, when he was seventeen, that he hailed a taxicab, beat up the driver, dumped him out on the sidewalk, and drove away in the cab. To Stella Mae these were just boyish pranks. She knew—she had once had a little trouble with a probation officer herself!

Perhaps Bennie Dickson had made light of the six-months jail sentence he received for stealing that first car, and the ten-to-twenty-one-year sentence he received for first-degree robbery in the taxicab case. Perhaps he hadn't told her that, after his parole from the latter sentence, he actually served seven years of another ten-year sentence for holding up the State Bank in Stotesbury, Missouri, and getting away with $1,147.

Sentimentalists will like to think that Stella Mae knew nothing of the seriousness of her lover's crimes; that she arrived in Los Angeles as innocent as she looked. Their thought is as good as the next man's. All any of us know is that she didn't stay innocent very long.

As for Bennie, it is hard to believe that he ever was. To be sure, there was nothing in his early life on which a student of juvenile delinquency could put his finger and say: "That's what started this boy on his criminal way." Professor Dickson's income was not large but it was adequate. The family lived comfortably in an excellent neighborhood. It was an af-

The making of a gungirl: Stella Mae bangs away under Bennie's guidance.

fectionate family, too, and a loyal one, which stood by its renegade son long after his crimes were known.

Neither was Bennie Dickson's personality at all like that of the average criminal. He was just the gentle-mannered, quiet-spoken, studious type you would expect to come from a home of culture and refinement.

Although he showed no overmastering desire to indulge in gainful occupation, the fact that his educational career was interrupted by the joy-riding incident at the end of his first year in his father's school was a source of continuing regret to him. Between bank robberies and kidnapings, he studied assiduously, attended night schools, took correspondence courses, registered—under assumed names, of course—at academies and colleges, and generally led the intellectual life.

Yet, according to J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, of all the many dangerous criminals that the bureau has been called upon to locate and apprehend, none was more vicious than Benjamin James Dickson.

For example, the crime which had driven him so suddenly from Topeka and Stella Mae was due solely to the fact that the brutish instincts he had shown in his attack on the taxicab driver again came into play.

In July, a few weeks after his first skating-rink meeting with the little Irwin girl, Bennie had gone to the City Hall to secure an automobile license, and had become so infuriated at the questions asked by the bureau clerk that he had attacked him with both fists, knocked him unconscious, and then finished the job by kicking him and breaking several of his ribs.

This was in itself a serious crime —" assault with intent to kill " was the way the warrant read—but it was especially serious in Dickson's case, because it was a violation of the conditional commutation granted him in Missouri. So Bennie " took it on the lam " and left his blonde charmer to weep and skate alone.

Such was the baffling complex individual into whose waiting arms fell Stella Mae Irwin that April morning on the sunlit platform of the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles.

How would she make out, this fifteen-year-old child who had never been away from her family's home in Topeka, who knew the man to whom she was entrusting her life only as a skillful skater and a fascinating sinner? How would the frilly little girl with the big worn suitcase fare in a world of sunshine and sin?

At first, according to her lights, she fared well.

The nine months which intervened between the boy's hurried departure and Stella Mae's arrival in Los Angeles he had spent in a thoroughly characteristic manner: He went to night school in Chicago, and later registered at a university in Los Angeles. Characteristically, too, he financed his educational career by robberies.

In Chicago, he also renewed an interest in boxing which he had formed while in Missouri State Penitentiary, and gained some local fame as an amateur under the name of Johnny O'Malley. Fight fans say he displayed not only considerable skill but a stout fighting heart.

In Los Angeles he continued to appear on amateur fistic programs, and was so successful that he seems to have thought seriously of following a ring career; he even arranged for a manager. But, in the end, crime got boxing down for the count. Robbery became his regular business. And for the moment he was in the money.

FOR weeks Stella Mae nestled by the side of her lover as they sped over those long straight highways—the Pacific on the west, the Sierras on the east—through green valleys merging into the Great Valley, most fertile garden ever tilled by man. The Kansas child's blue eyes became bigger and wider as she saw for the first time snow-covered mountains rising out of orange-covered fields, ancient Franciscan missions lining modern motor highways. The color in her young cheeks rose as she whirled along through breezes cooled by the snow, warmed by the sun, softened by the sea.

Stella Mae was in California and in love.

When the warm days came, the honeymooners started east on the long trek to the Dickson family's summer home at Lake Benton, Minnesota.

Stella Mae visited her mother in Topeka while Bennie visited relatives in Detroit. The official climate of Topeka was not so healthful for Bennie right then, with a freshly sworn warrant hanging over his head! Subsequently they joined up and continued by automobile to the Dickson cottage on the shore of the lake, where they spent a happy summer as guests of the Dickson family.

Bennie, as usual, pursued his studies; and Professor Dickson assisted him. Young and old, the family fished and bathed in the cool waters, and led a thoroughly conventional domestic life.

In California there had been some talk of marriage between Bennie and Stella Mae. Bennie had gone so far as to take out a marriage license. But when the couple, already living as man and wife, had found that Stella Mae's age made marriage impossible under California laws, they had contented themselves with saying they were married and had let it go at that.

Now, on August 3, 1938, they slipped over to Pipestone, Minnesota, and got themselves married by a police-court judge. Bennie used his old nom de sport, Johnny O'Malley. The witnesses were strangers, as well as the judge; and apparently this belated legitimatizing of a relationship which already existed in fact remained a secret with bride and groom.

THE only feature of these months on the shores of Lake Benton that ties up with Stella Mae's subsequent introduction into crime was the instruction she received from her husband in the use of firearms. The Dicksons did a bit of hunting now and then, and, with this as his explanation to his family, Bennie put her through a daily routine which made her expert with both rifle and revolver. There is always the intriguing question how much the girl knew about what she was doing in the early months of her relations with Dickson. Whether or not she realized that she was in training for shooting at human targets, she applied herself to her work with such enthusiasm that she soon became an even surer shot than her more experienced partner.

" Sure Shot Stella "—that's what they called her, and what she was.

Along about the middle of August the elder Dickson had to go back to Topeka to prepare for the fall term of school, and Bennie and Stella Mae offered to drive him in their car. Although the young Dicksons' stay in Topeka was necessarily short, Bennie managed to acquire a shotgun, an automatic pistol, and a .38 revolver. Thus heeled, the pair returned to Lake Benton, where they stayed alone in the family cottage, continued their target practice, and amused themselves of an evening in one of the neighboring night clubs.

Among Stella Mae's many attractions was a very lovely singing voice. Once, the leader of the orchestra at their favorite night club asked her to sing a solo, and she made such a hit with the crowd that for a while she seriously considered the career of a public entertainer. Her husband, however, had other plans for her.

Their own family fortune, acquired in the crime fields of California, had held out fairly well during the first weeks while they were guesting at the professor's expense. Now that they were on their own, they must do something about the exchequer. In Elkton, South Dakota, Bennie had spotted a bank that was ripe for the picking. Elkton is not a very large town. Business at the bank, even in rush hours, is no subway crush. An ideal place, he had thought, for a daylight robbery.

When he broached the idea, Stella Mae was at first concerned, not for herself—a little bank robbing, she thought, would be fun—but for Bennie, who was already doubly entangled with the law. But what, Bennie argued, did one more black mark matter, when he already had so many against him? Besides, they must eat.

The two children talked far into the night—or, rather, the child and the man who looked like a child.

Painstakingly Bennie explained the technique of successful bank robbery as he had learned it in the cell blocks at Missouri Pen. His mistake at Stotesbury, he said, had been that he was in too much of a hurry. He had contented himself with the loose cash in the tills.

This time they would go slowly. They would grab all the money there was in the vault.

As a matter of fact, his earlier try at big-time crime had been merely the kind of bank robbery that any inexperienced eighteen-year-old boy might have committed as a substitute for work. He had simply walked into the bank, stuck his revolver through the cashier's wicket, grabbed the cash which happened to be in the cage, and walked right out again.

HIS getaway was quick—too quick, as it happened. There had been no rainfall in Missouri and Kansas for some weeks in the summer of 1931, and the young bandit's car, driven at high speed over sandy country roads, raised a cloud of dust that attracted the attention of farmers for miles around. A few citizens gave chase across the Missouri-Kansas line to an isolated farm where, it was learned, he had been living under an alias for several weeks. From there officers traced him to Topeka, and caught up with him just as he was climbing out of a swimming pool.

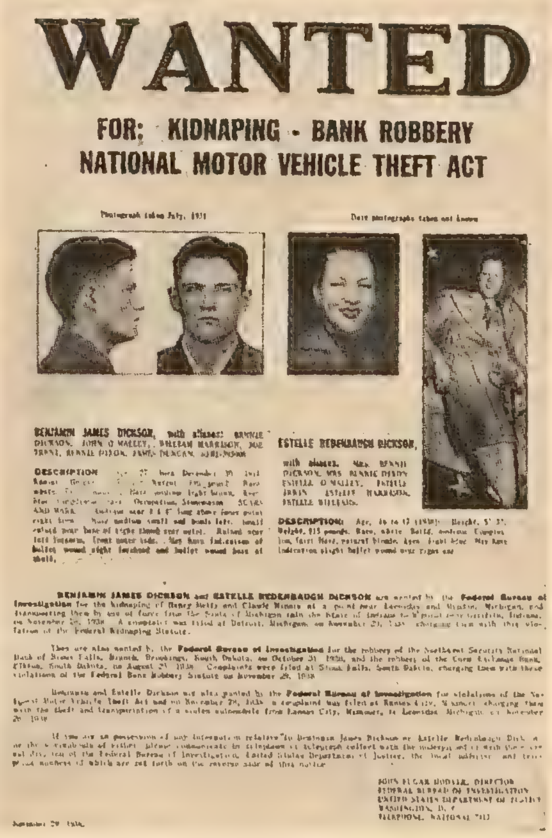
This must have seemed an ideal situation for a speedy and uneventful arrest. A man dressed only in a bathing suit usually carries few concealed weapons. But Benjamin Dickson was no usual criminal. Believe it or not, the official report states that he "reached under his bathing suit and secured a revolver which he leveled at the officers." Prompt action by one of them in knocking the gun out of his hand was all that "prevented serious harm to the other officers."

But to get back to the midnight talk at Lake Benton and the projected robbery of the bank at Elkton: So persuasively did Bennie talk to Stella Mae that she was soon entering into the plan with all of the enthusiasm of which her eager, passionate nature was capable. She could hardly wait for the adventure to begin.

Very early on the morning of August 25, 1938, the day before her sixteenth birthday, she and Bennie tumbled out of their snug bed in Professor Dickson's summer home, and dressed themselves carefully in the blue denim overalls which were the costumes of Minnesota and Dakota farmer youth in town for the day.

Stella Mae did up her fluffy blonde hair into a knot on the top of her head, and pulled down over it one of her husband's hats. At first sight, especially head on, she would pass for a boy or a very small man. Somewhere in the denims she concealed the .38. Bennie pocketed the automatic. Then, just before daybreak, they tooled their car noiselessly through the little lakeside colony and out on the road to Elkton.

The forenoon they spent thoroughly "casing" the little Corn Exchange Bank—no relation to the big one in New York City. At two thirty, when they figured that business at the bank would be at a low ebb, they drove down the main street of the town, these two youthful, slender, undersized figures in overalls, and Bennie walked nonchalantly into the bank as if he were about to cash a check. Stella Mae remained in the car, which they had parked near by.


WANTED

FOR: KIDNAPING - BANK ROBBERY
NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

"Wanted by the F. B. I.": The circular that spread its net for the Dicksons.

Once inside, Bennie gave the command, "Throw up your hands!"

There were, as it happened, several customers in the bank as well as the working force, and Bennie covered them all with his revolver.

"Open the vault," commanded Dickson.

"We can't," gasped the nearest clerk. "It's on a time lock."

"When will it open?"

"Not for another half hour."

"O. K. I'll wait."

Stella Mae meanwhile, anxious at Bennie's delay, tucked her gun under her overalls and joined Bennie in the bank.

Guns in hand, the two Dicksons disposed themselves in the lobby so as to command both the counter and the door, and waited silently. Each time the door opened and a customer entered — and this happened several times—the newcomer was told to hold up his hands.

Two pairs of baby-blue eyes: Sixteen-year-old Stella Mae with her husband.

At exactly three o'clock the steel doors of the vault swung slowly open. The Dicksons, maneuvering now so as to cover operations inside the vault as well as outside, made sure that they had every dollar on the premises, locked both clerks and customers inside the vault, and left the bank as slowly and as nonchalantly as they had entered it. (Fortunately, the prisoners in the vault were rescued in time to prevent suffocation, but no thanks for their deliverance was due to Bennie or Stella Mae Dickson.)

Gaining their car, the young hoodlums drove out of town at a reasonable pace, turned off the main highway into a series of roundabout country roads—which they had previously carefully charted—and arrived at a farm in Tyler, Minnesota, owned by relatives of the Dickson family. Here they counted their swag, which, after all their care and trouble, amounted to only $2,174.64.

"We'll have to tackle a bigger bank," allowed Bennie.

From Tyler they made their way back to Lake Benton, where no one had noticed their absence.

Although their venture had been less successful financially than they had hoped, it had been, they prided themselves, very much so professionally. They had employed the leisurely technique which Bennie had learned from the old-timers at Missouri Pen. They had allowed neither the unexpected presence of so many customers in the bank nor the delay in gaining access to the vault to deter them. In their getaway, too, they had not been lured into any such unseemly speed as had led to Bennie's capture after his first essay at bank robbery.

Most important of all, Stella Mae Dickson had proved her nerve on this occasion by not flinching in the face of unexpected setbacks, and had shown herself in every way a fitting mate and partner for her bandit husband. All they needed, apparently, was—as Bennie had inferred—bigger and better banks. When they were found, Bennie and Stella Mae would rob them.

Well, perhaps. But the bank at Elkton, unlike the bank at Stotesbury eight years before, was insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, a government organization growing out of the bank holidays of 1933, and that fact automatically made the robbery a violation of the National Bank Robbery Act.

At first glance this may seem to be of little consequence, but it was to be of vital importance to Bennie Dickson and his bride. On his own, he had committed crimes which brought him only into the black books of local and state authorities. Henceforth, as violators of a federal statute, he and Stella must deal with J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men, who in some 23,000 cases have eventually gotten their man—or woman.

At the moment, though, the young couple's only concern was to buy a new car more befitting their new station in life. So they went over to automobile headquarters in Detroit and shopped around. Presently they were on their way to Kansas to show the folks their new Buick sedan. But automobiles, so necessary to Bennie Dickson in his work, were never lucky for him. Near Osage City, Kansas, the new sedan was wrecked and had to be towed into a garage in Topeka.

WHILE Stella Mae was visiting her family, Bennie slipped over to Kansas City again to look over the automobile market. Finding a Buick of the same model as the one he had just wrecked, he expressed so much interest in it that the accommodating salesman suggested that Bennie run the car around town a bit just as a demonstration. Bennie took the suggestion—and the car.

Of course, one of the first rules Stella Mae's husband had learned from his mentors in the pen was to stay out of hot cars as much as possible. There would be times when it would be advisable, in the course of business, to steal a car; but, once the theft was accomplished, the car should be abandoned or so altered as to avoid identification. But Bennie couldn't afford to abandon this prize, because he had already invested a good part of his working capital in a wrecked car, and what good was a wrecked car to a bank robber about to go out in search of bigger and better banks?

So Bennie went back to the garage in Topeka and exchanged the engine in the wrecked chassis for the one in the new one. Thenceforth he would be, so far as the police were concerned, no longer riding in a car that was stolen in Kansas City but in a car that had been purchased with presumably hard-earned cash in faraway Detroit—and he could prove it by the serial number on the engine.

What young Mr. Dickson may not have realized—and young Mrs. Dickson certainly did not—was that the transportation of a stolen car from Kansas City, Missouri, over the state line to Topeka, Kansas, constituted a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act, and as such also came under the investigative jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. On two counts, therefore, Hoover and his G-men were now on the trail of Benjamin James and Stella Mae Dickson.

Equipped with their new car, the pair bade their Topeka relatives good-by and motored across the State of Nebraska to Brookings, South Dakota, a city of between four and five thousand population, where there was a sizable branch of the Northwest Security National Bank of Sioux Falls.

DID PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TELL MARTIN DIES TO LAY OFF THE C. I. O.?

WHY WERE DIES' BILLS TO DEPORT ALIEN COMMUNISTS OPPOSED IN THE SENATE?

MARTIN DIES HIMSELF

will answer these questions—and many more—in a startling series of articles appearing exclusively in Liberty beginning in the issue of

JANUARY 13

Why did certain government officials go to Mr. Dies' home under cover of darkness to give him information?

What orders went by telephone from the White House to the Mutual Broadcasting Company?

Did Russia get important American military and industrial secrets illegally?

With uncompromising candor Mr. Dies tells his fellow Americans for the first time of efforts made to hinder his investigations.

Don't Fail to Read

MORE SNAKES THAN I CAN KILL

By Martin Dies

In Liberty for January 13

On Sale January 3

Upon arriving in the vicinity of Brookings, they secured overnight accommodations at a tourist camp. This time they spent an entire day in familiarizing themselves with the bank locale, and decided on a slight change in their method: they would arrive before the bank opened and thus avoid an influx of customers.

Little did they know how fraught with peril this one deviation in technique was to be.

Finally, having secured a complete set of new spark plugs so that the getaway car would be in perfect working order, they returned to the tourist camp and slept, presumably soundly, until seven in the morning.

This time, also, there was no attempt to conceal the sex of Stella Mae. Perhaps they figured that the possibility of discovery of the disguise before they could carry their plans into effect was too great. Perhaps they were smart enough to figure Stella Mae's obvious youth and apparent innocence as an asset in forestalling suspicion both before and after the projected robbery. Perhaps they were simply aiming to keep the authorities from identifying them after the robbery as the bandits who had held up the bank in Elkton.

Anyhow, it was quite a different-looking couple that rolled into Brookings on the morning of October 31, 1938, from that which had visited Elkton the previous August. Bennie, in his store clothes, looked more than ever the youthful professorial type, but with straight shoulders and no glasses and a shade more determination in his manner than is usually displayed by even very young professors out of school. And honest? Bennie Dickson was the type you'd pick out of a crowd to watch a bank to make sure it stayed hitched.

As for Stella Mae, she was more radiantly beautiful than ever. The summer had done wonders for her. So had the department stores in Detroit, where dress departments had been ransacked to provide pretties with which to dazzle the folks back home. And the outfit she had chosen for the second coming-out party in crime was a honey.

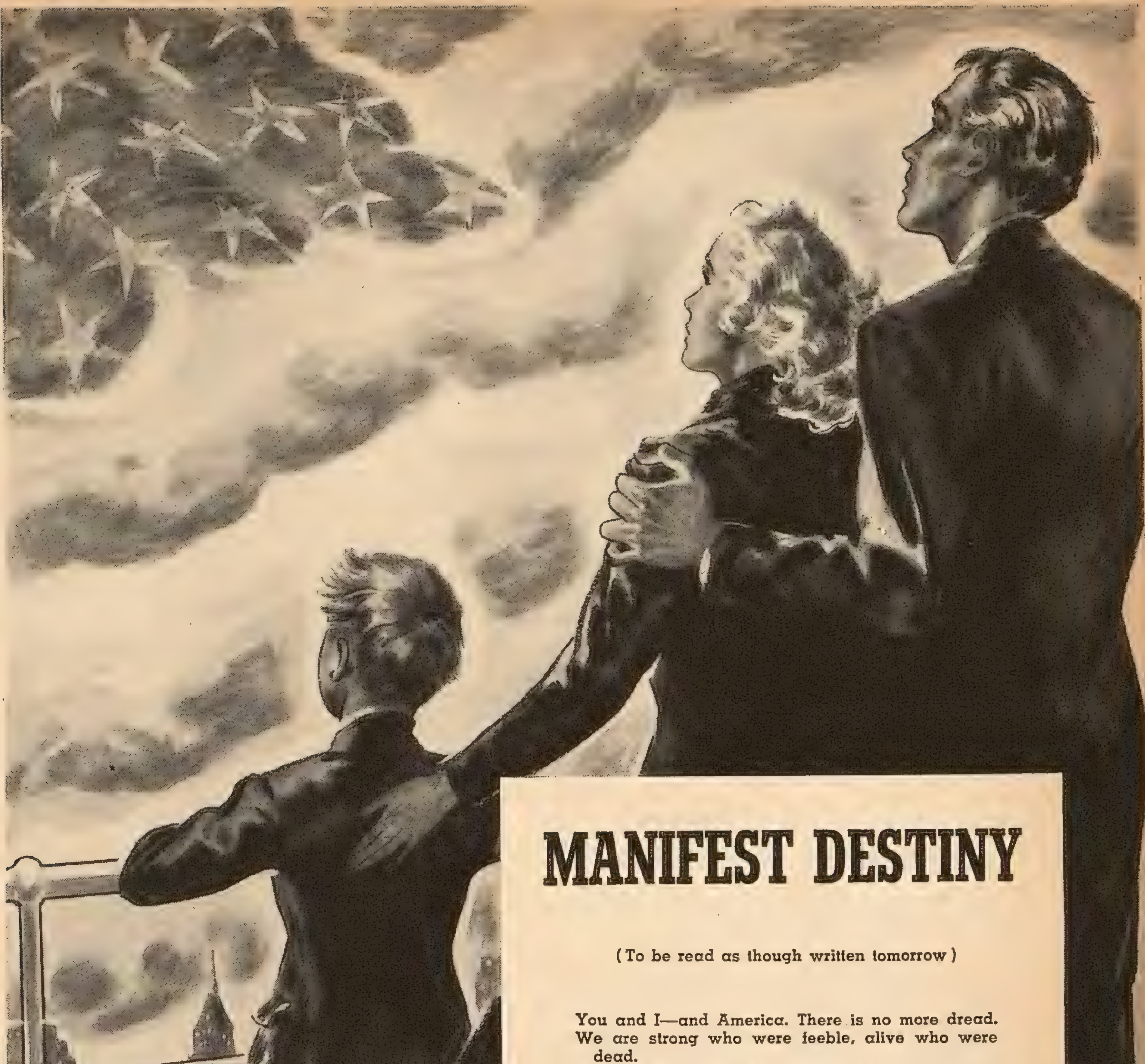
AT exactly eight thirty the smartly dressed couple in their smart new stolen sedan came silently to a stop at the curb outside the Northwest Security National Bank. They had ascertained that this was the hour at which the first bank official arrived to throw open the big doors. Sure enough, there he was, a lone figure on the not yet awakened street, leaning over to insert the key.

As he straightened up to place his hand on the knob, he was aware of a movement behind him. He turned, and found himself looking into the loveliest pair of china-blue eyes he had ever seen outside of a doll.

The only drawback to his complete enjoyment was that the owner of the eyes promptly pressed the business end of a .38 revolver against what had been, an instant before, his beating heart!

THE END

Where Stella Mae's career as gungirl was to end, you can easily imagine—with G-men on her trail. But exactly how it was ended is a fascinating story. In Liberty next week!



MANIFEST DESTINY

(To be read as though written tomorrow)

You and I—and America. There is no more dread.
We are strong who were feeble, alive who were dead.
We are stars who were storm, we are day who were night,
We who crawled with the adder, we are wings, we are flight.

You and I—and America. We are flesh who were stone.
We plough who were ploughed, we sow who were sown.
We are rock who were sand, we are cups who were sieves,
We are conquerors who, last night, were fugitives.

You and I—and America. Dawn is in our eyes.
We who crouched in a cave are astride of the skies.
We, the wind, are the mountain; we, the wave, are the shore.
For God knocked and we opened. We opened. We opened the door.

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

DECORATION BY MARTHE MOORE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PROPAGANDA

IN OUR SCHOOLBOOKS

Is it not treason to the spirit of America—Here are startling facts

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ABOUT 47,000,000 Americans, more than one third of the population of this country, are between the ages of five and twenty-four. Eighty-two per cent of the children between the ages of five and seventeen are at school. Six million of these children are in schools of the high-school level. More than a million of them are in colleges.

Most of these children are definite depression products. A boy of seventeen today was seven years old when things went bad. All the early influences of his life—his school life, his home life, his cultural environment — have been affected by the depression. Table talk at home, conversation with other boys and girls, the attitude of his teachers toward life in general and this country in particular, have been influenced by the depression. His first relationship with newspapers and magazines, his first " listen " to the radio, the first political speech he heard—all these were in some way related to it.

We have to face these facts if we are to understand what is happening to our boys and girls. Most of them never knew prosperity. Most of them have heard the names of Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini more often than they have heard about James Otis, Zachary Taylor, and General Winfield Scott. To most of them the WPA and the NYA are as established American institutions as the Supreme Court and the Constitution. These future citizens are growing up in an unwholesome atmosphere which is not of their making.

What are we doing about it?

Only one agency is permanently at work in the interest of our children and youth. That agency is the school —principally the public school. Home influences weaken during periods of economic distress. Father is worried; mother is frightened. Maybe both work; maybe the family is on relief. The child is the unfortunate victim of the inability of adults to adjust to new and trying situations. Tempers become too easily frayed in such circumstances, particularly if father is involved in labor troubles or if funds grow short through lack of work or inadequate relief.

Besides, how much of a child's time awake can possibly be spent at home with parents? Perhaps half an hour at breakfast-time, before the child goes to school; perhaps two or three hours before bedtime.

And Sunday? How many parents spend their Saturdays and Sundays acquainting themselves with their children? How many parents ask them what they are learning in school? Does the parent inquire into that vague mystery, sex education? Does the parent discover whether his child is being brought up in the traditions of America or in the propaganda of Soviet Russia? How many parents go to school to " look over " the teachers of their children, to discover whether their sympathies are with the American way of life or with the Russian or German way? How many parents read their children's textbooks to see for themselves what children are reading?

Albert M. Ettinger of Haworth, New Jersey, was one parent who did go into things. His father had been Superintendent of Schools in the City of New York. One day his boy came home—but let Mr. Ettinger tell the story in his own words:

" One evening my son, who was twelve years of age and in the seventh grade, burst out with, ' Daddy, you were a dope to fight in the World War! ' Before I could recover my thoughts he went on, ' What I mean is, the World War was fought for the bankers, wasn't it? ' My first words were, ' Where in the world did you get that idea from? ' ' Oh, well,' he replied, ' I read it somewhere.'

" The thought flashed to me that I had never taken the time to explain to that child the reasons of America for entering the World War; but then, I had made it a point not to talk of the war to the children.

" ' But surely,' I asked, ' you have studied about the World War in history? ' ' Oh, no,' he replied. ' We don't study real history in our school. That is, we have history as part of our social study; they call it " social science." ' ' And what is social science? ' I asked. He explained that it was a combination of geography, civics, and history. What period of American history was he studying? Oh, about the way people lived. Had he studied about the World War? No. The Civil War? No. The War of 1812? Never heard of it. (Oh, shades of Old Ironsides!) The War of the Revolution? Oh, yes, he had studied that in the New York schools. But out here? No; they had not studied about any war out in this school. Only the social revolution in Russia. ' Well,' I said sarcastically, ' perhaps you know all about the Nazi movement in Germany? ' ' Oh, our teacher told us about that,' was the reply."

Is that your experience? How do you know? Have you taken the trouble to find out whether your child knows more about the Russian Revolution and Nazi Germany than he does about your country and his country? Do you know with what stuff your children are being indoctrinated in the " social science " courses? Have you discovered whether they think that you are a " dope "?

Here is a quotation from a book, Dare the School Build a New Social Order? by George S. Counts of Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Counts trains teachers. He gives them their point of view. He influences their attitude toward your children. This is what he believes the teachers should think:

" That the teachers should deliberately reach for power and then make the most of their conquest is my firm conviction. To the extent that they are permitted to fashion the curriculum and the procedures of the school they will definitely and positively influence the social attitudes, ideals, and behavior of the coming generation." (Pages 28-29.)

" The conscious and deliberate achievement of democracy under novel circumstances is the task of our generation.

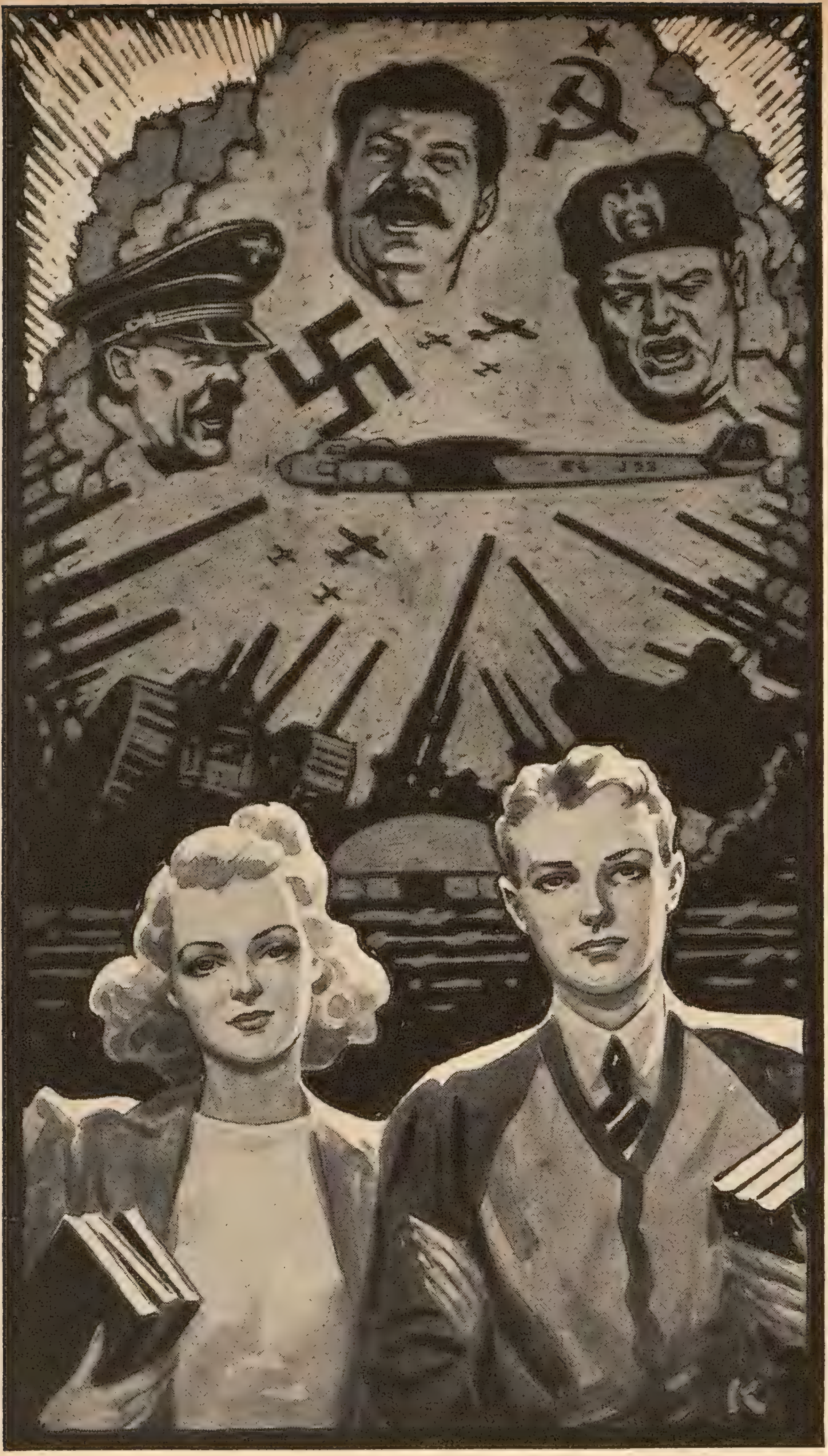
" Democracy, of course, should not be identified with political forms and functions—with the Federal Constitution, the popular election of officials, or the practice of universal suffrage." (Page 40.)

" A society fashioned in harmony with the American democratic tradition . . ." Here Dr. Counts lists his own ideals concerning American democracy and ends with the phrase . . . " finally be prepared as a last resort, in either the defense or the realization of this purpose, to follow the method of revolution." (Pages 41-42.)

What does he mean by following " the method of revolution "? I have taken these quotations from the record of a Congressional hearing, because they have been put together aptly to show the doctrine. Are the teachers in your schools influenced by this doctrine?

Or take this paragraph from a textbook, Modern History, by Carl Becker, which is used in some high schools:

" The essence of Marx's scientific socialism is this: The workers are at present enslaved to the capitalists; but the stars in their courses, rather than the feeble wills of men, are



Are *your* children in school being taught the "religions" here symbolized?

bringing about their liberation. What Marx gave the workers was a new philosophy—religion—a religion to console them in their present distress, a philosophy pointing out the good time coming."

Is that the religion that your children are being taught?

Or think of this: In European Civilization and Politics Since 1815, by Erik Achorn, appears this:

"On that supreme achievement, in the last analysis, his immortality depends; and so long as it endures, Lenin can never die.

"Whom shall the student of the world history find to compare with him? Alexander and Caesar, by contrast, are puny figures; Louis XIV likewise."

And:

"If Russia becomes the greatest power in the world—and there is better than an even chance that she will—what then? Lenin declared that capitalism and Bolshevism cannot exist side by side. Can he, who was so often right, have been entirely mistaken in this respect?"

A people lives by its traditions. With us, the figure of Santa Claus is a symbol of faith, charity, friendliness. Who would deprive a child of such symbols? What can be the motive of a teacher who tries to make a child so hard-boiled that nothing is taken on faith? Yet, in a magazine circulated in high schools—Scholastic—appeared the following in the issue on December 17, 1932, just before Christmas:

> There Is No Santa Claus
>
> . . . He was only a pretty fairy tale that our elders, for some unaccountable reason, had palmed off on us. They thought it made us happier!
>
> The shock of that disappointment is so long ago now that we can hardly remember. But since we got into high school, some other Santa Clauses have been bowled over. One gets punctured every day or two. . . .
>
> Must we unlearn every vestige of "sweetness and light" if we are to keep our balance in this hard-boiled competitive world? . . .
>
> A mood of disillusionment has indeed settled over the present generation. . . . The national flower, says one headline-writer, has become the "razzberry." . . .
>
> A journalist who traveled the country over and talked with hundreds of ordinary, obscure men and women in all walks of life came back with a profound impression that the American people have no national faith.

It is no wonder that so great an educator as Dr. J. L. Tildsley, once Associate Superintendent of Schools in New York, in an address at Harvard spoke so pessimistically:

". . . And I am all the more troubled because never in its history has America so needed the cultivation of the idea of the necessity of work, of the satisfaction, even positive pleasure that comes to one as he works to the utmost of his capacity.

"Everywhere in this land men are now being paid for work that they do not do. The best man of these great hordes on relief seems to be the one who does least, for he best leaves work for others to do. At a time when these millions of men are preaching to every boy and girl who passes by on his way to school that active exertion of any kind is something to be shunned, it is most unfortunate that the public high school is driving home the same teaching to its pupils not by its precepts but most forcibly by its practices."

A magazine, Building America, is circulated among students in schools. This publication is issued by the Society for Curriculum Study, assisted by the Lincoln School of Teachers College, Columbia University. It is splendidly printed, expertly illustrated, and well written. In a word, the child would find this publication easy to read and interesting. Volume 2, No. 1, of Building America is devoted to the Constitution. Discussing the question of the deportation of subversive aliens who come to this country to preach revolution during a period of national distress, an attempt is made to associate national self-protection with the Alien and Sedition Laws of the Adams administration. Note the following paragraphs to see how ideas are associated to cause the child to be indoctrinated with a particular point of view:

“In the last twenty years the federal government has deported scores of aliens because of their political beliefs. Between 1917 and 1928 some 34 states passed so-called ‘criminal syndicalism’ laws which provided fines and prison sentences for anyone who ‘advocated the overthrow of the government by force and violence.’ These laws have been used to punish labor leaders and liberals but not the leaders of vigilante groups such as the Ku Klux Klan.

“Just recently powerful groups including certain organizations of patriots and business men have tried to get Congress to pass new alien and sedition laws. Such laws these groups believed to be ‘American.’ Other groups, including labor unions and such liberal organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union, however, have opposed alien and sedition as well as criminal syndicalism laws. Such laws they said were ‘un-American’ because they violated the Bill of Rights.

“Organized groups like the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Legion have at times violated American civil rights. Such groups have, for example, punished people without waiting for a trial by jury. They have lynched Negroes and white men, 4,681 being put to death in this un-Constitutional manner between 1882 and 1935.”

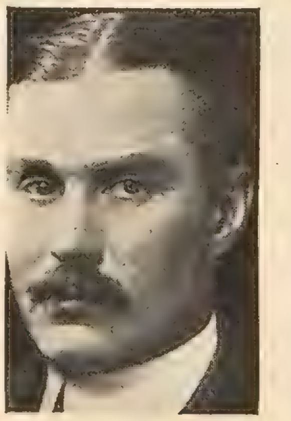
DO you see how the idea is passed on to the child that, say, the case of Harry Bridges, who is accused of advocating Communism and who is being tried for deportation as a subversive alien at the moment that this is being written, should be judged on the basis of the wrongs done by the Klan and the Black Legion?

Or take this view of our democracy, taught to a high-school boy and girl who have an inadequate background to judge whether the statement is true or false, exaggerated or motivated by some alien “ism.” We want our children to believe that this is a democracy. We want them to believe that the right to vote means the right to control the government. We want them to cherish the concept that American democracy is a cooperation among all the people to achieve a high standard of living. This, however, is what is being taught:

“The largest group of wealthy men the world has ever seen ruled over American affairs. These men who owned and ran great companies were known as ‘oil kings,’ ‘meat princes,’ and ‘steel barons,’ as signs of their power. Because they could not spend all their wealth, they turned it back to make their companies into giant corporations.

“Some of these large corporations became monopolies or trusts which controlled most of the business in one field, whether the field was oil, meat, steel, aluminum, railroads, or telephones. Because of their size, efficiency, and rapid growth, these corporations supplied jobs to many workmen and new goods and services to millions of the American people. Yet, by monopoly control they were able to charge the American public whatever they desired for their goods and services. . . .

20 QUESTIONS



1—Both training and talent make him one of the outstanding representatives of the United States to a foreign nation. He has been an ambassador for twelve years and his entire career has been in the diplomatic service, but he departs from tradition by substituting plain talk for diplomatic circumlocutions. Whose early photograph is this?

2—What American cities have these famous sections: the Loop, the Presidio, and the Vieux Carré?

3—Where are the headquarters of the following hockey teams: the Red Wings, the Americans, and the Bruins?

4—What unions do these abbreviations stand for: S. W. O. C., N. M. U., and U. A. W.?

5—How does a Black Bourse differ from other exchanges?

6—What animals are termed cold-blooded?

7—Which nations are called the Low Countries?

8—What is the common name for brimstone?

9—Who was the first woman elected to the United States' Congress?

10—Dom Pedro II was the last emperor of what nation of the Western Hemisphere?

11—What world records has the Finnish athlete, Taisto Maki, broken?

12—When during the year is the earth nearest the sun?

13—In what unit does the farmer sell milk to the dairy?

14—How many bones are there in the adult human body?

15—What constitutes initiation into the Caterpillar Club?

16—How old is the January 1 celebration of the New Year in Christian countries?

17—What do the names John, George, and Charles mean?

18—What rank does a warrant officer have in the army?

19—What are the two largest types of trees in the world?

20—Which former Yankee baseball star is now a parole commissioner?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

“The trusts held the majority of voters on their side by favoring grants of free land by Congress, and by the general prosperity which came through their ‘rule.’ They also were aided by the American belief that property is ‘sacred’ and that any man who worked hard enough might become a millionaire.”

I do not believe that this picture of America can be substantiated historically. Surely it is a distressing picture to paint before a high-school student. It starts him off with a bitter antagonism to American institutions. Instead of respect for the American way of life, he is encouraged to despise that way of life and to seek some foreign way—that, perhaps, of Soviet Russia.

What ideals can a man have, if his youth is polluted in this manner?

YET, basically, it is the problem of the parents. Their first job is the care and upbringing of their children, and that job is being neglected. Luther Gulick in his report, Education for American Life, raises this problem more effectively than I can:

“Not so long ago the family was the chief economic unit. The family was larger, and homes were bigger and less congested. Not only was there regular work for children to do around the home, but the children could see and help with the work which their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters were doing. They saw more of their parents and knew what was going on. They lived a large part of the time under family influence or at least in the neighborhood. Entertainment was mostly in the home. It was self-entertainment. And everybody went to bed early. But that was all before the radio, the automobile, the movie, the small apartment, the limited family, and the end of home industry. And it was before the beginning of nervous, noisy, modern life.

“It is more difficult to explain what has happened to change the influence of the church, because few people know or will look at the facts honestly. In the course of this Inquiry, from talking with hundreds of youth and with their teachers, and examining the problem of delinquency in its relation to religious education, we find that youth today are not receiving from the church or from the family the ethical and spiritual foundations which youth need and want.”

One third of our nation are in school, and what is being done to them there? These schools are paid for out of taxpayers' money. There is no free education in America. It is all paid for by taxes. Is the school training patriotic, liberty-loving Americans? Are teachers nurturing pupils in American traditions?

I shall discuss these questions in forthcoming articles in Liberty, but I am convinced that it is each parent's duty to find out for himself.

THE END

The parents of a talented daughter.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR Shirley Temple

The hazards of a famous lady's future as Hollywood and her mother see them!

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE span of a Hollywood star's popularity is short. It depends on two conditions. Since it is the appeal of personality that makes a star, there is a very real insistence on the part of the audience that the personality shall not change. But there must be a certain growth in the personality, or the audience will get tired. If you can find a way for a star to grow without changing, Hollywood will pin a medal on you.

Offhand, you will probably wonder why the star is not provided with plays which keep pace with the natural development of the talent. But in Hollywood they'll tell you your idea betrays your ignorance of the industry. It's hard enough to find a single good story without asking for a series so graduated that they will assist the star in his development.

If you want to be unsympathetic you can reply that the studio is perhaps not qualified to settle the question, since the manufacturing temperament would rather produce in quantity any personality the public likes, so long as the public wants it. When the fashion runs out, there will always be a new star.

That this policy is shortsighted even as business, and harmful to films as an art, hardly needs stating. To squander or use up a human talent is cruel. Yet in the case of mature actors we can salve our conscience a little by saying, if the studio does less than right by their talent, that perhaps they have been guilty of contributory negligence. Some mature actors have insisted on preserving a fixed personality in one type of role.

But in the theater and on the screen, as on the concert stage, the child artist presents an acute educational problem. The child goes through rapid changes, physical and mental, and if it has genuine talent its artistic development is often astounding. To hold it to a static kind of performance will injure it exactly in proportion as it is truly gifted. On the stage, and still more on the screen, the star is tempted to imitate himself, and if he has registered a special kind of success as a child, he is in danger of impersonating childhood even after he has grown up.

That is precisely the problem which now faces Shirley Temple, one of the most gifted children who ever delighted the world. She is now about eleven years old, and is maturing naturally but at a rate of speed we should expect from the highly endowed. Until her present part in The Blue Bird she has been confined to roles which exploit merely her childhood charm. Because she is a notable example of an acute educational problem, I asked her mother some plain questions about Shirley's future. What I learned ought to be of interest to every parent.

I expected to see Shirley at work on the set, but since she was suffering from a slight cold, Mrs. Temple invited me to their home. It is beautiful in every sense of the word—the sort of home which childhood gets only when the parents are in comfortable circumstances and blessed with good taste and common sense. When Mrs. Temple greeted me, I began to understand much about her child. I have met few mothers, even of less gifted children, who seemed so remarkably equipped for their job in sensitiveness and common sense.

We found Shirley upstairs in her small but remarkably sunny room, wrapped in a pretty dressing gown, busy with her crayons. She had some of her dolls near by, and a Teddy bear. I liked the natural way in which Mrs. Temple introduced me, as though I were no interviewer but simply for the moment a guest in the house. Shirley's expressive face brightened and she held out her hand. Her manner was entirely childlike, without the slightest aping of grown-ups. My first words to her I planned to test the alertness of her mind: "Glad to see you're sick, Shirley." Before I had got to her name, her face registered complete astonishment. "Glad, are you?" she exclaimed. "Of course," I said. "You don't have to go to school. You can sit in the sun and enjoy yourself." "Oh!" she said, puckering her lips in comic disgust.

When she speaks, her face is as expressive as we see it on the screen, and the variety and the justness of her intonation is extraordinary. I believe this is altogether a natural gift, since her face is even more expressive when she listens. Though she is voluble enough on any other subject, she has a marked reluctance to talk about herself. When I asked what she studied at school, she gave the usual indefinite reply of childhood, naming a few subjects but leaving out most of the list. She mentioned French. I asked her a question in French, and she answered readily in the same language—good French with a slightly American accent. But then, my accent is American too.

REMARKABLE as her personality is on the screen, if I had not seen her face to face I might not be so sure that her talent has immense possibilities. With her active mind, her strong decisive character, her immense zest, she calls for a role far beyond the merely passive aspects of the spirit. From now on she is the sort of human being who will be up and doing, and the doing will have some mischief in it, and though the beauty of innocence will still be there, it won't be the kind of innocence that is ignorant.

In Shirley's presence no mention was made of her acting nor of pictures. When we had left her, I asked Mrs. Temple whether she made a conscious effort to keep the child's mind off her professional work.

"I'd make the effort if it were necessary," she said, "but Shirley concentrates naturally on whatever she is doing. She herself doesn't talk about her acting, and seems not to enjoy hearing it discussed."

It was obvious to me, however, that Mrs. Temple had from the first adopted the wise course of keeping her child's life as far as possible in the condition it would have been in if Hollywood had never discovered her. The mother gave me the impression that she wished her daughter's astonishing success to remain an incident in her life, so that she can abandon it if that course proves wise, or continue it if fate insists.

"But aren't you training her to become an actress?"

"Her life is her own and we have made no plans for it. If she wants to be an actress, and if that career seems right for her, we shall be happy—equally happy if she does something else. She has always been fond of dancing, and it was while she was at dancing school one day that she caught the attention of a picture scout. Our planning has been no more than that."

"I don't understand," I said, "how she can do so much film work and yet make such progress in her schooling."

"There is no interruption," said Mrs. Temple. "The moment she is through with a picture she goes back to her classes with the other children, and while she is acting we have an arrangement with her teacher to continue Shirley's studies even at the studio."

I mentioned the dolls I had noticed, and asked how much she played with them and whether she had a child's usual aptitude for living in an imaginary world.

"When she isn't making a picture," said her mother, "she is entirely like other little girls, making believe with her dolls and inventing imaginary companionships. During the actual shooting of a picture the dolls are somewhat neglected."

Before we left Shirley, Mrs. Temple had shown me a room entirely set apart for the dolls which Shirley's admirers have sent her from all countries—hundreds, perhaps thousands of dolls. Most of them, for their beauty of design or costume, deserve long and close study. They created a real problem in Shirley's upbringing. It would be sad if so much generosity turned her head or jaded her interest in toys. Her mother solved the difficulty by frankly making of these gifts a collection and encouraging Shirley to regard them not as playthings but as works of art. She admires them in a healthy, impersonal way. Her affections go to the small number of dolls she habitually mothers.

I ASKED Mrs. Temple if Shirley cared for exercise, or if her intellectual interests predominated.

Mrs. Temple laughed. "We do take some precautions to keep the balance," she said. "An expert comes regularly to put her through certain exercises and teach her some games. We are particularly careful when she is working on a picture, but perhaps our caution is unnecessary. She is full of energy and high spirits, and there is probably no danger of her becoming one-sided. She has long had a diminutive pony which she loves to ride. She swims, of course; she plays tennis and all the usual outdoor games; and she loves to dance."

"Now," I said, "I'd like to ask the questions which brought me here. How about the special training of her talent? Is she taught to act?"

Mrs. Temple smiled. "*We* certainly haven't taught her, and I doubt if the studio has, though she must have absorbed a good deal of the art working with mature professionals. But her acting is natural. If left to herself, she would imagine, and therefore portray, a variety of characters. The kind of story she began in has been practically repeated, with little variation, for her later performances. She has been the child angel who reveals the latent goodness which is in older folk, even in some bad types who need reforming. The picture people seem willing to repeat that first Shirley as long as the public will respond."

"In other words," I said, "she must stick to the personality which made her reputation."

"BUT this is not now Shirley's personality," protested Mrs. Temple; "that is, not entirely. She's a dear child, but she's a human being, and she grows fast. It may not be a good thing for her to keep on acting a personality she is leaving behind."

"You mean," I said, "she is in danger of imitating herself?"

"She's in danger of being bored," said Mrs. Temple. "Her mind is expanding; she is now aware that she acts the same part over and over. She told me one day she was tired of just being good. Her new part in The Blue Bird is better because in certain scenes she acts the naughty child. On the set, when she is doing so, the camera crew and the others hiss, and she is immediately in the seventh heaven of delight; she tries to be still naughtier at once. I think it's a genuine acting instinct which has had too little opportunity."

"Did the studio," I asked, "study her personality as it was a year ago when they started to prepare The Blue Bird for her? Have they consulted you since about the speed of her development?"

"They don't consult me," said Mrs. Temple, "and I doubt if those who buy stories for her ever look at her. They look at her old pictures."

"If you were choosing a role for her now, what kind would it be?"

"A very active one," said Mrs. Temple; "a competent little character full of initiative and decision, with plenty of humor. As for the other qualities of her personality, there is still that wistfulness which people liked, and the same sincerity."

"If Shirley doesn't get the plays which will permit her personality to develop, what will you do about it?"

"The decision will really be hers," said Mrs. Temple. "Perhaps she isn't really an actress. That could be determined only if her talent were encouraged to grow. If she has what might prove a mature talent, and if it is stifled by this repetition of her childhood self, it will be a shame."

Mrs. Temple said this with no suggestion of resentment, merely recording a fact in the world as it is.

"When she becomes really bored with the repetition," she continued, "we will take her out of pictures, but I wish she had a fair chance."

Several millions of Shirley's friends would say, "So do I."

THE END

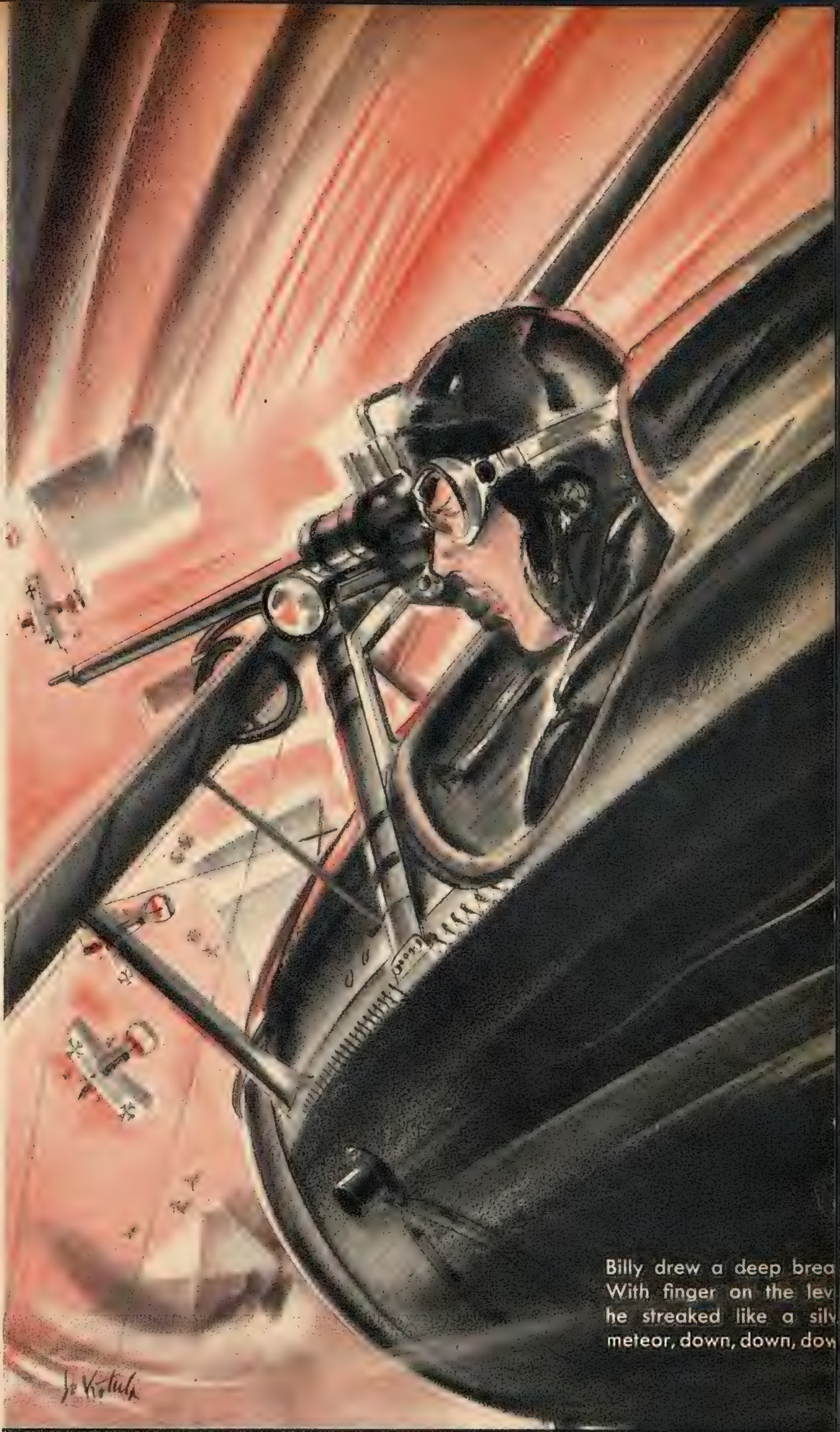
FLYING TO KILL

THE STORY OF BISHOP, THE WHITE KNIGHT OF CANADA

Enter the Red Knight! A saga of high adventure pictures a stirring combat

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA



Billy drew a deep brea
With finger on the lev
he streaked like a silv
meteor, down, down, dow

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The Dominion of Canada being at war again, Bishop flies again, this time as Honorary Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force—which is to say, as supreme trainer and tutelary deity of young Canadians who may fly at the front. The last time, he himself flew there, to such purpose that he became that World War's ace of aces, officially credited with seventy-two enemy planes. He was in his early twenties then. He is only forty-five today. This series is his story.

Billy Bishop was born in Owen Sound, Ontario. At ten, he fell in love, once and for all, with a captivating brunette, Miss Margaret Eaton Burden of Toronto, whose age at the time was five. Seven years later he entered the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. Slight physically, he was an all-round athlete, a fine horseman, and a crack shot with a hunting rifle.

At the end of his third year in R. M. C. the war began. He promptly got into uniform as a cavalry lieutenant, and in January, '15, took his Margaret an engagement ring and sailed with his outfit for England. The training camp there was mostly mud and not a bit adventurous, so he applied for transfer to the Royal Flying Corps. In his first flight over German territory as an observer, he had a narrow escape from a shrapnel ball.

In the subsequent months he began to be known as the man who never "got the wind up." It happened in the spring of '16 that he had a knee smashed in a bumpy landing; by the time he was fit again, it had been decided to try him out as solo flyer. At first he was clumsy at it—so he says. On March 7, 1917, he joined 60 Squadron, R. F. C., at the front. By that date, von Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany, had shot down twenty-five Allied planes.

The R. F. C.'s top ace, Captain Ball, became Bishop's hero and mentor. It wasn't long before he downed his first German. Within the next fortnight he bagged several more and was nearly trapped by the Flying Circus' "Head Hunters." On Easter Sunday he went up alone and accounted for six German planes and one balloon.

Early in May, Richthofen's Flying Circus got Captain Ball. Bishop wrote Margaret: "They're going to pay for this." One day toward sundown he was up with one other plane, his C. O.'s. The two got high above five blood-red enemies. As Bishop dived, the leader of the five left the others and waved to him in challenge—and he recognized the leader's plane as Baron Manfred von Richthofen's own.

PART TWO—DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY

THE White Knight of Canada plummets to fifty yards from the Red Knight of Germany. Scarlet shows in the machine-gun sights. Bishop is right on Richthofen's tail. A drumful of lead spatters from the Lewis—but the target has vanished. The wily baron has gone into a lightning loop.

Bishop levels off. He's about to turn his head when something grazes it. Lead from the rear whistles a hole in the windpane up front. The Red Knight has completed his mad circle and zinged down directly behind the Canadian.

At last Billy Bishop has met his match! This enemy, too, is a nonpareil of the heavens. He is to achieve an incredible victory score before Valhalla beckons. Like Bishop, he started in the cavalry, but the mud and slime of static warfare was not his destiny. How singularly, in fact, were the lives of these two to parallel! Richthofen, like Billy Bishop, had been a pupil of his country's master aerial combatant. The brooding Ball had schooled Bishop. The great Boelcke, idol of the Teutons and leader of the dreaded Jagdstaffel II, had taken the nobleman as a fledgling when Richthofen had "escaped" from an uhlan horse regiment. The adept German pupil, like the kid from Owen Sound, Ontario, was to outgrow the multi-league handed-down boots of a departed teacher and to stride on his own winged sandals through the corridors of glory, there to leave his name in fiery letters that would never dim.

Suddenly Bishop is aware of scarlet above, below, and on all sides. The four other Flying Circus boys are chasing the major in his silver Nieuport. Bishop is afraid to fire as he spurts straight up to get out of the melee. Scarlet shows in the sights—but so does silver.

PRESENTLY Bishop is upstairs, Richthofen down, and the dogfight is between them. It's obvious that the baron wants the same thing as the Ontario boy—a duel between just the two of them. Bishop sees Richthofen waving, and the four other scarlet ships get out of this private scrap of his.

Bishop goes into a power dive, but the baron wants none of it. He spurts just out of range, like a cool prizefighter sidestepping a telegraphed roundhouse right. He seems to stand utterly still for an instant, then the scarlet ship twists into position and goes like a meteor after Bishop. As the Canadian, level now, makes a turn to force Richthofen into a difficult broadside shot instead of a tail barrage, the baron fools him. He keeps on going, and presently he's below, surging up right under the silver belly.

Bishop banks to the left, causing the German's lethal pellets to glance, letting the lower right wing take them. Now the two cyclone crazily for well over a minute—Bishop above, Richthofen below. Round one; two coming up.

Now Richthofen uncorks a fast one. He loops high above Bishop and, instead of winding up behind him, comes down on the right side, getting a broadside crack at the Canadian. Bishop, taken off guard, nevertheless manages to start an upward loop himself. He gets off with a tail riddled sidewise.

Bishop comes down, and now it's his turn for a broadside smash at the uhlan. But his gun jams! His heart goes into high and his tongue spouts oaths. But the gun won't work!

Richthofen apparently notices this, for he just dances around as Bishop goes upstairs to try to fix the gun. But he can't get it fixed. Then, first thing he knows, Richthofen and his four comrades are flying away to the east. The battle's off. Whatever dirty tactics members of his squadron have been guilty of, Richthofen personally is chivalry itself. He won't take advantage of a plane with a jammed gun. He grows smaller in the distance. No doubt he entertains thoughts similar to those of Billy Bishop. It is in the cards that these two fabulous fellows will live to meet up there again. . . .

Somehow, the major, who was also a mighty handy individual with a stick and a Lewis lever, had managed to survive, and he and the young lieutenant streaked for home.

With death constantly so near, the boys in the Royal Flying Corps were quick to grasp at straws of humor to relieve the nightmare that took hold of them after a particularly close call up there. They were never afraid while actually facing death. They had to concentrate to such an extent on co-ordinating mind and muscle that there was no room for fear. It was only when they hit ground again that they realized how hideous had been certain minutes in the blue, and that the same kind of minutes would tick into the present soon again, perhaps in the next hour.

Bishop had a little poem that he had learned in childhood that suddenly came to him one day when, in the rarefied atmosphere four miles up, with a big German machine on his tail, he found that his tiny scout, because of its minimum of plane surface, wouldn't take the "bite" that was necessary for a quick maneuver. As he yanked the stick back as far as it would go, and bullets from the dealer in death behind him began to whistle all around, some going through his windpanes, he began to recite aloud:

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a
whiting to a snail;
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and
he's treading on my tail . . ."

YES, it was pretty close to madness up there at the back door of heaven. Below, in the deserted French villages that had been left behind when the Canadians swept over Vimy Ridge, the daredevils of the skies became playful between alarms and assignments. If they had the good fortune to chance upon some unopened supplies in a grogshop, they would always save a drink or two for the ducks and drakes of the vicinity. They used to get these flocks drunk by feeding them bread soaked in brandy. Then they would try to line them up in flying formation. One day a buddy of Bishop's—a fellow who never "got the wind up" in the air—rushed into 60 Squadron's H.Q., the naturally ruddy colo[illegible]ained from his face.

"Seen a ghost?" asked Bi[illegible]op.

"I gave too much drink to a prize drake—and it keeled over, dead as a doornail," was the reply. "The farmer's enraged. He's going to report me to the C. O. You've got to *do* something, Billy!"

Such was the brand of fear that struck at the R. F. C. aces! Such was the unbalanced sense of proportion of the men who laughed at death. Yes, this was the crazy ink in which the map of Europe was redrawn. And now, a quarter of a century later, when Lieutenant Colonel William Avery Bishop is Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force, training youths for combat over the second western front, the same thing is happening again in Europe to kids who were listening to a different kind of rattle back in 1917.

THE men of 60 Squadron had by this time become much attached to the Flying Pig. This man, thus monickered because he was so corpulent that he bulged all over the tiny cockpit of his observation plane, happened to be an enemy. Bishop first spotted him while going over the German lines to skewer a "sausage" one day. The Pig was handling an old box car, and was only a couple of thousand feet up and well behind his own lines. As Bishop flew down to look him over, the Pig, who must have weighed almost three hundred pounds, displayed a singular lack of talent for flying and marksmanship. Greatly excited, he pulled such tactical boners that Bishop decided he wasn't fair game.

Next day, when Bishop was passing over the area with his patrol, there the Pig was again. All six British planes dived after him, sending tracer bullets all around his crate, purposely missing him. Then, as the Pig returned the fire with remarkable inaccuracy, Bishop and the boys pretended to be frightened and "fled."

The Pig no doubt strutted that night, telling all who would listen of his astonishing feat of battling six R. F. C. planes singlehanded.

This went on for several weeks. When a new man came into 60 Squadron, he would be told about the Flying Pig and admonished not to shoot him down, no matter what the circumstances, because the fat fellow unconsciously afforded so many much-needed laughs. The boys had decided that the Pig had probably been a big shot around Berlin when the war broke out and, despite his lack of native qualifications, had used his influence to become a flyer.

One day a new man came in and reported that he had shot down an observation crate over the German lines. Some one had neglected to tell him about the ungainly enemy. Bishop and the others got a description of the doomed craft, which had been set ablaze in mid-air. "The Pig," they said in grim unison.

Billy Bishop, the White Knight, in 1917—caught by a camera in the act of checking up on his gun's sights.

The Red Knight, Baron Manfred von Richthofen (at left), with his anything-but-knightly brother Lothar.

Glasses were filled and solemnly raised, and a toast was drunk to the man who had, although he didn't know it, come to be 60 Squadron's most amusing friend.

The infrequent smiles on the faces of the youths were quickly wiped off when, alongside of blackboard names, there appeared with increasing frequency the words "Did not return." The fury that ensued after a dear friend had been killed took various forms. The commanding officer, for example, rushed out after posting a D. N. R. notice one day.

Bishop was apprehensive. In a little while he followed. At the enemy lines, he saw below him a strange sight that he couldn't at first make out. Closer, he noticed a British machine flying upside down only a few hundred feet above the trenches, while the Archies on the ground sent "onions" up at it.

Presently the machine righted itself and started back for home. Bishop recognized the C. O. in the cockpit. His superior told him later that the idea had suddenly dawned on him that the supreme gesture of contempt for the enemy would be to do just what he had done—fly upside down close over their lines while they belched away.

One morning Bishop went far over the enemy front to get a "sausage." On the way, he knocked down in flames an enemy two-seater equipped with a swivel gun. Coming back, flying westward, he saw five enemy craft. Two, observation two-seaters, were lower than the rest. Three scouts were well up and to the rear of the first two.

CALCULATING quickly, Bishop figured the strong sun in the east would be in the eyes of the enemy, particularly the lower two, as he was in a direct line between them and the sun. He figured to make a surprise running attack on the observation machines before the three others could get down to lend aid. He got a little more than he bargained for this time, though, for as he went headlong at the lower pair and emptied a drum at them, the rear machine maneuvered in such a way that it got on his tail.

He started turning just in time. His rudder was perforated. Again he pulled a trick out of Captain Ball's bag. He came down and stuck so close on the tail of one German that the other was afraid to open up lest he riddle his comrade. Then one of those unexplainable mysteries of the sky came to pass. The other machine flew away. The Canadian caught the remaining machine broadside. He saw the gunner die right in his seat a moment before the ship careened downward, bursting into flames.

Circling around and looking at his handiwork, Bishop forgot momentarily about the three enemy scouts. He glanced up just in time to see them roaring down on him. There was but one thing to do, and he did it. He stuck his nose up at the same angle they were coming at, and they began to straighten out to avoid a collision. As they did, Bishop, with incredible speed, stuck his nose higher still, and found himself pointing directly up at them. He let go, and got the middle one in the belly.

The two remaining craft swirled around to get into position. He was on the tail of one while the other was on his tail. Don't ask me to explain how this man and his plane could have been shot at so many times and not seriously damaged. Maybe Bishop was a favorite of the gods. He was firing at the ship in front of him, and nothing seemed to be happening. He then discovered, as he went up for a loop and leveled off above, that he was out of ammunition.

That was serious. He knew he wasn't fighting Richthofen now, and could expect no mercy, let alone chivalry, from the two who were jockeying around just below him.

He had one possible chance—the outside possibility that this pair had had enough, inasmuch as they had seen him shoot down two planes and chase another since the combat had begun. And so, looking for all the world as if he had ammunition in wholesale quantities, he climbed still higher, looped, seemed for an instant to be frozen in the air, and then began to plunge straight down at the two of them.

As he approached, they separated, giving him a wide berth between them, and he split the ozone at a forty-five-degree angle until he was two thousand feet below them. They had been in the act of getting out of his way as he had plummeted down at them and, he hoped, hadn't noticed that no bullets were coming from his Lewis.

Fortune reached out and grabbed Billy Bishop by the hand. By the time he leveled off below and looked up, there were the two Germans, a thousand feet to the east, streaking for home like winged mammals out of Hades. It was Bishop's first bluff.

CERTAIN of the Head Hunters of Richthofen's Flying Circus were now seeming to concentrate on Allied lame ducks or loners. There was one instance of a fleet of eleven scarlet ships popping from the top side of a cloud and shooting down a single R. F. C. craft. Another time, several enemies pounced on a youngster traveling alone. First, bullets went through his legs. Then his petrol tank was punctured and the escaping vapors ignited the gasoline that had flowed all over the boy. The pursuers couldn't have missed seeing that, but they were not through yet. They actually crossed over the lines, and, before the Britons on the ground could get into the air, the enemy peppered away at the loner's cockpit.

That the plane ever landed was in the nature of a miracle. But it did land and, just as it became totally enveloped in flames, the kid was pulled out by some courageous Tommies. The doctors had no sooner taken one of his legs off than he died. Before he went he said, " I fought as a Tommy in the campaign at Gallipoli. Then I got to where I wanted to be—here in the Flying Corps. I came halfway round the world from Australia to fight the Hun. I don't mind dying, but I hate to go before I even get started."

To his childhood sweetheart and fiancée, lovely Margaret Burden of Toronto, we find Bishop writing:

My Sweetheart:—

I haven't written you for two days. My heart is full these days. We are having the most awful time. Yesterday, Binnie, a friend of mine & 3 others were shot down & today 4 of my flight went under in a scrap. Oh, those damned Huns. I'll pay a few of them off for this, I swear I will. They were such good people and one was at R. M. C. [Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario] with me. He always flew on my left and then one was such a nice kid, just out & really a very promising pilot. Yesterday a wire came that I'd been awarded the Military Cross, but it didn't say what for so I don't know whether it is for the collective scrapping of the last 3 weeks or for one particular show. . . . Quite a lot of rot for a little thing. When this reaches you I will be a captain. Oh, swish! . . . I had the greatest letter from you. In a perfect rage about your costume. I should love to see you like . . . Pepita.

And what of Margaret Eaton Burden? He wrote to her almost every day, sometimes several times a day. She has told me that it is doubtful if ever a girl received stranger love letters. Always the boy who had known her since she was five stated exactly what he had been doing between letters: This pal killed. A narrow escape at three fifteen. Another pal downed in flames. Another close call at four twenty. Two " Huns " down in flames; " that made my heart feel good, sweetheart, because that's so much less misery they will bring to the world."

News of Bishop's exploits had gotten back to Toronto. Didn't Margaret Burden read the newspapers? Surely she couldn't have been reading of all that fighting that the young man she was going to marry was doing, and still be going on calmly, helping her country at home? But she was. Thoroughbreds don't cry—in public. They go as Pepita to costume balls and look very gay and enchanting. But they read, many times over, paragraphs in letters from the front that say, " And above all, darling, I pray that you do not worry about me." And then they ponder long into the darkness, when the dawn is already over the Devil's Playground oversea and youths are pulling thick flying coats over thin silk pajamas . . .

THE brooding Captain Ball's prediction that Bishop, now a captain himself, would surpass him in the number of enemy scalps credited was, in May, 1917, well on the way to fulfillment, and the Canadian boy had been fighting less than two months. Already the figure 20 was alongside his name at the top of the blackboard in H.Q., while Ball had left the number " 43 " behind him. Bishop was fated, along with Ball and von Richthofen and Boelcke, to join Collishaw and Barker and MacLaren; Fonck, Guynemer, and Nungesser; Rickenbacker, Baracca, Udet, Boss, Linke, and Immelmann, those legendary men with wings who were forever to stalk the halls of glory after Satan took a holiday—for a quarter of a century.

The Germans dropped a note over the British lines, one day, telling just what had happened to Ball. The British ace had had a D. N. R. tag alongside of his name for some time before the note came. Lothar von Richthofen, the Red Knight's younger brother, had received credit for Ball's doom during a general melee deep in Teuton territory. Ball had been buried behind the German lines with full military honors.

Baron von Richthofen himself had now left the front on an extended holiday, suggested by the Kaiser. It would be good propaganda for the hero of the nation to show himself in Berlin. But Richthofen, a shy fellow at heart, had tired of adulation from both males and females, and had retreated to stalk game on the state hunting preserve in Freiburg. Meanwhile, young Lothar, whom even his brother called " the butcher," had been placed in temporary command of the Jagdstaffel II, and he made the most of it. A fellow who always enjoyed a fight to the hilt when the enemy was outnumbered two or three to one, Lothar—or " Stinky," as some Tommies called him—was having the time of his life leading anywhere from ten to twenty of the scarlet ships near great banks of vapor, where they would wait until they spotted an R. F. C. loner or a small patrol. Then Lothar would send one plane down into the clear and thus decoy the R. F. C. boys, whereupon he and his scarlet gang would swoop down upon them and clear the air.

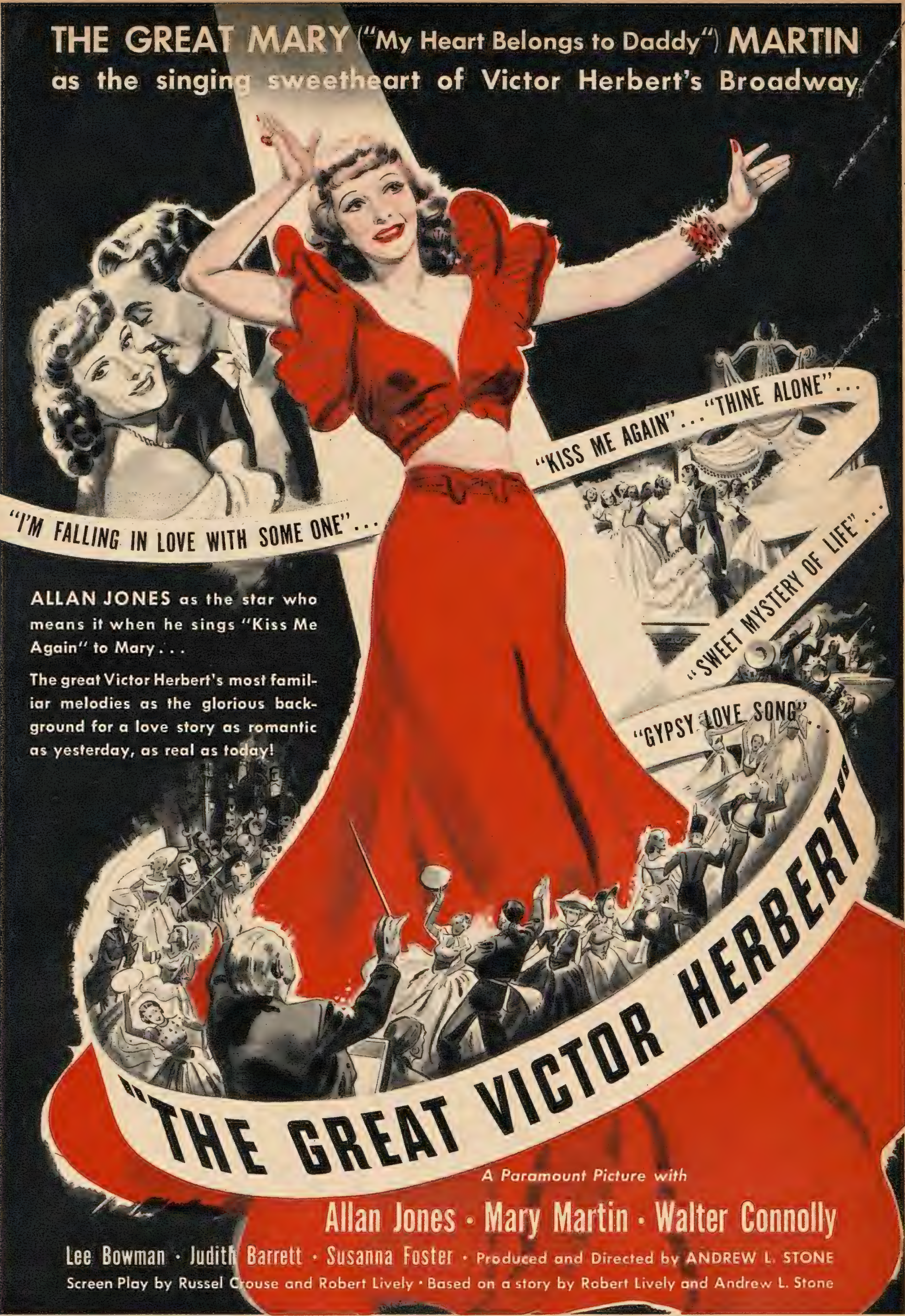
ENRAGED at this, Captain Bishop, alone, ran the gantlet one day and dropped a note over the German lines only stipulation was that von Richthofen wanted a fight, let him kindly communicate with Captain Bishop, 60 Squadron, R. F. C. Captain Bishop would be pleased to oblige at any place specified, either between the lines or in German territory. The only stipulation was that von Richthofen should be accompanied by not more than two other planes and that these planes would not join in the combat unless von Richthofen were downed.

Bishop waited anxiously for an answer. The Germans were forever dropping notes, usually to inquire as to what had become of a missing comrade, so that they could let his folks know the details. There was really considerable Alphonse-and-Gaston byplay of this sort between the opposed flyers, and all communications were promptly and courteously answered. But no answer came to Billy Bishop from Lothar von Richthofen, and so the Canadian dropped another note just after he had spitted a couple of observation " sausages." This note asked Lothar von Richthofen what the trouble was. So that " Stinky " would have no trouble in identifying Bishop, he was advised that the nose of the Canadian's ship was painted a light blue; the only British ship so marked. Lothar was informed that Bishop was leaving shortly for a vacation in England and wished Lothar, in the meantime, would be courteous enough to accept his challenge.

But Lothar was having none of Bishop—none on the specified terms, anyway. Lothar had never been in a man-to-man scrap in his life, and he didn't intend to start with the Canadian. Bishop's plane had by this time become known behind the enemy lines. The blue-nose business had come about in this manner:

The Germans had gone gaudy. For want of anything better to do, they

(Continued on page 28)


"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"...
"KISS ME AGAIN"... "THINE ALONE"...
"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"...
"GYPSY LOVE SONG"...

THE GREAT MARY ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") **MARTIN**
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ALLAN JONES as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary . . .

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Lee Bowman · Judith Barrett · Susanna Foster · Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE
Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively · Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

(Continued from page 26)

had painted their scouts green with yellow noses; red bodies with green wings; light blue bodies with red wings; silver bodies, gold noses; khaki bodies with gray planes; and, of course, black and white checks all over.

The boys on the British side had been rather taken with this, but their movement to outhue the enemy was an abortive one, H.Q. supplying the cold water. Bishop got the farthest. His admiring ground crew had, without his knowledge, got hold of some paint the exact color of his eyes and had applied it to the nose of his silver Nieuport.

So now Bishop, as Baron von Richthofen had once been, was a very distinguishable target. Some of the R. F. C. flying men who had landed in enemy territory to be taken prisoners, but who had been accorded the privilege of writing to their comrades across the lines, had told Bishop that the Germans were now discussing the Blue Nose.

Angered at what he was convinced was cowardice on the part of the Red Knight's younger brother, the White Knight, with furlough papers in his pocket, went fighting mad. Goaded by fury, he stalked the skies alone, often deep in enemy terrain. He knocked down balloons, scouts, and ships that were directing artillery fire. He busted up many a "Hun" V formation, singlehanded, by pulling Ball's trick of sticking close on a particular tail. He liked nothing better than to catch a loner before breakfast. His official corroborated record didn't tell the half of it. A German prisoner told of disgust among German artillerymen who had seen three of their own ships darting home to mama when there was nothing visible except a single silver plane with a blue nose—but coming like hell!

BISHOP continued to lead a charmed life in a strange land where Death never took a holiday. He was the wonder of all his associates. Almost every day now he was spending eight or more hours in the air. And—talk about the postman on his day off! At the end of a day of a score of combats, with perhaps two or more planes brought down, Bishop would fly off toward the setting sun to relax! When he wasn't making ducks and drakes drunk, he was sharpening up his shooting eye by diving at that ground target that he always kept near H.Q.

His holiday in England was uneventful on the surface. Whereas Richthofen had lunched with the Kaiser and been received by Hindenburg and Ludendorff, Bishop went to the movies, and visited the relatives of dear friends who had been killed. He was going to stay away only a fortnight. Like a duck out of water, he was jumpy at first. The German Head Hunters had only made him blazing mad; London traffic actually frightened him.

The metropolis seemed strange and tame. Hunters shouldn't stay in cities; they should get back to the woods and stalk. This particular hunter belonged high in the blue. Time was being wasted. His was a charmed life. The Grim Reaper had beckoned to him dozens of times, and he had ignored the Reaper's crooked finger. He should be back at the front telling new green kids how to ignore it. The longer he stayed here, the more lives would be lost in 60 Squadron.

He returned unexpectedly. There was a joyous reunion with the boys of 60 Squadron—a reunion that was marred, however, by the absence of several familiar faces and voices. The old fury came over Bishop, and he began to cast about in his mind for a satisfying way to vent it.

HIS first flights after his return caused him to realize that something had happened to him. He found himself shying away from the one-to-three engagements that had once been his meat. His marksmanship was off. Ships he would normally have bagged with his eyes closed were now getting away.

He was no longer dead certain of himself; with his fleet Nieuport, his slightest whim was no longer a command. London had given fear a chance to get in its hideous handiwork. He had unconsciously regained his perspective in England, and now he realized, as he took to wings again, just how dreadful this business of aerial combat really was.

The Germans had spotted the return of the Blue Nose. Almost daily Bishop's ground crew had to replace windpanes in front of the cockpit. Bullets dancing off his motor and the instrument board being splintered were becoming familiar sights and experiences to him, the Nonpareil.

He had once slept like a child while the big guns talked. Now he told Margaret Burden in his daily letters that he was hardly sleeping at all.

He knew he was useless now unless he licked the enemy behind his own lines, the enemy right in H.Q.—right, in fact, inside himself. It took time. He started the old target practice, diving at the crate on the ground. He gathered all the tin cans and cardboard boxes he could lay hands on, went up, tossed them out and dived, gunning at them.

He didn't give himself a minute to think of himself. He'd putter around his plane, take on any odd job around the airdrome, until he was so physically exhausted that sleep came to him once again. Strangely enough, over the lines, the Red Knight was undergoing virtually the same experience after his lay-off. Richthofen, in fact, would not now go out alone. Never would he travel without at least two "bodyguards" to stand by in the sky in case he needed help.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ MICHAEL BEAM by Richard Hallett. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A rich and moving story of a great pioneer on the early American frontier torn between his instinct to create civilization and his love of the wilderness with the Indian girl who embodies all the beauty of primitive mysticism.

Gradually, like blood beginning to flow once more through a paralyzed limb, the old mastery, the old cunning, the old to-hell-with-'em spirit came back to Billy Bishop. He had earned it, so he set out again for his hunting grounds in the uncharted heavens.

One day he suddenly found himself trapped by six Head Hunters who had been lurking in a huge cloud formation. He surged straight up under them, got two, disorganized the other four, and streaked for home, laughing hysterically.

If there was one thing that made Bishop more furious than anything else, it was these Head Hunters. He sat around H.Q. that night, smoking and thinking, ignoring a good time in the next room where a tin-pan piano was all but drowned out by off-key baritones. Next day was his day off. He had been in the habit of spending that wandering, in loud pajamas and bedroom slippers, through a near-by spring-kissed orchard. But he wasn't taking tomorrow off. He summoned an orderly and left a call for 3 A. M.

JUST before dawn, Captain Bishop was streaking into the east at a hundred and twenty miles an hour. At last he found what he was searching for, something on which to drive the final nail in the coffin of Fear. There was an enemy airdrome below. From a mile up, Bishop counted seven planes outside their hangars. As he dropped down in a narrowing spiral, he saw the ground crews were already out, and that the propellers of four of the seven ships were whirring.

He was deep in enemy terrain; and nobody back at 60 Squadron had any idea where he was, for he had confided in no one as to how he proposed to spend his day off. That flashed through his mind, and so did tender thoughts of Margaret Burden. He always thought of her when he found himself in a spot like this.

Miss Burden must have tossed fitfully in her slumber, if indeed she was asleep at all, at that moment when Billy Bishop, trying to shake off *an awful dread that had suddenly banged back*, drew a deep breath, bit his lower lip, and, with his finger on the machine-gun lever, began to streak like a silver meteor down, down, down on the busy airdrome.

Did the White Knight's plunge into Death's very jaws free his nerves of that dread, once and for all? Well, as his score in enemy planes at the time was under 30, and at the war's end it was 72, this certainly is the way to bet, isn't it? You'll find the whole thrilling story of his second duel with the Red Knight, in Liberty next week!

I MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

Liberty's Short Short

BY RICHARD CONNELL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

50———. 25———. 50———. 25———.

The big man behind the big desk wrote down the figures, then stared for a moment out into the night which pressed around the deserted office building. With a look of somber satisfaction on his heavy, hard face, he filled in the blanks:

"50 yrs. old. 25 yrs. in business. 50 stores. 25 millions."

Below he wrote: "As of Nov. 25, 1939. James K. Markwell."

He got up slowly, went to the window, and stood frowning down at the city.

"I got a right to celebrate," he muttered. "But how?"

A sound made him turn from the window. In his chair at his desk a man was sitting—a man with white hair and a lean, tan face. In one hand he held, carelessly, a revolver.

"Happy birthday, Jim," the man said.

"Tom Rolfe!" The name came from Markwell in a gasp.

"Right," said Rolfe quietly. "Sit down, Jim. I've come to pay a debt."

"Now—Tom—don't do anything you'll be sorry for." Markwell's voice shook as he said it.

"Has success made you soft, Jim?" returned Rolfe. "You used to say, 'Never be sorry for anything you've done.'"

"That still goes," growled Markwell. "I'm not sorry for anything I've done."

Rolfe laughed without mirth.

"What a man!" he said. "Remember this gun? It's the one you handed me twenty-five years ago tonight. Well, I almost took your hint, Jim. My failure hit me hard. Or is failure the word for what you did to me?"

"It was all in the game," said Markwell sullenly.

"Sure," said Tom Rolfe. "You're going big in the chain-store business, and you're keen to go bigger. You take in a young fellow who is broke and jobless, teach him, trust him, and wake up one day to find he's in and you're out—with nothing but empty pockets and a loaded gun. He tricks it so you get a bad name in the trade, can get no credit. Sure, that's all in the game—the way you play it, Jim."

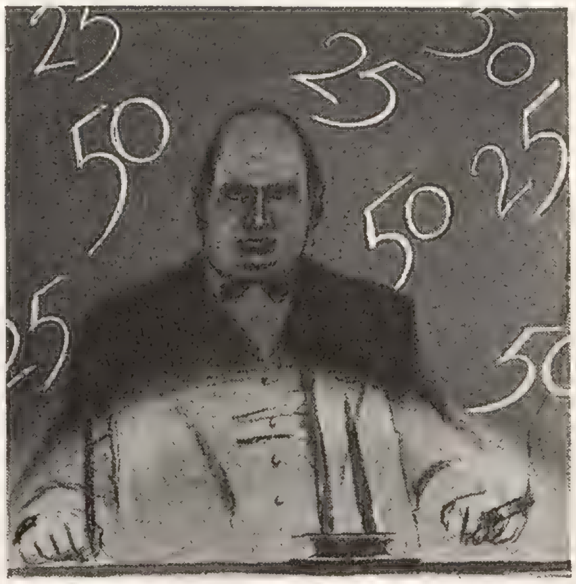
"I play for keeps," said Markwell.

Rolfe smiled a wry smile.

"I found that out. So did the Petersen Brothers; so did the Yellow Market Basket boys; so did old Sam Haven, before he jumped. I could name plenty of other fellows you sent to the scrap heap. You see, Jim, I've kept an eye on you and your rise. I guess I know every rung in your ladder. Most of 'em are rotten."

"I got to the top," said Markwell.

"You sound just like me in the old days," said Rolfe. "I was as success-crazy as you. Why, but for the breaks, this might be my desk. But for you, Jim, I might have been you."



Rolfe's eyes rested on the sheet of paper. He read it, chuckled.

"You never could make out an honest balance sheet," he said. "This is all black. Where's the red ink? Why didn't you list your liabilities?"

"Got none worth bothering about."

"No? How about your health?"

"It's O. K."

"Yes? Look at you. Too fat by fifty pounds. Look at your color. It spells too much booze and blood pressure. You're soft, you're short of breath, and you walk like a man carrying a piano on his back. Had much fun in your life, Jim?"

Markwell's reply was a grunt.

"I thought so," went on Rolfe. "You stay here at the office and work nearly every night, don't you?"

"Got lots to do," Markwell said.

"And no place else to go," said Rolfe. "I know a bit about your private life, Jim. That big house of yours on Fifth Avenue—it's no home; it's a tomb. Your wife lives abroad. Your son lives in trouble. You only see him in the newspapers when he gets into some fresh jam. It's your birthday. You won't get a single present—except what I'm going to give you—"

"Go ahead. Get it over with," muttered Markwell.

"Wait till I correct your balance sheet. How about the people you've hurt, and who hate you?"

"Put 'em down," said Markwell, with a flash of defiance. "All the weaklings and born flops who got in my way; and put your name at the top of the list, Tom Rolfe."

Rolfe scribbled rapidly on the paper.

"Keep your own books," he said. "Here—take a look at mine."

He passed the paper to Markwell, who read:

"'As of Nov. 25, 1939. Thomas Lee Rolfe. 55 yrs. old. 30 yrs. in business. 1 store. 50 millions.'"

Markwell stared at him, and the fear in his eyes grew.

"I know," said Rolfe calmly. "You think I'm mad. Well, then, listen, Jim. My assets include my business. I run the general store back in the little old village in Virginia where I was born. That's where I've been all these years, and it's a mighty peaceful, pretty spot, where nobody hurries and nobody cares if I shut up shop and go off to hunt or to fish or have a picnic with my family. I net just enough to live on in the old family house my great-grandfather built. You'd say my store—stock, building, fixtures—was worth a couple of thousand, and the old house a couple more. But you wouldn't count the good will, the love of my neighbors; you wouldn't count the joy of sitting in the rose garden I planted, watching the sun set on the river, surrounded by a few friends and a lot of memories.

"Then there's Jessie, my wife. I'll list her at the nominal figure of ten million. That's low.

"On the right side of the ledger I'll put my two kids. Tom, Junior, is a senior in the university. Working his way. High up in his class and football captain. My daughter, Ruth, is married to a fine young farmer, and they have a kid named for me. Say a million apiece for my children, and half a million for the baby.

"Friends? Dozens of 'em. Say, to be conservative, fifty friends at from fifty thousand to two million.

"I don't know how to put a figure on the way I feel. Who can say what it is worth to a man to be happy most of the time, to be able to eat well and work well, to sleep at night? So you see, Jim, I can't class myself as a failure. I might have been. I might have been you. The fact that I'm *not* you certainly belongs among my assets. I don't know how to put a price on it. Nobody can count that high."

"If you feel that way, why do you hate me?" asked Markwell.

"I don't. I got over that years ago."

"Then why did you come here to kill me?"

"I didn't."

"You brought a gun."

"I did. To give to you."

Rolfe slid the revolver across the desk to Markwell.

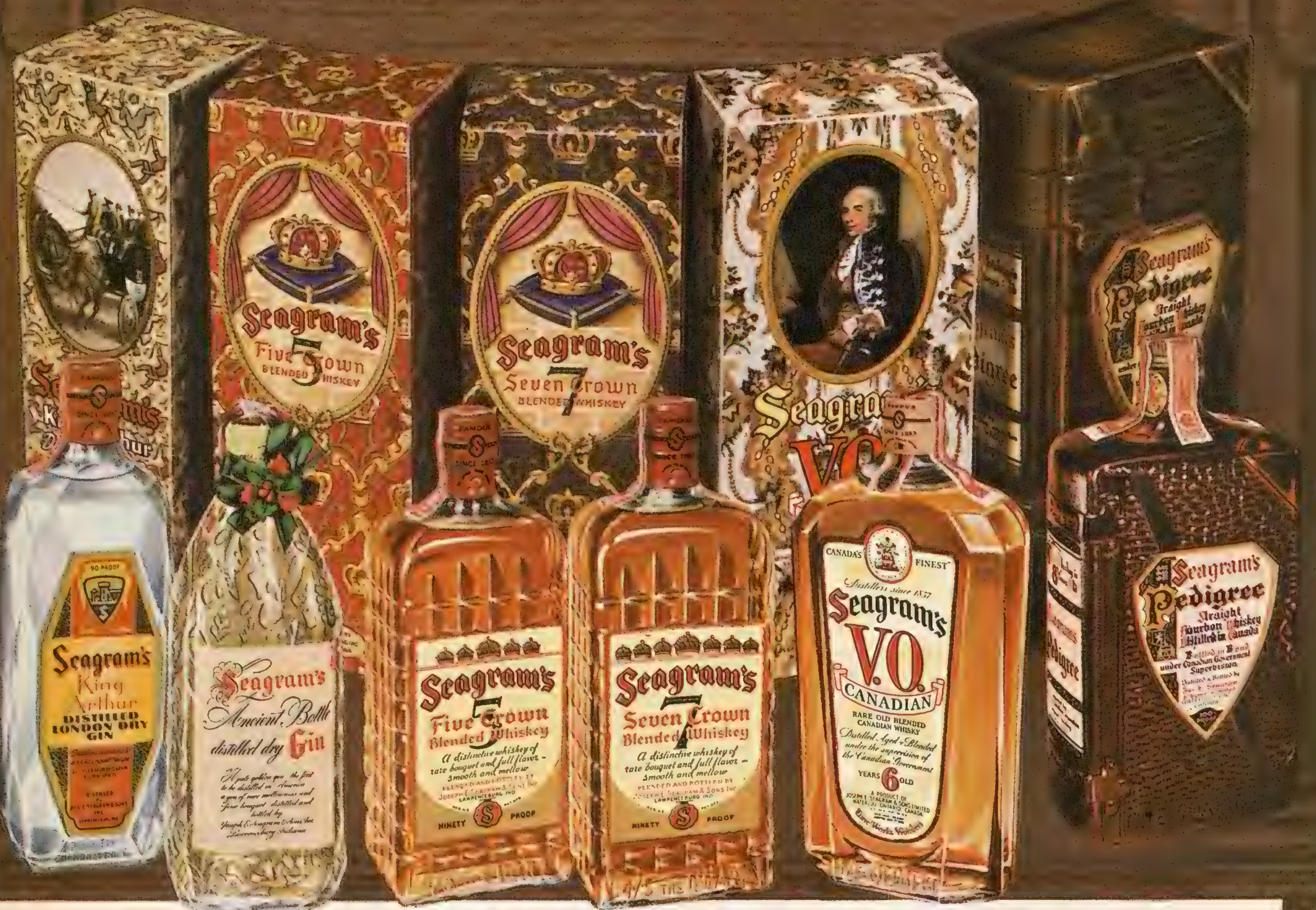
"Happy birthday, Jim," he said, and strode out of the office.

Jim Markwell sat there staring at the gun.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Only "the Finest" is Fine Enough for Christmas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Seagram's Pedigree Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Seagram's King Arthur Distilled London Dry Gin
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
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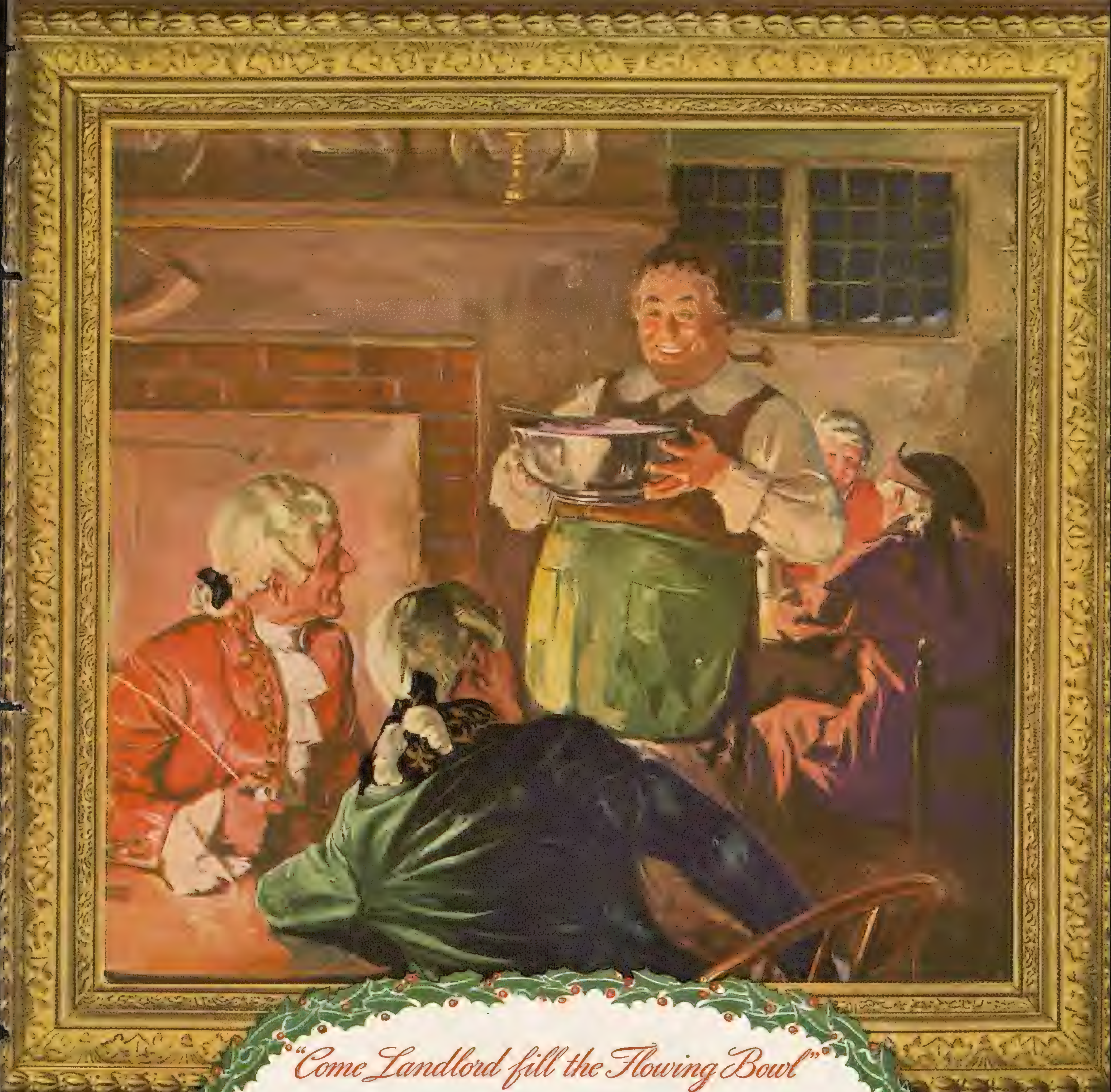


"Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl"

The above painting was inspired by an old English verse, composed by John Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. This hearty old melody is still sung today as a popular expression of good fellowship and good cheer.

Giving or serving Seagram's at this season of the year is not only a gracious compliment— but an unquestioned reflection of your own good taste. For 82 years, ever since 1857, the name "Seagram" has been a hallmark of quality, a symbol that stands for "the finest".

"The Finest" Stores and Bars are Featuring the above Seagram Display during the Holidays · Look for it

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

IN the midst of the holiday season I want to tell you about a lady who has built up a swell business career for herself out of other people's parties. Carole Stupell is famous now for her decorative table settings. Buying festive novelties at her shop, stars of the screen and stage rub mink-clad elbows with hostesses of society. It costs a pretty penny to be a Stupell customer, yet Miss Stupell was graciously generous when I asked her to give us some free ideas for our homemade high jinks. . . . "A *midnight* table," she suggested, "can be prepared for New Year's Eve by any woman with nimble fingers and a little patience. On a light-blue tablecloth embroider the widest possible circle with black wool. Around the circle put in black numerals for the hours. Also in black wool embroider the hands of the clock, pointing, of course, to the dot of twelve. Centerpiece should be a round mirror with flowers glued on to represent the hours, and with black cardboard hands that can be turned to pace the approaching midnight. Guests will have fun turning the hands minute by minute, sip by sip." . . . For uncostly party adornment Miss Stupell recommends brightly dyed feathers arranged flowerwise; and cheap comic masks used as lamps by illuminating them from behind with electric bulbs.

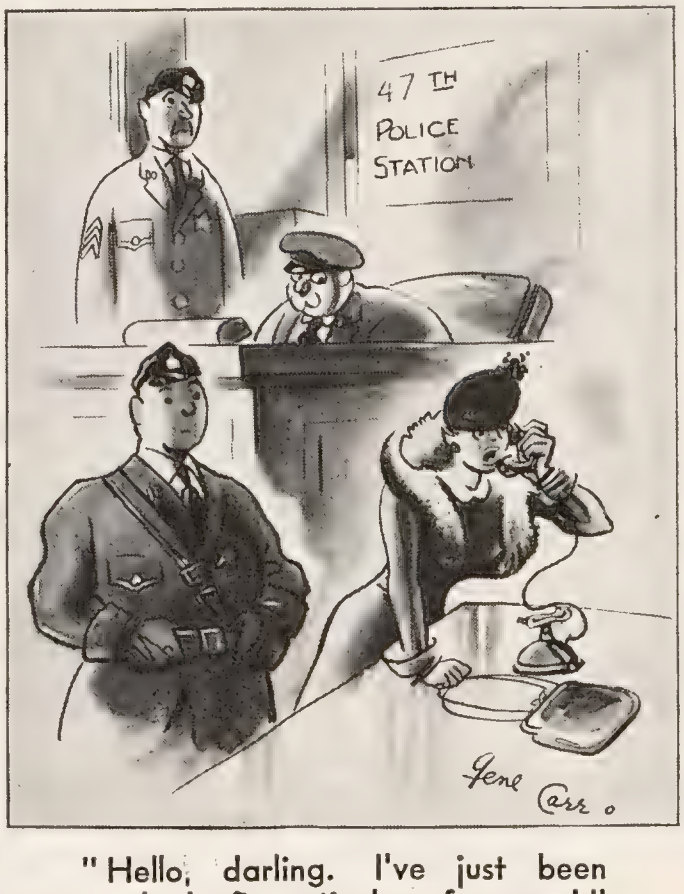
True stories from Miss Stupell's business experience:

One rainy day, when she had reduced all prices 25 per cent because of the weather, a very plainly dressed lady came in and made so many purchases that Miss Stupell worried, until she saw the signature on the check. The check was signed, "Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller." . . . Miss Stupell's first name was simply Carol, without the final "e," when she started in business. A customer changed that. "You'll be luckier," said the customer, "if you put on the "e," same as my daughter did." The customer was Carole Lombard's mother. Carole Stupell believes *her* added vowel *has* brought her luck!

☆ Down below the Rio Grande, a world-famous artist has just had his second divorce. His second wife engineered it because she didn't approve of his third wife's extravagance. Second wife says, "*I* always helped him save money to bring up his first wife's children. This new wife of his spends money on other men, and that isn't fair to *us*." . . . Riddle it out if you can!

☆ In Europe now, due to war's monopoly of gasoline, the horse-and-buggy arts are back in style once more.

If it should happen over here, would you know how to take the reins and give your man the freedom of his arms? Sure you can drive a car—but how's your technique with horses? And wagons?



"Hello, darling. I've just been pinched—figuratively, of course!"

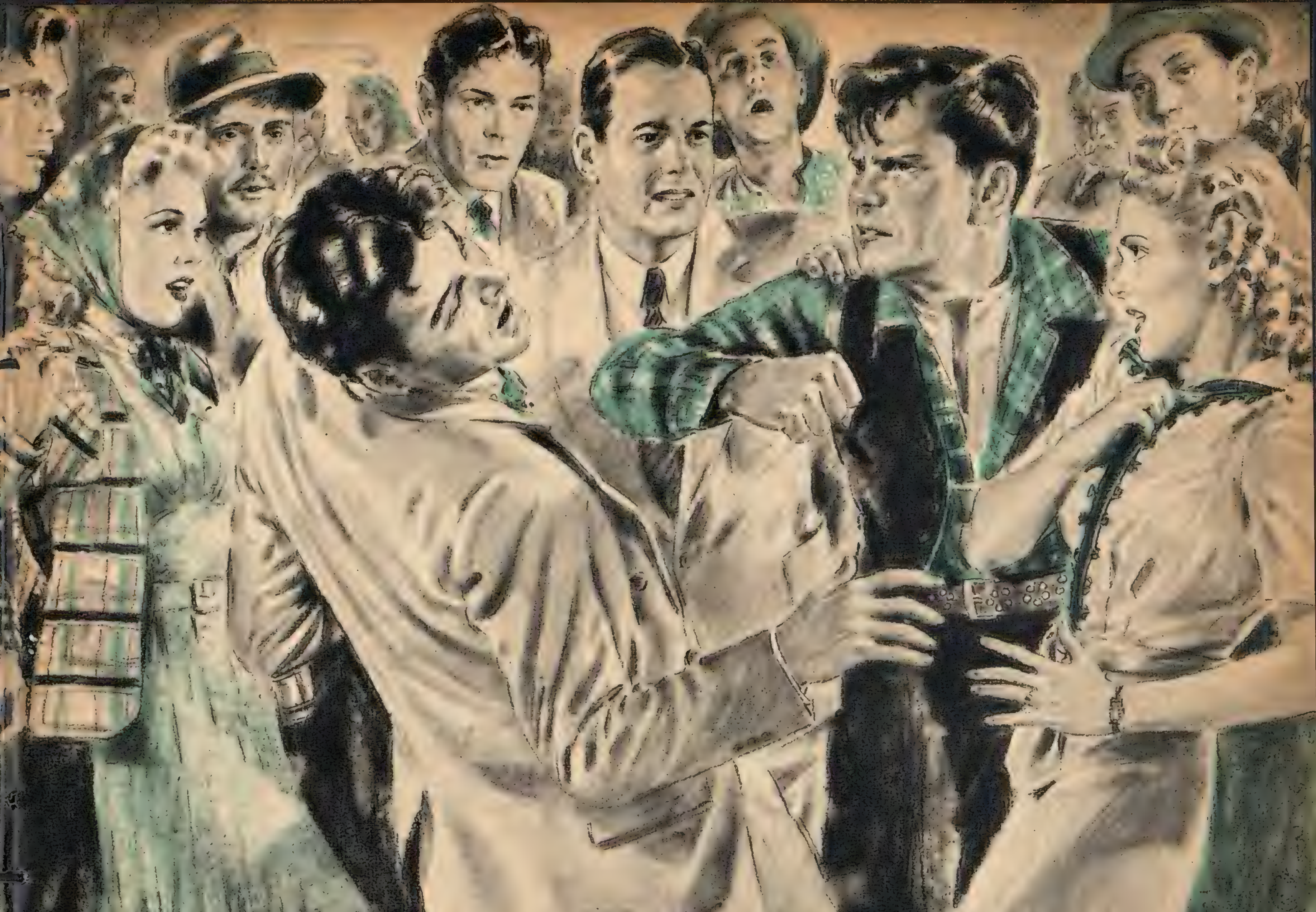
☆ At a recent party I heard how Lloyd George first developed mental concentration as a child. The subject came up when Felix Weihs, young Austrian sculptor, told of modeling Lloyd George's portrait while he paced the studio dictating an economic-conference speech to one secretary, part of his World War memoirs to another, a letter to the Pope to a third, and at the same time listening to a fourth secretary read him newspaper digests aloud. . . . "Do you know the name of the town where Lloyd George spent his childhood?" asked Amy Evans, the Welsh singer, also present at the party. Mr. Weihs and I didn't. "The name of the town," said Miss Evans, "is *Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchryndrobwllantysiliogogogoch.*" Mr. Weihs and I gasped. "It's a small place in Anglesey," Miss Evans told us, "and, translated from Welsh, its name means *The church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool near St. Tysilio's church near a red cave*. . . .

"Mr. Lloyd George," she added, "had to learn that name by heart when he was just a little boy. Now do you wonder at his power of concentration?" . . . Mr. Weihs and I said no indeed!

☆ *Snow Waffles,* made with real snow, are considered a prime winter delicacy by Swedes, Finns, Norwegians, etc. Try them yourself after a fresh clean snowfall. For some reason beyond my knowledge of chemistry, the snow ingredient gives extra fluffy lightness. Do them as follows. . . . With a fork stir 3 cups sifted bread flour very gradually and gently into 1 pint sour cream whipped stiff. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter, then ½ cup immaculate snow. Bake on waffle iron same as any other waffles. Serve golden brown with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

☆ You'll get an automotive laugh reading Priscilla Hovey Wright's new book, The Car Belongs to Mother. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

☆ Mystery man of the World War was Sir Basil Zaharoff, who sold munitions to both sides. The profiteering mystery of this new war is much more interesting to women. We'd like to learn the truth about the gas-mask magnates. There have been no gas attacks, either threatened or carried out, yet Europe continues to spend untold millions on gas masks and on stylish accessories fashioned for the gas-mask trend. The gas-mask business must be very nutritious to certain people. Shouldn't we find out a little more about them—before we let them try the same pitch over here?



Gwen yelped, "Look out!" Cliff turned, and the man's fist caught him on the jaw.

MAN-CRAZY

A tale of a heart lost and found, and a boy who discovered that there are different kinds of girls — and love

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE plunge almost took the breath out of him, the lake was that cold; but after swimming around a while, swimming fast, Cliff felt all right.

He kicked over and lay on his back, floating. He wondered if Anne Layne would come out, as she had done so many mornings during July. He didn't think so. Not now any more. But he hung around off the point, hoping a little.

In the end he swam back across the lake toward the rock from which he'd dived, swimming deliberately, thoughtfully. He hoisted himself out of the water, put on his old bathrobe, and trailed up through the pine grove.

It was cool, and sweet with the dampness left over from the night. Anne had told him, of course, that Stewart Harlan was coming up. "Stew's coming up for a couple of weeks." He had expected it, but at the same time it was hard to accept, especially when you remembered the way she'd been in your arms, all quick and warm, making strange little sounds, and breaking away suddenly—always breaking away suddenly.

He came into the clear and crossed the warm meadow to the roadway where the white house stood back of three tall maples. And as he walked past the kitchen window his mother called out:

"Two or three eggs?"

"Two, ma."

He shed his trunks in the storeroom in the ell, dried down, and, again wrapping his bathrobe about him, went up to his room under the eaves and dressed. Combing his hair, he glanced at the picture of Elsa Barrows on the dresser, and turned away with a brief dark furrowing of his forehead. Once or twice during the past month he had started to put the picture away; had hesitated; had not put it away. Something of Elsa always remained with him to pluck softly, shyly almost, at his conscience.

HIS eyes clouded. He gave a short impatient shrug and went downstairs. His mother was moving about the table. She was a tawny-haired big woman, not fat.

She took a warm plate out of the oven, and on to it shoveled two eggs from the skillet, and some fried potatoes. "The Laynes' cook phoned. The pump's kicking again. They're getting water, but the pump's kicking. I said you'd be over."

"Again?" Cliff's father said, coming in. "It's a new pump, darn it."

"The pump's all right," Cliff said. "They just forget about the air valve, and when the gauge shows around forty the switch begins to kick. I'll go over."

He'd get a chance to see what this Stew Harlan looked like. He wouldn't like him, he knew.

His father said, "I hope they don't ruin the place completely, what with the parties they have."

"Well," his mother said, "you rent out a place, Lewis, you've got to expect certain things." She served him, then herself, and sat down. "You going fishing?"

His father nodded. "Cool River. I and Tom Barrows." He was a short square-built man with big mobile features and a quick tongue. He ate with a great deal of bodily movement, making the chair beneath him creak continually. Giving Cliff a quick grin, he said, "Hear you were over to Bird Lake Casino Saturday with the Layne girl, dancing like all get out."

"We were dancing, yes," Cliff said, nodding.

"She's older than you, ain't she, Cliff?"

"I never asked, pa." He knew exactly. She was a year older, but you'd never guess it. She was twenty.

His father wagged his head, not critically. "They sure must drink a lot over there. Well, so long as they don't bring the place down."

"People drink," Cliff's mother said. "You've got to expect it nowadays." She looked at Cliff with her gray calm eyes. "Only thing scares me is when they drive fast at night, and drinking. I like a bottle of beer myself, good and cold. But too much drinking, the hard stuff, does no one a mite of good, young girls specially."

His father said, "There's Tom," as a car drew up in the driveway outside the kitchen windows and stopped.

"You eat slow, Lewis. Tom can wait."

Tom Barrows said through the screen door: "Morning. Don't get up. Take your time, Lewis. Elsa dropped me by a little early on account of she has to get to the village." He was a small wiry man under an old felt hat festooned with varicolored flies.

His daughter said, "The curtain rods I got in Portland, I'll leave them on the step here, Mrs. Rigby."

"Oh, Elsa, you did get them? You wait. Can't you come in and stop for some coffee?"

"Thanks, but I can't. I want to catch the out mail."

Cliff, his head bent forward, peered upward cautiously beneath his thick brown eyebrows. His throat moved a little. With her dark, practically black hair, and wearing one of those new dresses — peasant dresses, he guessed—she looked lithe and strong. Like a gypsy, a little, with her smooth olive skin.

He remembered when he came back from college in June, the first night with her—running his hands through her hair and kissing her lips and every inch of her face and throat. "Lover, lover, lover!" she said. He didn't know how he'd ever drifted away from all that. It was wonderful to remember; only it made him feel a deep and angry shame.

His mother was at the door now, but Elsa was in the car, and for a minute the woman and the girl talked back and forth. Then Elsa put the car in gear and backed out. Cliff twisted his head a bit, to get a look at her through the far window. There was no change in his face. He had, like his mother, a controlled face, smooth and clear-skinned, with a steady jaw.

His father was yelling from the ell: "Darn it, Sara, where's my wading boots at?" And almost instantly, his voice flustered: "All right, all right; I got 'em."

THERE were sounds, laughter, inside the big board-and-batten camp. It was the biggest one Cliff's family owned. It was only two years old. It had a great long porch and the biggest fireplace anywhere on the lake, and the kitchen was all electric.

Cliff opened the hatch to the pump pit and dropped down. The houseman came out and told him how the pump had been acting, and while they were discussing it the pump kicked on. Cliff tried an outside faucet, saw the pressure was strong, and threw the switch. He drained the tank, letting it blow air. Then he let the tank fill again, and the glass gauge showed nicely, the water level two thirds up, when the switch kicked off.

"Too much air," he said, "and it gets airbound. The other way around, it gets waterbound."

"In other words, you've got to take a look at the gauge occasionally. That's what I told them."

IT was not the houseman's voice. Cliff peered up and saw a young man, probably a couple of years older than himself, standing with a cigarette in one hand and a large glass of tomato juice in the other.

"Yes," Cliff said. He gathered up his tools, climbed out of the pit, and closed the hatch.

The young man was now sitting on a rustic bench. "You must be Cliff Rigby," he said.

"Yes."

"I'm Stew Harlan."

"Hello," Cliff said. He counted his tools, to make sure he hadn't left any in the pit, said, "Well," and went down to the landing stage.

Stew Harlan strolled down after him. "You know this lake pretty well?"

"Pretty well."

"My speedboat's coming up today on a truck. How about rocks?"

"There are some. Dead center from here, about, and up the other end too." He dropped down into the canoe.

"Look. Would you show me, when my boat's here? I'd be mighty grateful."

Cliff nodded. "Sure." He thought Stew Harlan looked like a pretty nice fellow. Drawn a bit, drawn down fine, with a vague nervousness running along his brown slender arms. "You just give me a ring."

Anne came down and waved, wiggling her fingers. "Cliff, did you meet Stew?" she called out.

"Yes, I did."

Stew said, "Cliff's going to show me the rocks in the lake."

Cliff saw rhythm in every move she made. Even when she stood still a restless rhythm seemed to flow outward from her. She was incredibly slender but there were no angles anywhere, only swift graceful curves.

"Cliff's a darling," she said in her high, live voice. Her hair was a reckless bundle of loose short curls, the color of corn silk. "Cliff, do you know how to get to that dancing place on East Mountain?"

He was backing out into the deeper water. "Yes."

"We'll all have to go there. Stew, they say it's the funniest little old place. Cliff, I'll ring you. We'll all go there."

He nodded, let the bow swing, and then, waving his paddle once, struck out for the other shore. He remembered what she'd said the night before Stew Harlan arrived: "I'll have to see a lot of Stew. He expects it. We're not engaged exactly, but it's something like that." And after a moment's uneasy silence: "We've been a little crazy at times, Cliff, haven't we?" She had given his hand a little pat. "We'll have to be sensible, I guess, from now on." It was easy, wasn't it, being crazy, and then all at once being sensible!

What had he been thinking of, anyhow? Her folks had money and she was different from any girl he had ever known, here at home or in the small college town. In every way that he could think of, she was different.

"Get it fixed?" Cliff's mother asked when he got home.

"Oh, sure."

"Cliff, when you go down the village, take this money to Elsa. It's for the curtain rods she brought me from Portland."

He thought for a minute. "Can't you give it Elsa's pa when pa brings him back tonight?"

"Pa'll drop him home first."

ELSA was behind the stationery counter in the gift shop where she worked summers for Mrs. Alcott, and she smiled when Cliff walked in.

"Ma said this is for the curtain rods."

"There wasn't any hurry."

He stood tall and solemn-faced, unable to turn right around and walk straight out. Being near Elsa was being near all the things he had grown up with and understood. He stole a glance at what she was doing. She was sorting souvenir post cards. She looked up at him and smiled again, and he always thought her smile was like candlelight coming into a dark room. He was aware of a peculiar feeling, an almost certain knowledge that he and Elsa had not drifted apart. Elsa remained. It was he who had drifted away. Elsa remained, calm, with the same warm candor in her eyes, the same endearing shape to her lips when she smiled at him. It puzzled him. It was as if she owned a secret wisdom he could not hope to plumb.

"New?" he said, nodding at the cards she was sorting.

"Yes. Just today."

He poked around the book counter, picking up one book after another. A couple of women, summer people, came in chattering gaily, and he saw an opportunity to get out. Wishing to stride, he actually strolled to the door, paused there to look up and down the street, then turned to say, "'By, Elsa."

"'By, Cliff."

He caught a piece of her smile, and thought he saw in its level candor a hint of secret amusement. Going out, he felt it against his back.

NEXT morning Stew asked Cliff to come over. The speedboat had arrived. There were a couple of new house guests—a grinning long-legged girl named Gwen Tabor, and a vague amiable blond boy they called Cab Sloan.

The boat was a six-seater, hence there was room also for Anne's mother.

Anne's mother said, "No nonsense, now, Stew." She was a woman who never dressed for the country. She was always making small incomplete gestures—keeping her elbows delicately against her sides and gesturing with her fingers. "I suspect these speedboats."

"Well, speak of the devil! Gloria and I were just talking about you, mother."

Cliff helped her in.

"You'll see there's no nonsense, Cliff, won't you?"

"Sure, ma'am."

Stew wasn't paying attention to anybody. He was busy at the engine, a dark, tight-faced, intent young man.

"Catch," said Anne.

Cliff swung her down into the boat, her slender waist strong and sinuous in his hands. When he let her go, he trembled a little.

"You sit next to me, Cliff," Stew said. "You show me where I can go." His black hair was ribbed, glistening, tight against his tight lean skull. "Chuck the cigarette away, Cab. Sparks in the eyes, once we open her up."

"Straight out," Cliff said. "It's deeper near the other shore. I'll tell you when to turn up."

There was little wind. The boat glided out slowly, leaving no wake, its shadow sliding along beside it. Cliff said: "Turn now, left. Sight that island right over your bow. Keep it there. You've got all the water you need. When you see a yellow boathouse on land, on your right, right on your beam, bear away left and pass the island about twenty yards off."

They turned slowly, the engine loafing. And then Stew gave it the gun, and the exhausts roared, the stern dug in, the bow lifted, and the lake began to pour past them. An excited smile quirked at the corners of Cliff's mouth. Stew's face was set—lean, watchful. Cliff tapped his arm, pointed to the yellow boathouse. Stew nodded, tooled the wheel over, blasted through the channel between the island and the shore. Behind him, the girls squealed and Anne's mother held on to her head.

Cliff shouted further directions, pointed, named landmarks to go by, and Stew nodded, following the directions perfectly. He could handle a boat all right, Cliff thought; he was quick, deft, nervously alive. But there was no indication that he enjoyed what he was doing. Three times he went over the same course, the last—by his own request—without receiving any directions at all from Cliff. And having followed the course perfectly, he nodded to himself, flexed his lips, gave a brief tight smile.

When they tied up at the landing stage, he gave Cliff a light clap on the shoulder. "Nice work. Thanks!"

"Nice work yourself," Cliff said.

Mrs. Layne walked up to the camp, gathering loose ends of her hair.

Anne took hold of Stew's arm, snuggled it. "We'll all go to that funny dancing place on East Mountain tonight. It's really very funny, they say. All kinds of strange people go there."

Stew said dryly, "Can't we find a place where funny people don't go?"

"Oh, you!"

"I know you and your funny places, angel."

"Cliff knows the way. All right; if you don't want to go, Cliff and the rest of us will go. Only I invited Sue Ritch over, and that will mean an extra girl."

Cliff was shaking his head. "It's not such a nice place, Anne. It gets pretty rough there sometimes."

"Oh, *good!*" Anne clapped her hands.

"See?" said Stew. "She likes prize fights and wrestling matches, too."

She put her hands on his shoulders, cocked her head on one side. "Please, for baby?"

"There's something about you that gets me," he said, adding: "Gets me down."

"Boo!" Anne said, tickling him. They tussled.

Cliff bent over, pretending to inspect the *(Continued on page 38)*

Beauty that is backed

VAL

QUITE naturally the first appeal of General Motors superb new cars of 1940 is to the eye.

Larger, abler, handsomer, they sparkle with improvements plain to see—smarter styling, more room, richer appointments, greater luxury of finish.

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Among such developments are the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, with Safety *Plate* Glass in all window openings, Knee-Action, more convenient controls, improved hydraulic brakes, smoother and more efficient engines.

Impressive as these betterments are, there are yet other elements of value not visible which are equally important.

Proceeding from the accumulated engineering knowledge of General Motors, these are expressed in the kind and quality of metals used, in the precision with which parts are fitted, in the very designs upon which operating utility is based.

One of the latest advances from this source is a special and entirely new model, available in several lines—the ultra, in both styling and appointments.

Go see the new General Motors cars of 1940—and look also at their prices, since *price is necessarily a component of value, in anything and everything you buy.*

You will find every detail of the price clearly shown on "plainview" price tags on the steering wheel — price tags that emphasize the outstanding *value* in General Motors cars.

GM

YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE—YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

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TO INCREASE VALUE IS TO ENRICH LIFE

YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE..AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value*.

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge —"TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates—"OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

(Continued from page 35) planking on the landing stage. He heard a loud splash, and saw Anne in the water, all clothed, and Stew standing on the edge of the landing stage, brushing his hands together.

"You lose," Stew said.

She pawed the wet hair out of her eyes, came in close with a couple of strokes. "Oh, Stewart Harlan, I could kill you!"

He pulled her out of the water, and she immediately began striking at him with small futile fists. He picked her up in his arms and carried her up to the camp.

Gwen Tabor said, "Cab, darn it, why don't you show your love for me like that sometimes?"

"You women are never satisfied," Cab said good-naturedly.

Anne was yelling shrilly, "Don't forget, Cliff. Tonight. Don't forget!"

CLIFF drove Stew's big yellow roadster and there were six of them crowded in it, Anne between Cliff and Stew, Cab in the rumble between Sue Ritch and Gwen. They had all had some cocktails at the camp. Cliff had drunk only one. He liked to have his wits about him. Drinking only made him feel dull and stupid and very sleepy. Or it made him object to people—just ordinary strangers; that was the part that scared him.

He liked Stew, all right, and he liked Cab and Gwen and Sue Ritch. But he didn't understand them. He almost did, but he just missed. Of course he didn't understand Anne either. Anne among her own friends was nothing like the girl he had held in his arms and kissed and stroked. In his arms, it was all very simple; there was no difference, as human beings, between them. His effort to fuse the two—Anne as he had made love to her and Anne as he saw her by day—confounded him. There was magic in it somewhere.

Stew said, "I haven't seen a house in miles. Where is this fascinating joint?"

"About a mile more," Cliff said.

"Boy, some people take their dancing seriously, the distance they travel. I'll bet it stinks."

"Darling, don't be morbid," Anne said. "You're morbid."

"I'm only happy when I'm morbid."

"You poor unfortunate man! Was it a woman?"

"Is—not was. You. You make me morbid."

"Forgive me, darling."

"Shut up. I want to think."

This kind of talk had been going on since before cocktails. First off, Cliff had thought it was clever, very smart; but now it was becoming repetitious. He was getting fed up with it. Maybe it was because he was sober, he thought, and all the others had an edge.

He saw lights through the trees, and a minute later drove into a clearing where a lot of cars were parked. There were no lights outside except one big one over the entrance to the hall. The music was fast and wild, with a lot of fiddle, an occasional blast of brass, a galloping drum.

"My heaven!" moaned Stew.

"It's *lovely!*" Anne said.

The band was made up of old men and young, all in shirt sleeves, all looking as if they'd got up from the supper table and come right over. A big stag line stood along the wall and booed and kidded the dancers. The summer crowd hardly ever got over this way. It was a place where farmhands, textile workers, loggers got together of a Saturday night and cut loose.

Anne whispered, "I have never *seen* such people before!" in an amazed voice. "Look at the way the women are dressed—especially those over there."

Cliff said, "They're Polish people over there." He didn't know any one here. It was twelve miles from the village, from the lake, on the other side of the mountain—a different world almost, and quite as strange to him as it was to Anne and the others.

"Let's dance," Gwen Tabor said. "If we can."

Even the music was different, incredibly fast. Cliff, dancing with Sue Ritch, couldn't do anything with her. He saw Anne and Stew having the same trouble—Stew looking very disgusted and muttering out of the side of his mouth. They all gave it up at about the same time and sat down on a bench to watch. A group of four young fellows in the stag line had apparently noticed their difficulty, and were discussing it, nudging one another, grinning covertly, bursting into loud guffaws. They were loggers and they were not sober. Anne was flirting outrageously with them. And finally one of them came over, stood before her, and hooked his thumbs in his broad brass-buckled belt.

"You like to dance, girl?"

Stew put his foot on her toe, to hold her down.

"I'd love to," Anne said, rising with exaggerated languor.

HER languor was rudely interrupted when the man grabbed hold of her and swung into the dance. His companions roared and slapped their thighs. The man danced furiously, his heavy-soled shoes banging the floor. Anne looked wild-eyed, bewildered. Her tiny feet hardly touched the floor. Once in a while she tried to smile politely, but her smile was strained. She was being crushed and manhandled right on a dance floor. Then one of the other fellows cut in, the change taking place so fast that Anne was hardly aware of it. The music never stopped; it went on and on, faster and faster. And, one after another, the four men kept cutting in, jigging, bounding, thrusting her away at arm's length, then banging her back again into stout, hard arms.

Sue Ritch said, "One of you boys cut in. They're killing her."

"Nothing doing," Stew said. "Let her take it. She asked for it. She'll dance with any strange guy that asks her. Now let her take it. She could see he was blind drunk when he asked her. They're all on their heels."

"But look at her," Sue said. "She's practically glassy-eyed. They're making a spectacle of her. Oh, Stew!"

"Not me; no, sir."

"Cab, you—Cliff, somebody— It's horrible!"

Cab was chuckling, wagging his head, his loose cowlick bobbing back and forth.

Cliff pushed himself up.

Stew said, "Don't be a fool, pal. She'll live."

"I'll just cut in," Cliff said.

Stew grabbed his arm. "Listen, pal. It won't kill her. Don't get mixed up—"

"Let go," Cliff said.

He elbowed his way among the dancers, put one hand on Anne's shoulder, the other on her partner's. Anne's eyes rolled gratefully. But her partner jolted Cliff out of the way and grinned broadly. Cliff tried again. And again he was jolted, though this time no grin accompanied it. His ears burning, he pursued the couple. He grew pale, his eyes glittered, his jaw looked bare and set. He could see Anne's body sagging; it was being tossed about like a sack. His anger, going deeper, reached the pit of his stomach. He cracked Anne's companion on the ear. This stopped everybody. It even stopped the music. Chairs and benches scraped.

THE man reeled away, and Cliff took Anne and led her across the floor. "Come on," he called out, and Stew and the others joined him.

Stew said savagely, "No matter what you do, babe, you always manage to find some guy to stand up for you."

She was too dazed, too exhausted, to say anything.

Gwen yelped, "Look out, Cliff!"

Cliff turned, and the big man's fist caught him on the side of the jaw. He felt the shock in his eyeballs. He crashed against a window, and a pane of glass fell out, unbroken. His arms felt leaden heavy. He saw the big man come at him, grinning maliciously. He saw Stew step in and smash the big man in the mouth. He saw the big man's companions wade in, and then Cab, shorn of his sleepy amiability, was swinging. You could see that Cab knew how to swing. Cliff dived in, chopping his blows in close, tasting blood. In a couple of minutes level heads broke it up, but there was a lot of damage done. Half a dozen men were holding the four loggers.

"We'll hold 'em," one said. "You folks had better git quick."

"Come on," Stew said, "before we get killed."

They went out to the roadster, jumped in, Stew saying, "You take the wheel, Cliff. You know the way. Step on it."

"Sure, sure," Cliff mumbled.

Anne said in her high breathless voice, indignant, "It's ridiculous, the management permitting such—"

"What management?" Stew

laughed harshly. "You be quiet! By Judas, now, you be quiet!"

Cliff wheeled the car fast through the woods, the trees jumping and darting past. He felt sick. There was blood in his mouth from a cut inside his lip. There was blood flowing down from a cut over his eyes. When he reached a good road, he braked, stopped, got out. He spat the blood from his mouth.

Stew said, "Are you sick, pal?" He jumped out and took hold of Cliff's arm.

"No. You better drive, though. Blood keeps coming down in my eye."

Anne said, "I'm dreadfully sorry."

"You're dreadfully sorry. That makes everything just fine," Stew said in a bitter voice; and then, to Cliff, impatiently, "I told you, kid, to let her take it. I know her. I've known her since we were kids. She's man-crazy. She's always playing one guy against another. I know. I'm no dope and I'm not blind."

"All right, all right," Cliff said. "You drive, will you?" He felt that Stew's anger was honest, genuine, and that it came from the dark troubled corners of his heart. It was not cold anger; it was hot and acrid, and it had been there a long time, and Cliff felt that there were things between Stew and Anne that he would never understand. "Come on, drive, will you?"

Anne said in a cool, thin voice, "I'm really quite used to Stew's tirades. May we all go home now, Stewart?"

He drove fast, his silence stony and unrelenting.

Cliff held his handkerchief to the cut over his eye. His jaw ached. His whole head ached. His shins were raw where he'd been kicked. Anne leaned against him, held his hand in the darkness. It didn't do anything to him. He felt limp. He stuck his head out, so the wind would blow against it. Anne snuggled against him; but that didn't do anything, either. In another minute she stopped; she let go of his hand and remained quiet.

When they got back to the camp, Stew jumped out, slammed the door on his side, and drummed his feet up the back steps. Cab swung the girls out of the rumble, and Cliff went over into the bush to spit again. Anne was standing by the car when he came back, and the others, Cab and Sue and Gwen, were strolling toward the steps.

Anne said in a low voice, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"I'm frightfully sorry about what happened out there—"

"I'm all right. Good night."

"Cliff."

"What?"

She came closer. "Stew expects a lot of me, you know. I told you that before. I told you how it was between us." She paused again, then said, "Cliff, he'll be here only a week or ten days. I'll be here the rest of the summer."

Cliff laughed. All at once he was able to laugh carelessly. "You can go chase yourself, Anne," he said, and strode purposefully down the pathway to the landing stage. It felt good, being able to stride purposefully. He took his canoe out upon the dark lake. There was no moon, only a few scattered stars. The water was still and black.

"It's for you."

He took off his clothes, dropped over the stern of the canoe, and sucked in air as the cold water closed around him. The water tingled delightfully on his cuts. He swam back to the canoe, climbed in over the stern, and paddled to the rocks at the foot of the grove. Drawing the canoe out of the water, he turned it upside down.

The air was warmer than the water. Smoking a cigarette, he walked up and down until he was dry. Then he put on his clothes and felt his way along the pathway through the dark grove. His mother and father were in bed, but a single light was burning. Before going upstairs he turned it out. In the bathroom, he saw that he had stopped bleeding. He washed out his bloody shirt in cold water and hung it up to dry. Then he went to bed.

In the morning his mother said, "Cliff, for goodness' sake, what happened?"

"What, ma?"

"Your face!"

"Oh." He sat down at the table. "A fellow got fresh last night with Anne Layne. We were dancing. He got fresh. Any apple pie, ma?"

She gave his face a closer inspection and, apparently satisfied that the damage was not great, sighed with relief. "Pa had to go to the village early," she said. She put his breakfast on the table. "It's not nice, brawling, Cliff," she said.

"I had to, ma."

"Those young people frighten me, Cliff. I guess maybe it's because I don't understand them. I'm always glad, in a way, when the summer's over and they go back home."

He could tell that she was troubled, but he didn't know how to explain to her that she need not be—not any more. When he got up from the table, he did something he had never done before: he put his arm reassuringly around her shoulder and kissed her on the cheek. It made him feel older. Ever since last night he felt older.

Elsa was in his thoughts, and when he went to the village his steps slowed down as he neared the shop where she worked. But he did not go in. He did not know what to say. In his mind it didn't seem right that he should say anything, not for a while. And for two or three days he thought of what he would say, how he should say it.

Toward the end of the week he saw her in the post office. She was getting some large packages, and he offered to carry them. They walked down the main street together, and people said, "Hello, Elsa. Hello, Cliff."

It sounded natural to him. It was like it was before he met Anne. But he was miserable, for he didn't know what to say, where to begin; the immensity of it overwhelmed him.

"Want me to open them?" he said, when they arrived at the shop with the packages.

"Will you, Cliff? In the storeroom."

He carried them back to the storeroom and opened them and in a couple of minutes Elsa came in to check the articles. He called them off to her. When they were finished she started to leave the room, but he suddenly took hold of her hand.

"Elsa," he said humbly.

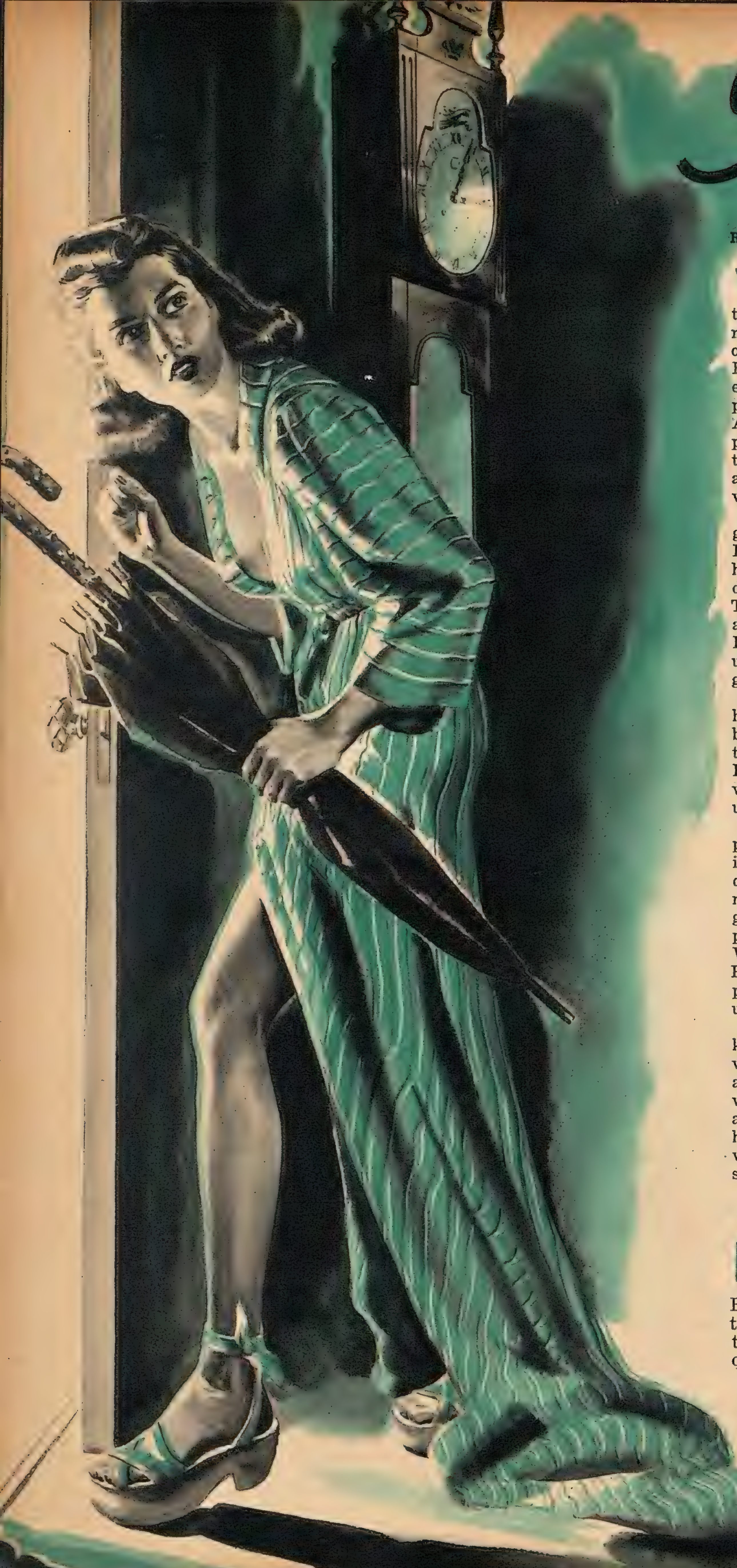
She didn't move, she didn't look up at him. He could feel her hand begin to tremble.

"Elsa."

Suddenly she turned into his arms, making no sound, putting her arms all the way around him, holding him desperately hard. He was not surprised or amazed. He had had an almost certain conviction that it would be like this, but he had been unable to find a way with words to reach it. The way she held him, it was as if she understood.

"Elsa, Elsa, Elsa," he said, over and over again.

THE END



I Spy!

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WITH great fear, Hester, the young daughter of Colonel Dillon, military attaché of an American embassy in middle Europe, finds herself in the toils of international secret-service intrigue. Her father, who had been engaged in espionage work, dies under most suspicious circumstances, and his secretary, Arthur Forsythe, is arrested and imprisoned on a frame-up. Before he is taken into custody, Arthur gives Hester a fountain pen, telling her to guard it with her life!

The girl loves Arthur, yet at a party given by the Baroness de Laume in France she is fascinated to an almost hypnotic point by Henri Croillard, evidently also active in the spy world. Though he is guarded in his love-making, as in everything else, Henri assures Hester that she will be protected by unseen, unknown friends wherever she goes.

Her father's last whispered words to her were something about "bacteria bombs" and that she must go back home to America as soon as possible. But Hester determines to carry on his task, which she has come to believe is of utmost importance to the world.

Wondering what was in the fountain pen, what she ought to do with it, Hester is suddenly slipped a note by a taxi driver. It is a carefully pinpricked message in which Arthur directs her to give the pen to one who will repeat a phrase of their intimate conversation. While in a railway station with Cyrus Potter, chargé d'affaires, a peasant whispers to her, "I will give you time to grow up"—one of Arthur's teasing remarks.

Hester manages to let the woman know secretly that she is aware and will act accordingly. But just as she is about to put the pen in the peasant woman's satchel, Potter draws her away on a pretext. To her bewilderment, he tells her she doesn't know whom or what to believe. On the train he casually suggests a game of Russian bank.

PART FOUR—A DEADLY SECRET

FOR a moment I felt sure of Cyrus Potter's sympathy — I almost recognized him as a kind, wise ally. But, as he said, I could not know whom to trust or believe. And I hardly dared to ask him, of all people, the swarm of questions that troubled me. Certainly

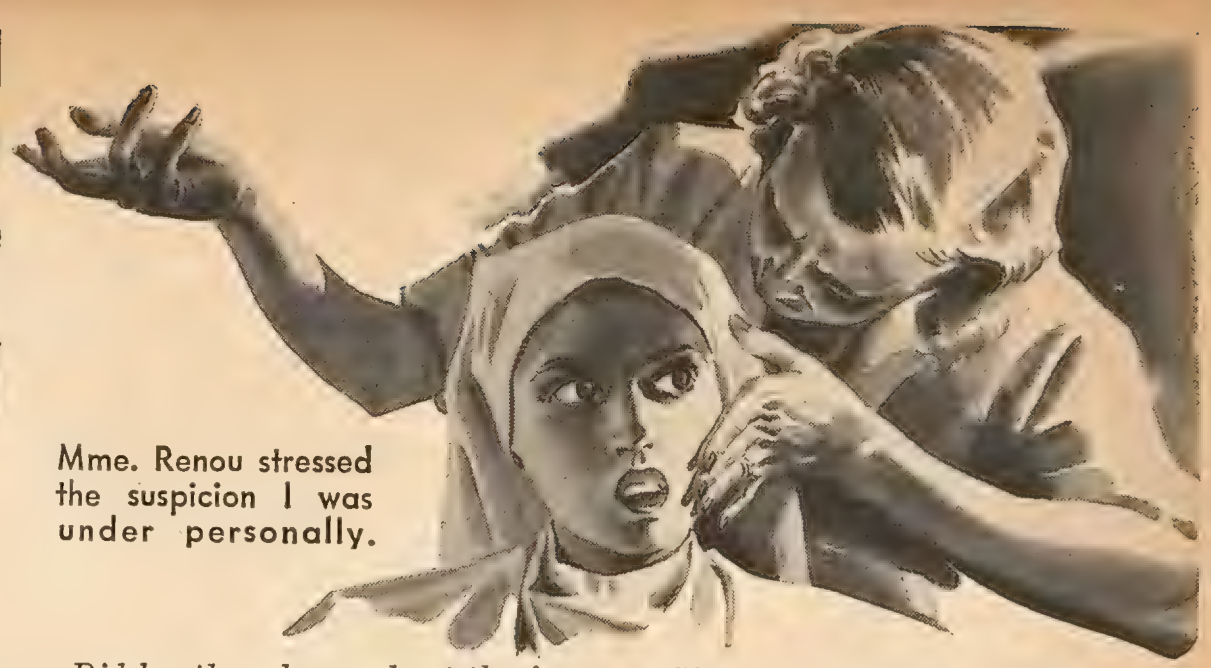
But at three in the morning I crept downstairs and brought the umbrella up to my room.

"Play innocent!" A girl in love is strangely guided through a dark adventure

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES BRYSON



Mme. Renou stressed the suspicion I was under personally.

his manner was discouraging to any confidences from me. His face was too forbidding and his manner about the game determinedly casual.

So I played, following his cue, which somehow seemed to please him. I couldn't mistake the light of admiration and appreciation in his eyes as time went on and the journey drew to an end. It taught me once more the fact that all of them appreciated that poised acceptance of a cue, that playing of a role to whatever tune they called.

ONLY one more incident occurred on the journey. The chargé d'affaires' official car was at the station to meet us, and we drove first to my home. I had said my good-bys and climbed out of the car when Mr. Potter called, with the most natural air of suddenly remembering something.

"Oh, my dear child," he said, "you forgot your umbrella," and he thrust out of the door of the car his own umbrella!

I hadn't carried one. Mr. Potter generally did. His was a cheap ordinary-looking umbrella. Certainly nobody would want to steal the sorry black object that couldn't have cost more than a dollar. Here he was holding it out to me. I opened my lips to protest, but then I took his cue, glanced at him and nodded.

"Thank you so much," I said. "I am forgetful, too."

I left the ordinary-looking umbrella in the hall that night, wishing to make nothing of it. But at three in the morning, when I was certain every one was asleep—though I could never be certain I wasn't watched—I crept downstairs and brought the umbrella up to my room and examined it minutely. I scrutinized every edge and seam of it, and then I found, almost by chance, a cleverly concealed catch in the handle which, when released, would screw out. But no message came to me from the aperture—nothing dropped out. I poked my finger into the hole. Nothing! But it was a deep hole, deeper than my finger could explore, and I poked at it with a long, sharp letter opener. Empty!

I puzzled over this for some time, and then I came to the conclusion that Mr. Potter meant me to conceal whatever I wished in this umbrella.

Did he, then, know about the fountain pen?

Was he going to let me leave the country with that pen? If he knew about it, why had he never questioned me about it? The answer to that was simple: He didn't wish to become involved or to know too much. But surely all this would prove that he was in his heart sympathetic to whatever it was my father and Arthur had been attempting to do. So he was really telling me, in his own way, to conceal the fountain pen in this umbrella. I tried it and it fitted; by wadding in a little cotton on top, it made no noise, added practically nothing to the weight of the umbrella, and was perfectly concealed.

How many others knew about the umbrella? And what if Cyrus Potter were *not* sympathetic? What if he had figured on this way to get possession of the fountain pen or anything else I might have to conceal?

No. I wouldn't do it. The pen had stayed in my purse ever since Arthur had given it to me. The safest place for it was right in that purse. I crept downstairs again and left the umbrella in the hall rack.

In the morning I was leaving for France. I made very certain that I carried the umbrella with me, that I never let it out of my hand. But nobody claimed it. Nobody paid the slightest attention to it. The train pulled out, good-bys were said, going-away packages delivered, and still nobody glanced twice at the umbrella. Once more I was in a quandary. Maybe I was doing Cyrus Potter an injustice in everything I thought. Maybe the poor man meant the best in the world. Maybe, as he had said, he was more friendly than I believed.

But I settled down to my trip, happier than I had been for days, happy to be leaving that country of tragedy and mystery, and to be heading toward people I felt certain were friends. The thought of seeing Henri again made my heart leap with such a rush of emotion that I felt instantly disloyal to poor Arthur—poor Arthur whom I was leaving behind without one word, without even knowing his fate, without attempting to answer his note; if indeed he had ever written a note; without following his instructions, if he had ever sent instructions.

Yes, I felt myself flushing as I thought of Henri, but my inner heart cried out that Arthur and Arthur alone was my true destiny.

When I arrived in Paris after the long, tedious trip, there was no one waiting to meet me. In my heart I had been expecting and hoping that Henri would be there to greet me. I wanted to talk to him, ask him a million questions. It did seem strange to me that there had been no word from him—nothing but that laconic wire. Of course, not much time had elapsed. It seemed incredible that all these critical events had taken place in my life in slightly over a week.

Yet I had been convinced that there was some bond established between Henri and myself—strange and unnatural, perhaps, but deep and enduring—and I hated to feel that any part of it was due to my imagination. More than anything, I wanted to see him, if only to ask him how he had known all about my father's danger and his work. Henri had spoken of benefit in that work to the whole world, and so had my father. There was something in that phrase that haunted me.

IT was good to meet Irene, the baroness, at her hotel, and her kindness and sympathetic greeting were a salve. She seemed to take it for granted that my father's accident was in the natural run of things, and that the newspapers' story that infection had set in and poisoned the blood stream, bringing on a heart attack, was quite understandable. She gave me no hint, however, that Henri had ever confided in her. In fact she didn't mention him at all, and neither did I. I couldn't bring myself to, but I did send him a wire to London, telling him I would be in Paris for two days with the baroness before our boat sailed for the United States.

Henri was very prompt in answering my wire, but I couldn't help but feel disappointed when I read it:

REGRET EXCEEDINGLY THAT BUSINESS PREVENTS MY CROSSING THE CHANNEL WILL MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO SEE YOU WHEN YOUR BOAT TOUCHES SOUTHAMPTON REGARDS HENRI

Neither cold nor warm. I didn't quite know what to make of it.

I was approached, the noon of my arrival in Paris, by an elderly gray-haired woman who was the hairdresser in the hotel. She looked like a schoolteacher in any language. She sent me a special invitation to come down for treatments which she felt I would need after all the trying days I had just been through. She had promised the baroness to do everything for me. My appearance had been grossly neglected in the past ten days, so I was glad to go down and get "the works," but I realized that the hairdresser had really sent for me for an entirely different purpose.

She called herself Mme. Renou. She explained that she was from Henri Croillard, and that the last thing he wished was for anybody to know that he and I had any connection. Certainly we couldn't be seen together at present. But he wanted me to know that he applauded my behavior throughout this horrible affair; that he and all his fellow workers sympathized keenly with me, and that no greater unknown hero ever lived than my father.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "what it was that my father found out?"

Mme. Renou shrugged.

"Bacterial bombs," she said.

"*What*—bombs?" I repeated.

She leaned closer to me.

"Have you never heard of them?"

I stared at her, wide-eyed.

"You mean," I gasped, "bombs—with *disease?*"

She nodded.

"With disease of all kinds to drop on helpless cities. Bombs filled with bacteria of the worst kinds of plagues—bombs of sleeping sickness, of spotted fever, of malaria and smallpox."

I pressed my fingers over my lips to keep from crying out.

"Dropping them on towns and cities, spreading disease and destroying the population," Mme. Renou went on relentlessly.

I SHOOK my head incredulously. The thought was too horrible to contemplate, too fiendish; the images it brought to mind unbearable to think about.

"It is no great secret," Mme. Renou continued. "All governments know about it. No government would want to be the first to use them, for it would shock the rest of the world. No government wants to be known as even contemplating it. *But these bombs are being made secretly, and in many places!* Henri believes, however, that your father had stumbled upon the center of the ring. Henri is convinced that the arrest of Arthur Forsythe and your father's swift accident and death prove this."

I caught my breath. Was it possible that there were any such bacteria in the fountain pen I carried? Was it conceivable that there was a capsule contained in it, or was it perhaps just a formula? Should I tell Mme. Renou about it? But no. I mustn't tell anybody about the pen. I must put that fountain pen in the hands of my own government and no one else.

"No doubt about it, your father had some information that as yet nobody else has obtained." Mme. Renou's voice recalled my thoughts. "It is very rare for them to go to such lengths and dare to arrest one man and murder another, both officials of a United States legation. But Henri is working on that. He wanted me to tell you that he would do everything he can to help Arthur. Not only for your and his sake, but in the hope of saving Arthur Forsythe's sanity until he can give some inkling of what the information is."

It is difficult for me to remember the whole conversation. My mind worked with effort. But I appreciated that Mme. Renou stressed the suspicion I was under personally. I must watch and guard every movement, every word. I must always play the innocent, the wide-eyed. If only I were not in mourning now, I could throw myself into gay distractions. But even with the handicap of mourning my father's death, I must give every appearance of knowing nothing, suspecting nothing.

WHAT shocked me most—so that my mind balked at accepting it—was Mme. Renou's insistence that I could hope for no help officially from my own government.

"Your only hope," she insisted, "is to work through us, as your father did. It would be in vain to try to work through your own government."

"But I would at least like my father's death cleared," I protested. "I think they ought to know the true circumstances."

"It is not a matter they will wish to have publicized," she sighed. "They will do nothing about your father's death."

"Then I never want to see my country again!" I declared.

"That is childish." Mme. Renou smiled sadly. "I advise you to do what your father requested. Keep out of it. Forget you know anything about it. It can bring you nothing but tragedy. Go home and settle down. Get married and lead a happy normal life."

"I can't!" I protested. "I'm in too deep. I can never do that. My father gave his life to it, not only for the good of the country but for the good of the world. Both my father and Henri used that phrase—for the good of the world. But my country first, as I'm certain it was with my dad."

Mme. Renou shook her head. She looked suddenly as old as a mountain—and as remote.

"I'm afraid the time has come when an individual country has very little chance," she said, "no matter who the winner is in the next horrible war. We believe that it will be the end of civilization—that every one will be ruined, materially, morally, financially. So all of us, from many, many nations, are working in the best way we know how for international peace—for the peace of the world."

I mused over this. I knew I would do my share.

Late that afternoon I was returning from a visit to the American Embassy, where I had paid my respects and attended to a few red-tape items. Just outside of the hotel, the doorman said to me:

"Mademoiselle, a package came for you. They asked me to deliver it personally."

HE handed me a box from a fashionable store. I looked at him, puzzled, but his eyes flashed me no message.

I took the package carefully up to my room, allowing no one to carry it. Alone, late that night, when the baroness had retired, I opened it and found that it contained a message from Henri, asking me to study the contents, memorize them as soon as possible, and destroy his letter. The papers were instructions; elementary beginner's instructions, I felt sure; but, most important, they included a code and an oath, outlining the purpose of the work of this syndicate of international workers for world peace. Each of us was allowed a certain amount of allegiance to our own country and was called upon to betray it only when its activities were a threat to world peace. But we were subscribing to a higher and loftier motive than patriotism, and very frequently we wouldn't even know what country we were working for.

I went to bed that night feeling as the old crusaders must have felt—inspired at any price to help forward this wonderful work.

But I took care the next morning to go back to Mme. Renou on pretense of needing fresh nail polish, and I told her to get word to Henri, or whoever else was head of the organization, that I couldn't join until I was sure. I must know how I felt about my own government first. I must know far more about what sort of people were involved in this organization. I must be sure of its ideals before I could truly enlist. She seemed to radiate approval.

"Quite right, quite right," she agreed. "But remember, your father was one of us, and be very careful how you behave, what you say, what you write. Being his daughter, you are under watchful eyes oftener than you know. You will have to play innocent a long while before they will dismiss you as harmless. You won't be called upon to do any work for us until that is established. The only danger you run now is in the information that I and the others feel sure you have. Even we would be ruthless if we found you passing it to the wrong parties."

I knew what she meant. Her tone said more than her words. She was referring to the fountain pen that Arthur had given me just before he was arrested. *She knew I had something!* It was quite possible they didn't know it was a fountain pen, but they knew I had information of some sort. Even if they accepted me as a co-worker, I was going to be watched.

"I'll turn the information over to nobody but my own government," I said. "Now that my father is dead, that's where it belongs."

Whatever her reaction, Mme. Renou did not betray her real thoughts by so much as a flicker of emotion.

"I can't advise you. That is up to your own conscience."

Yes, I had to make that decision alone, and how did I know whether my father had really been a member or not? The world was a snarl of intrigue. How did I know who was enemy and who friend? Who was working for the right or who was trying to trap me for their own purposes?

I think Baroness Irene was the greatest blessing in the world at that time. There was little on her mind but fashion and society, and this trip with me was a sort of breathing spell from a social season. A sort of cure which she took regularly. Hers was idle chatter, personal gossip. She hadn't mentioned Henri since I had met her in Paris, but one night when we were alone in our rooms, she told me much about him.

SOMETHING of a mystery," she confided, "and I dearly delight in mysteries. Nobody really knows who his parents were. He tells quite a fantastic story. Of course, in these days one has to accept stories of fleeing aristocrats and broken families. His mother, I take it, was Russian, and his father of French descent who settled in Austria and built up quite a fortune in sugar. Just the same, it is not a straight story he tells. There are many who believe he is a magnificent liar. Still, he is a brilliant man, a fine international lawyer."

"And his young wife?" I said. "What about her?"

"Oh, that!" The baroness rolled her eyes. "I don't believe he was ever married to her."

"You don't? Why?"

"Never mind why," the old lady snapped. "I think she was his mistress. Or common-law wife."

"But she really did die?" I asked.

"She committed suicide," the baroness confided. "We all believe it was suicide. One doesn't stick one's head in a gassy oven by mistake."

She passed on to other gossip, but I puzzled over these things. I could hardly wait to see Henri again—to see whether I still felt about him as I had the first time I met him. To see whether that had been a temporary infatuation, or whether I still felt joyous excitement in his presence.

I didn't tell the baroness that I hoped to see Henri in Southampton. I was fast learning not to tell anybody anything. But when, after we sailed from Havre, the baroness received a wire from a friend who was ill, urging her to arrange for a brief visit while

"Didn't Little Boys Get Trains, Grandpa?"

"No, sonny, not when I was a little boy. You see, Santa Claus hadn't learned how to make electric trains, or automobiles, or airplanes then. I used to get a jackknife or a pair of mittens for Christmas. You're a lucky boy!"

BOYS and girls aren't the only lucky ones these days. Just check over the things you have, and ask yourself how many of them a family like yours could have had even a generation ago. Certainly not your radio or your electric refrigerator. Probably not your automobile, or even your electric lights. And there are thousands of other things—now available in a wide variety and at a reasonable price—that were unknown or prohibitively expensive only a few years ago.

Yes, we say we are lucky today. But it wasn't luck that made all these things available to us. It was American industry—its scientists, engineers, and workmen—who developed these new products, improved them, made them less expensive so that more millions of people can enjoy them.

More than any other one thing, the increasing use of electricity in industry has helped in this progress. For more than 60 years, General Electric has pioneered in making electricity more useful to the American people—in creating More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

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the boat was at Southampton, I felt confident that Henri had arranged it so that he and I might talk without the baroness present. I pleaded indisposition the day we landed at Southampton, and the baroness went off alone.

I stayed in my cabin, waiting with mounting excitement for Henri. He came in the least expected way—as a uniformed, shabby, somewhat unkempt chap, delivering a large box of flowers to my room. The flowers were from Henri, apologizing for not being able to get down to see me, and wishing me a pleasant voyage. I read the card with a feeling of anger and disappointment, and reached into my purse to get some change to tip the deliverer. As I looked up to hand it to him, I found him smiling down at me. In spite of the fact that I was greatly startled, I was smart enough not to call him by name.

"I haven't long," he said, and I nodded. My heart was too full to speak. I did feel the same; the touch of him was intoxicating to me. I made no protest as he drew me toward him and kissed me.

But he spoke no word of love. He stood off, looking at me sadly and spoke no word that I wanted to hear. I turned from him and covered my face with my hands. I wanted so to tell him I loved him. I felt he wanted to say the same thing to me, but for some reason he couldn't, and I wondered why.

What did it mean? I felt his hand on my shoulder, and heard his voice, very low and quiet and steady.

"Dear Hester, I am so glad you are one of us, and yet so sorry for you—so young, so sweet. You have had so little of life, and the cause may rob you of everything a woman has a right to expect. Are you sure you have the courage?"

ANY hesitation and doubts I may have felt with Mme. Renou were completely gone. Somehow it seemed right for me to join the organization. I nodded my head and sat down in the big chair, staring not at him but at his flowers. "So little of life." He meant no home, no love, no marriage. . . .

"I think you have the strength and soul, but if you ever weaken, let me know. Send me a wire and sign it each time with a different name, but each time with your own initial—H—the same as mine."

Henri and Hester, I thought.

"There is some one on this boat," he continued, "who will start instructing you, and in the States you will join our school. I have made all arrangements."

"Whatever you say, Henri."

"There is one mission I would like to entrust to you. Your first job. There is some one in Washington who must have close connection with the War Department, and who is constantly betraying your country, getting information on the new armament program. For months your own officers have been trying to trace it, but with no success. See what you can do. Perhaps some of your father's connections . . ."

I nodded.

"I have reason to believe it is a woman," Henri explained. "That's why you may succeed where others have failed."

"Pretty big assignment for a beginner, isn't it?"

"It's an opportunity to show what you can do. It's a test. And now, Hester, where is the information that Arthur gave you before his arrest?"

"I have it," I said, "but how did you know he gave it to me?"

He shrugged.

"What do you think you are going to do with it?" he asked.

"You know so much, Henri, you must know what I told Mme. Renou. I will give it to my government."

"But I should see it first," he said gently. "It is vitally important."

"I don't know that it is, Henri."

"You have got to trust somebody."

"I trust you," I told him, and I meant it. "But at the same time, Henri, that pen is not mine."

I STOPPED abruptly, frightened at the quick glimmer in his eyes when I spoke the word *pen*. He hadn't known, then, what form the information was in, and, rank amateur that I was, I had given it away.

"I can't turn it over to you," I said quickly. "It isn't mine."

"Your boy friend gave you no instructions when he handed it to you?"

"No, no instructions," I admitted. "He hadn't time, and, what's more, he isn't my boy friend."

"He loves you," Henri said.

"Yes, he loves me."

"And you put loyalty to him above our work, knowing your father was one of us?"

"Look here, Henri," I said. "My father was an honorable man. He might have been one of you, but he was in the diplomatic service of the United States, and any work that he did, his country got the benefit of."

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Joseph C. Grew's, Ambassador to Japan.
2—Chicago; San Francisco; New Orleans.
3—Detroit; New York; Boston.
4—Steel Workers' Organizing Committee; National Maritime Union; United Automobile Workers.
5—Its dealings are unofficial.
6—Fish, amphibians, and reptiles.
7—The Netherlands, Belgium, and the duchy of Luxemburg.
8—Sulphur.
9—Jeannette Rankin of Montana.
10—Brazil.
11—The two-mile, 8:53.2; 5,000 meters, 14:8.8; and 10,000 meters, 29:52.3.
12—At the beginning of January.
13—By the hundredweight.
14—206.
15—A successful forced parachute jump.
16—About 400 years.
17—God is gracious; a husbandman; strong.
18—Between a commissioned and a non-commissioned officer.
19—The American sequoia and the Australian eucalypt.
20— Lou Gehrig

I could see him command himself to control his anger.

"Very well," he said. "You will see how wrong you are. How very, very wrong." He smiled a sort of pitying smile and put his hand under my chin. "Poor little Hester. So young and so unsure. I wish I could spare you the heartaches I know you will experience in the next few weeks."

I stared up at him and felt myself trembling. I was helpless in the presence of this man. It was good, perhaps, that I was being separated from him, for even if he led me into paths of evil, I knew I would follow.

He knew it, too. He must have seen it in my eyes. His tenderness vanished and he folded me in his arms. Involuntarily I cried out until he covered my lips with his. I closed my eyes, for my own response overpowered me, and then I heard him whisper against my ear:

"You know you belong to me. You know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I know it, Henri. What are we to do?"

"Nothing now. Nothing," he said. "But whatever happens, know you belong to me and I'll let no harm come to you. Leave things to me, and I'll manage some way. I have to go now. Don't get in touch with me unless it is necessary."

HE kissed me once, hurriedly, and next thing I knew I was alone in my cabin, struggling to catch my breath and make sense of what he had said. All I knew was that I would never be the same, never be just a young girl, Hester Dillon, alone in the world. He was right. I belonged to him. It was meant to be, and I had recognized it as soon as I had met him. But why and where would it lead, and what had he meant?

I felt distracted. I went into my bathroom and washed my face and stared at myself in the mirror. I came back and fixed his flowers around my own and the baroness' rooms. I thought a cigarette might calm me a little, and I hunted for my purse. I realized I had left it open on a little table from the moment I had first received the flowers and had turned to get a tip—and suddenly I realized something else! I realized with a horrible shock that Arthur's fountain pen was gone!

When had Henri taken it? For certainly he had taken it. Was it when he was making love to me?

Is it possible that Henri is playing Hester for a fool—that he would make love to her as a camouflage for stealing that fountain pen of incalculable importance? Where does Cyrus Potter and his mysterious umbrella fit in this gripping plot and counterplot? Your next week's Liberty will carry you further into a fascinating, baffling realm.

A FORECAST OF SPORTS FOR 1940

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Diamond, ring, gridiron, court, links, track: Are days to match the 1920s coming back?

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

IF we can believe all indications and predictions, prosperity has returned to the sports world. The return of good times coupled with increased social legislation will give people more money to spend and more time in which to spend it.

To sports fans, the Roaring Twenties were the golden age. Not only did Gus H. Fan try to spend money faster than they could print it in Washington (they used slower presses in those pre-New Deal days), but he had magnificent heroes for whom to root. That was the decade that gave us most of the following, and brought the others to their peaks for us: Man o' War, Earl Sande, Red Grange, Tommy Hitchcock, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Johnny Weissmuller, Nat Holman, Ralph Greenleaf, Bill Tilden, Paavo Nurmi, and Bobby Jones—almost every last one of them the all-time all-star in his sport.

Now we stand on the threshold of a new decade. Our union card as a swami would be revoked immediately if we were to try to predict everything that will happen between now and Rose Bowl time, 1950. But we can polish the crystal ball and, with the aid of various experts and officials, try to call some of the things you folks in the grandstands will see in 1940.

The national pastime cannot look forward to any personality in the next year fit to stand in the same spotlight with Babe Ruth. There is the true story of the fan who came to the Yankee Stadium and sat down in the same box with radio comedian Jay C. Flippen. The fan had driven a long way that day, and was a farmer. In the third inning, Ruth drove a home run into the right-field bleachers. With the Babe still circling the bases, the farmer got up and started to leave. Flippen told him it was only the third inning, and asked where he was going.

"I didn't come to see a ball game," he said. "I came to see the Babe hit a homer. I saw him, and now I'm going back home."

The Thin Thirties did not develop any comparable personality, and if in 1940 any one is to come close to filling the niche, it will be Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox. Williams can hit as far and as lustily as the Old Master did and, off his one year in the majors, he bids fair to build up as great a screwball reputation and tradition as Ruth had in his early days.

Playing for Minneapolis, Williams hit a smash that failed to clear the right-field fence by a foot. When the dust had settled, he was standing on second base. Manager Donie Bush was coaching at third, and he yelled to Williams: "Be careful! Don't take too long a lead. Don't get picked off, Teddy boy."

As that chatter persisted, Williams called "time out," walked over to Bush and said, "Looka, Donie. I got to second without any help—I'll get home the same way!"

And just last spring he dropped a foul ball after a long run in an exhibition game. Where the ordinary player wanting to show temper would have kicked the ball, Williams picked it up and threw it far over the left-field fence!

When asked on the bench last July who he thought was the greatest "form" hitter in baseball, he calmly replied, "Oh, I guess Ted Williams!"

Joe DiMaggio is unquestionably the greatest ballplayer alive today. In 1940 he will probably win every honor available, except that of being elected president of the National League.

His younger brother Dominic, who comes up to the Boston Red Sox, will be built up as a rival of his. Having seen Dominic play, we can tell you that he has a good arm, runs well and fields well—but hits singles, not home runs. He is as much a rival of Joe as your Aunt Sophie is of Hedy Lamarr.

The greatest rival Joe DiMaggio has as a hitter is his teammate, Charlie (Tarzan) Keller. Here is a really superb hitter, a left-handed Rogers Hornsby. He is better than a bad future-book bet to lead the American League in hitting this coming season. In the National League, Johnny Mize should win the batting title again. After July 15, Mize is the best hitter in either major league. Which teams will grab the flags is purely a guess at this early date before the important trades have been made.

Night baseball will continue during 1940 to get bigger and better, Judge Landis will get a new hat, and the National League will win the World Series. So much for baseball.

Mister Boxing intends to retire at the end of 1940. Mister Boxing, of course, is Joe Louis. After Max Baer, Kingfish Levinsky, Primo Carnera, and the like had cluttered the fistic landscape, fate reached into obscurity and brought forth a champion to save boxing from itself.

Joe Louis did for boxing what Babe Ruth did for baseball—he made the public believe it was on the level.

When Joe came along, half of the fights were decided by "smart" managers before the battlers ever entered the ring. He and his ebony fists came out of the Detroit Golden Gloves to show that if you can really fight, honesty is still the best policy. When he retires, there probably will be no new Joe Louis ready for immediate delivery to Madison Square Garden. But 1940 will see two or three outstanding candidates being prepped.

The first is Patrick Edward Comiskey, and his record so far reads better than Napoleon's before Waterloo. Pat is a young kid from New Jersey who has been fighting only about two years, and his best calling card is an engraved right to the jaw that makes the gallery boys swoon. The second is Billy Conn, the Pittsburgher, who will beat an opponent's chin to the rhythm of the Bolero or any other musical request. The fly in the ointment, as they say at the Harvard Club, is that even after he beats that staccato rhythm on some one's chin, nothing hits the floor.

Number three on this Hit Parade is a newcomer named Ben Moroz, who weighs about 270 and stands six feet ten in his calloused feet. His only drawback is that Gene Tunney thinks he's the next champ, and Tunney can't pick future champs any better than an elephant can pick his teeth. By way of proof, Gene's last choice was a second-rater named Abe Simon.

Ted Husing, the best football broadcaster in the business, sees more college football players each year than any one else connected with the sport. For some unknown reason, he has agreed to stick out his neck for Liberty readers and pick the outstanding backs of 1940.

They are:

Bill de Correvont, Northwestern; Tuffy Chambers, Northwestern; Johnny (Flash) Butler, Tennessee; Paul Christman, Missouri; Indian Jack Jacobs, Oklahoma; Orville Mathews, Oklahoma; Byron Potter, Oklahoma; Tom Harmon, Michigan.

Paste those names in your hat, and if at the end of the 1940 season the bearer of none of them stands out, then paste Mr. Husing.

WITH subsidization as open as it is in most schools, it wouldn't be surprising to see reformers instigate another Carnegie Investigation during the coming year. If that happens, the chastised schools will then cut down on subsidization for a few years. After the headlines have gathered a little dust, the whole thing will repeat itself. It always has. I guess it always will.

Professional football is another crate of Florida oranges, though. Carl L. Storck, president of the National Football League, said:

"This is what you can tell your readers about pro football of tomorrow. This league undoubtedly will expand to cover the entire continent. The game on the field will keep abreast of the college game and thereby provide a more attractive spectacle for the general public. Meanwhile, admission prices will be kept under college levels. The biggest strides will come in the field of showmanship, with the bands and singing units of two and three hundred men and girls a distinct possibility this coming year."

When that day comes, look out, college football! I believe that college football attendances will be hurt by the pro game in those cities in which the two compete. When that competition becomes nation-wide, and there is every possibility that Bing Crosby will back a Los Angeles entry in the league, collegiate football as we now know it will be doomed. The competition, after all, is for the dollars of the general public, and the public will flock to the pro gridirons in ever increasing numbers because there it sees better football less expensively.

YOUTH IN CRIME

by

Anthony Abbot

Crime Commentator for Liberty Magazine

It is appalling to note that, on a national scale, crime among youth is on the increase.

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has this to say about youth in crime:

"Taking the youth of the community from the alleys and street corners by providing them with playgrounds, reading rooms, game rooms, and other recreational activities providing an outlet for their exuberance are duties imposed upon all American citizens. It is youth's wont to demand something that will occupy their minds. It is the citizen's duty to provide that need, whether it be work or sources of healthful entertainment.

"The law-enforcement officer's position is a relative one in this scheme. It is he who has an opportunity to observe youth at work, at play, and in the commission of crimes. The guidance of youth from undesirable cesspools of crime to wholesome surroundings is one of the greatest opportunities that peace officers have to render a real service to their community and to America at large.

"We of Law Enforcement, in looking toward the future, must number among our assignments more thought and action in curbing youth from the pitfalls of a life of crime."

Take the week-end of October 14, 1939. In the only football game in New York City, Columbia was facing the Army. The Cadet Corps, always a good gate attraction, came down from West Point with the team. It looked like a certain sell-out, yet at kick-off time there were only 25,000 in the stands, 9,000 less than capacity.

The next day the New York Giants played the Philadelphia Eagles. The Eagles hadn't won a game up to that date. Yet there were 34,500 paid admissions at the Polo Grounds. As mathematicians say, Q. E. D.

During 1940 there isn't likely to be any outstanding golfer, because there are so very many A-1 tee artists that no one of them now stands out above the others. Slammin' Sammy Snead, the manicured hillbilly from West Virginia, stands the best chance of running away from the field, unless his blow-up in the last championship has ruined him for tournament play. He had the Open championship all wrapped up and ready to take home in 1939, needing a very ordinary par five on the last hole to win. He blew higher than a new gusher and took an amateurish eight. Sometimes that sticks in a fellow's mind. Byron Nelson, the 1939 Open and P. G. A. champ, should prove Snead's closest and toughest rival.

In the amateur field, Marvin (Bud) Ward, the present titleholder, is so far the best that no one else need be mentioned.

FOR a prediction on what racing fans can look for in 1940, we went to the closest student of the American turf we know, Bill Corum of the New York Journal American. He predicted:

"The next year will see an amazing growth in racing in this country. There are twenty-two states which have legal racing at the present time, and before another calendar is needed, the number should be even higher. That will mean the erection of more tracks, which will bring about a demand for more horses. More horses means better racing.

"Another reason for racing to look forward to 1940's campaigns with eagerness is young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. This tall thin youngster, who runs the Pimlico track at the moment and has just been put in charge at Belmont, is honestly in love with the sport. He promises to become the leading figure in the turf parade during this coming year. And racing couldn't ask for a better or a nicer leading man."

No piece about horse racing would be complete without giving at least one winner to the reader, so we will go out to the very end of a long thin limb and divulge the name of the winner of the 1940 Kentucky Derby—Colonel E. R. Bradley's Bimelech. As this is written, Colonel Bradley is hanging on to life by a thin thread. The thing that is keeping him alive is the hope that at least once more he will see a Bradley-bred horse, under Bradley colors, win the long run for the roses at Churchill Downs.

Since there will probably be no Davis Cup matches in 1940, the most important tennis championship will be the United States singles title. Welby Van Horn, defeated finalist at Forest Hills last year, will grab the title from bored Bobby Riggs in 1940.

And there is your deep-dish prediction pie for 1940. If our guesses prove to be wrong, we humbly beg your pardon. If they turn out to be right, then It Can Happen Here. Now let's put the crystal ball away, climb into the grandstand, and watch the champs roll by.

THE END

Mr. Gulliver Lives Again

Snow White finds a rival in a famous satire that became a children's classic

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

Full-length cartoon feature in technicolor. Based on Jonathan Swift's satirical fantasy. Music by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Produced by Max Fleischer-Paramount. Running time, 77 minutes.

BACK in 1726 Dean Jonathan Swift wrote a sharp political satire around the story of the shipwrecked Lemuel Gulliver among the Lilliputians. The dean directed his bitter shafts at the trivialities, the meannesses, the injustice of man and the absurdity of his petty pastimes, including war. His tiny people of Lilliput had all the political, social, and military weaknesses of humanity. Swift hated mankind thoroughly, but posterity wreaked a strange vengeance—and his scorching satire became an undying classic for children.

That veteran of animated cartoons, Max Fleischer, has transformed the eighteenth-century satire into a fanciful animated drawing feature for the kiddies. Gulliver is found asleep on the Lilliput beach by the tiny night watchman, he is bound up and carted before pompous King Little, he awakens and bursts his bonds, to the consternation of all Lilliput. But Gulliver is a kindly salt, and he turns out to be a great help—a veritable bulwark of strength—to His Miniature Majesty and all the little loyal subjects.

I'm afraid that Gabby, the nervous discoverer of the shipwrecked human, steals the film from Gulliver and does it very neatly. Probably Gabby and all the other Fleischer fabrications would have irritated the good dean. But what of it? This will be compared to Snow White, of course, and it stands the comparison well. Walt Disney possesses a curious flair for elfish fantastic whimsey. His imagery is something quite apart. Fleischer is more comic-strip-minded. But Snow White had its chilling element of terror.

Gulliver's Travels has none of that. It is a kindly fable—and it is done with ingenuity, humor, and a good measure of imagination.

Music and color run through every inch.

VITAL STATISTICS: It took eighteen months to make this technicolor cartoon feature. Most of the work was done after Max Fleischer moved his studios from Broadway to Miami, Florida. It's a $1,250,000 plant, employs 650 people. . . . Fleischer has four brothers working with him. Dave is production chief and co-head of the plant, Louis tops the music division, Joe directs the machine shop, Charles handles the repair staff. . . . Max Fleischer, brought to this country by his parents when he was four, started twenty-two years ago in his Brooklyn home. Had worked in the art department of the Brooklyn Eagle. His first animated creation was Ko-Ko the Clown. Fleischer's creations include Betty Boop and Popeye and those animated songs with the bouncing ball. . . . If you must know, the singing voices of Princess Glory and Prince David are those of Jessica Dragonette and

Two-timing Tyrone Power and lovely Linda (Day-Time Wife) Darnell.

"Heer's a smile un a glass,
Un a toast un a cheer
Fur th' Season's guid things—
Wee hae maist o' them heer."

"Here's a smile and a glass, And a toast and a cheer
For the Season's good things—We have most of them here."

Scotland's gift to you . . . the good taste of Teacher's . . . . originated a century ago when William Teacher began distilling and blending to achieve perfection in Scotch whisky. Toast your friends with Teacher's.

"It's the flavour"

TEACHER'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
GLASGOW

Made since 1830
by Wm. Teacher &
Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Lanny Ross. The voice of Gulliver belongs to Sam Parker, a radio announcer of Florida's WIOD.

★ ★ MEET DR. CHRISTIAN

THE PLAYERS: Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Enid Bennett, Paul Harvey, Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, Frank Coghlan, Jr., Patsy Lee Parsons, Sarah Edwards, John Kelly, Eddie Acuff. Screen play by Ian McLellan Hunter, Ring Lardner, Jr., and Harvey Gates, based on an original story by Mr. Gates. Adapted from a radio idea by Jack Hasty. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 63 minutes.

JEAN HERSHOLT has been playing the lovable small-town doctor of the radio serial, Dr. Christian. Now he brings to the movies the kindly Minnesota medico who carries much of the town's burdens of River's End on his shoulders.

Here you find the gray-haired physician clashing with the town's most prominent citizen over the need of a hospital and thereby almost losing his post of health commissioner. But the rich man's little daughter is badly hurt in an automobile accident—and you can guess the rest for yourself.

Mr. Hersholt is excellent as Dr. Christian, and a pretty newcomer, Dorothy Lovett, is his attractive office aide. The picture itself is just mild movie fare.

VITAL STATISTICS: Two more Dr. Christian films are scheduled. . . . Can you remember back when the younger Jean Hersholt—that was 1924—played the gusty Frank Norris hero of Erich von Stroheim's Greed? Remember Hersholt as Ed Munn in the original Stella Dallas? His first prominent screen role was in Tess of the Storm Country, with Mary Pickford. Altogether twenty-six years of sterling screen work, more than 300 roles. . . . Dorothy Lovett is a Providence, Rhode Island, girl who, after being graduated from Pembroke College, women's division of Brown, became a radio feature of WPRO. Wrote her own programs, including fashions and cooking. Moving to New York in 1937, she posed for food and auto advs. Then a talent scout, Arthur Milli, signed her for a film test. And there she is. Been in Hollywood eight months.

★ ★ DAY-TIME WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Warren William, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, Joan Davis, Joan Valerie, Leonid Kinskey, Mildred Gover, Renie Riano. Screen play by Art Arthur and Robert Harari, based on a story by Red Taylor. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 72 minutes.

YOU know the story of the wife who discovers that her hubby is stepping out—and decides to step herself. Here he's playing with his secretary, so wifie gets a job as secretary with a personable playboy who likes to play backgammon in his palatial offices. In no time the four meet at a night-club party. Is all this familiar to you, or haven't you been to the movies?

The only redeeming feature is that the old, old yarn is personably played by Tyrone Power and pretty Linda Darnell as the young couple skidding at the approach of their second wedding anniversary. The costumes are sleek and glistening, the dialogue and the denouements aren't.

VITAL STATISTICS: Linda Darnell is the dark-eyed lovely who scored in Hotel for Women, the daughter of a Dallas, Texas, postal clerk who delivers as neatly as her daddy. . . . Ty Power recently found an old film magazine, vintage 1915, in which his father, Tyrone Power, Sr., then a stage-movie star of some consequence, predicted that the movies would have a great influence on young folks of the future, including his "little son." But Power senior never realized how much—or how.

Short review:

★ ★ THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS

Groucho as the slippery lawyer who tries to aid the young circus owner about to be cheated out of his three-ring investment. Not the best Marx farce, nor yet the worst. (85 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

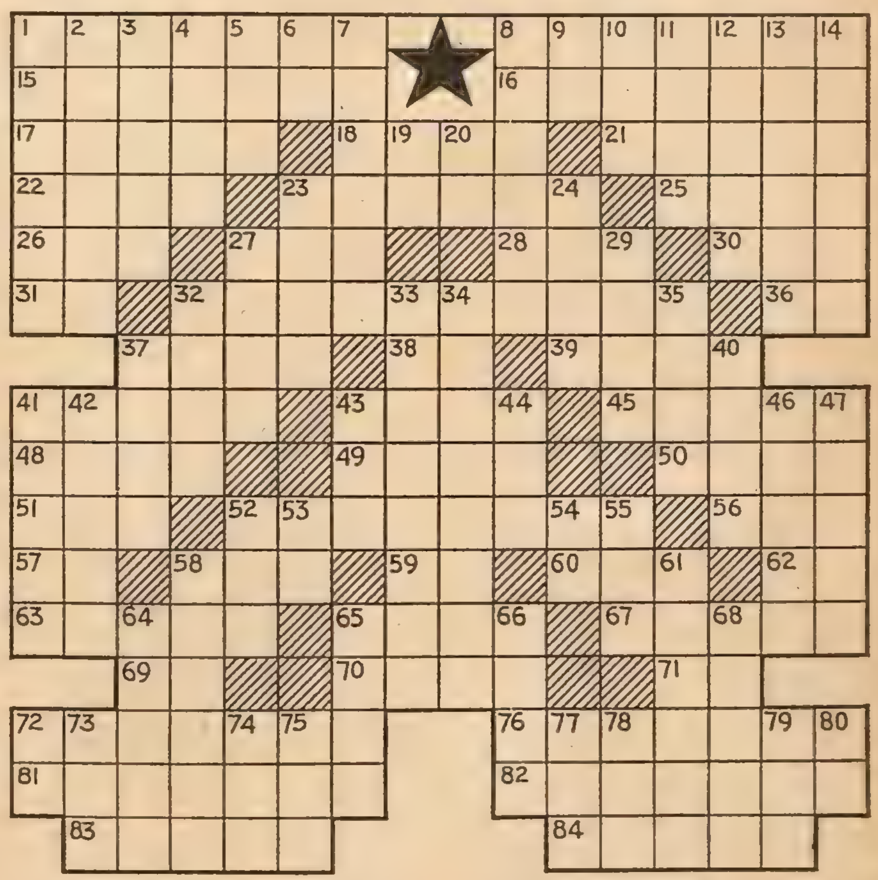
★★★★—That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



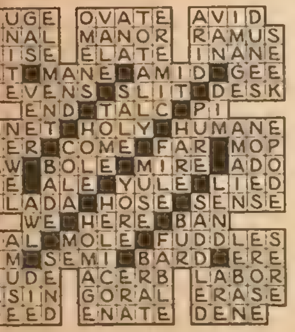
HORIZONTAL

1 It's a gift, folks!
8 What 1940 will be (two words)
15 What backward people travel in
16 The Moor (but not the merrier)
17 What the wind sighed through the evergreen tree (two words)
18 Well known author (abbr.)
21 What camels give you a lift to
22 Ivory-tipped
23 Noodle factory
25 This usually follows an ahem
26 A screwy letter
27 I never refer to myself in this fashion unless talking to myself
28 Pen pernt
30 You can have triplets here with ease
31 Paul of Minnesota
32 Christmas greetings to you, folks! (two words)
36 He buries his mistakes (abbr.)
37 Man o' War's women
38 Underwear Elegance (abbr.)
39 Fist
41 Things grown by dilemmas
43 This gives a sinking sensation to comic strips
45 Golden boy
48 A musician's work
49 The grand nix
50 What dad found himself in after Xmas
51 Part of a lemon
52 Happy stomping grounds
56 A great little dejoiner
57 Lapdog Ritual (abbr.)
58 Unsafe at home
59 Onion Assimilators (abbr.)
60 Most cheering word heard this fall
62 6
63 They're caused by being bored from within
65 To look leery-eyed
67 Ice, mint, and Bourbon, suh!
69 This always remains neutral
70 Short assistant
71 The call of youth
72 1865 model with turret top, all-steel body, shock absorbers, F. O. B. Chesapeake
76 Kind of knees found on a dnude rancher in March
81 Mother Nature's jitters
82 Every fall they dress to kill
83 Divine spots ruined by apple trees
84 This is awfully fashionable, girls

VERTICAL

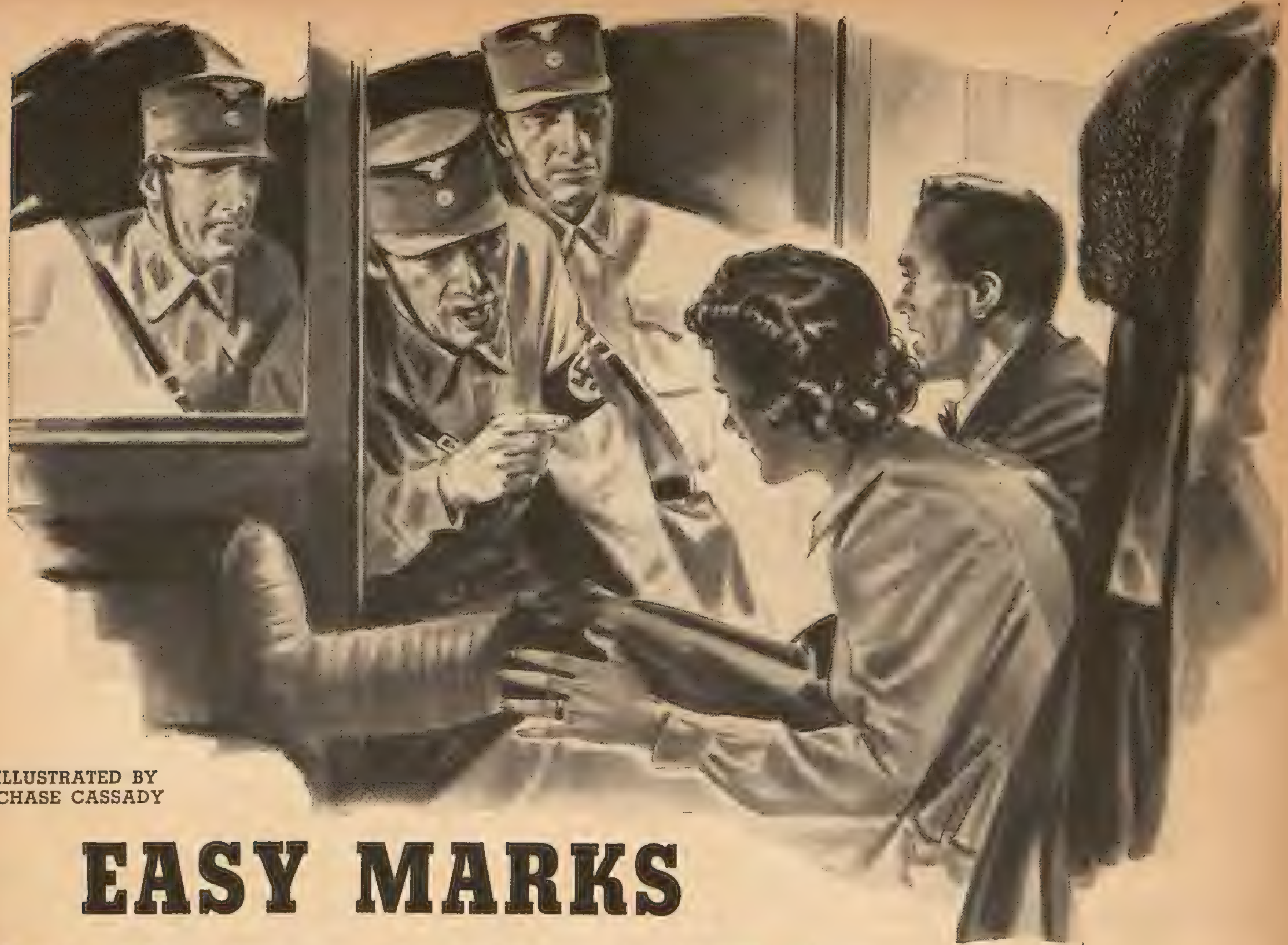
1 A lot of dirty digs (med.)
2 Fancy grub
3 Good-for-nothings
4 Ship
5 Before
6 Opposite directions (abbr.)
7 There's a fortune in the bottom of this
8 Nix nix nix (triple talk)
9 What he did, no doubt, before the gas attack (colloq.)
10 Kind of dunit
11 Assent among the vulgarians
12 Miss Dinsmore
13 Rowed
14 Inedible army roll
19 You'll find complete Concord here (abbr.)
20 A pair of eyeglasses
23 Dunks
24 Created fiction
27 The O'Briens of Dixie
29 Daladier sure made one out of him last election
32 Brinker
33 Were they burned up on Christmas Eve!
34 They're fighting hard to keep the peace
35 This is often followed by a quick turnover
37 This will take an awful beating after Xmas
40 Paradise for two
41 Stickleberry
42 The only thing Italians like without garlic
43 Garbo Vants Love (abbr.)
44 Kind of razzberry
46 It's over your head
47 Kind of tease
52 Elephant on wheels
53 Wot's yer 'urry, 'ere's yer ——!
54 Connection between equals
55 Kind of Gen.
58 What the Toonerville trolley never is (two words)
61 Outside of an old egg
64 Plied with the juice of the grape
65 Poor man's turbines
66 Scratch out a living as an artist
68 Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me!
72 Abbr. higher-up
73 Iron container
74 The weigh of the fat
75 Several 54s down
77 Add a band and get a husband here
78 What an ant's uncle marries
79 Ditto on 5 down
80 Drat Shane (who said that?)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



HUGE OVATE AVID
TONAL MANOR RAMUS
ARISE ELATE INANE
MAT■MANE■AMID■GEE
ELEVENS■SLIT■DESK
END■TALC■PI
GENET■HOLY■HUMANE
AVER■COME■FAR■MOP
LAW■BOLE■MIRE■ADO
ODE■ALE■YULE■LIED
PELADA■HOSE■SENSE
WE■HERE■BAN
ORAL■MOLE■FUDDLES
VIM■SEMI■BARD■ERE
ELUDE ACERB LABOR
RESIN GORAL ERASE
DEED ENATE DENE

Last week's answer



ILLUSTRATED BY
CHASE CASSADY

The officer barked, "You are under arrest." "Under arrest?" echoed Fritz in shocked surprise.

EASY MARKS

A tale of Nazi terror and two who gambled with life

BY HARRISON BRENT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

UNTIL January 10, 1939, Fritz Baumeister was considered one of the most important business men in the little medieval town of Osnabrück. Everybody knew Herr Baumeister and everybody liked him.

Fritz's great-grandfather had founded the Baumeister Chemical Works in 1847, and there had always been a member of the family at the head of the business. That is, until the fateful day of January 10, 1939, when Herr Baumeister sold out to the big National Chemical and Dye Trust.

When the reason for the sale was made public a wave of sympathy for Fritz Baumeister swept over Osnabrück. He had been compelled to retire on account of ill health.

Poor Herr Baumeister, it seems, had been suddenly stricken with gout. He wasn't old, either—just forty-seven. And up to the very moment when the disease first made its appearance Fritz was a strong, vigorous, healthy man.

"What a pity," everybody said. "Such a fine man! So kind, so generous, and so loyal to our Führer."

In all Osnabrück no man was considered a more faithful adherent to the Nazi regime. Whenever the Führer made one of his impassioned addresses, the radio in the Baumeister home was turned on full blast and every syllable of Herr Hitler's eloquent denunciations could be heard halfway down the street. Whenever a parade was in progress, a bouquet of swastika flags blossomed at the Baumeister windows, and when the Brown Shirts passed no arm more rigidly saluted those heroes than Herr Baumeister's.

Both Fritz and his wife Frieda did everything that was required of a loyal follower of der Führer. That is, outwardly. In reality they loathed the Hitler regime and despised every barbaric thing it stood for.

Fritz regarded the entire Nazi program as the last word in cold-blooded ruthlessness and looked upon the cowardly persecution of the Jews as clear evidence of a disintegrated mind.

He never ceased praying for an opportunity to leave the unhappy fatherland.

This, not gout, was the real reason Fritz had not only sold his interest in the chemical works but had also quietly disposed of every piece of property he owned.

Less than six weeks after his retirement Herr Baumeister and his crutches were a familiar sight on the winding, irregular streets of Osnabrück. Whenever weather permitted, he could be seen hobbling around with his left leg heavily swathed in bandages. . . . "My mummy leg" Fritz called it when he stopped to chat with friends, and the feeble witticism was rapidly passed around as an example of Herr Baumeister's good nature under adverse circumstances.

On a sunny afternoon in spring Fritz, after a stroll in the Marienplatz, entered the living room, carefully closed the door, and sat down on the sofa next to his wife.

"Frieda," he said, "it is all arranged. We take the three-o'clock train for Amsterdam tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" she echoed. "Did you get passports?"

"Yes indeed."

"Are you sure everything is in order?" Frieda inquired.

"Sure," answered Fritz, with a reassuring smile.

"Oh, my dear," cried Frieda, "I do

hope everything goes through all right!"

"Don't you worry," said Fritz, patting her hand. "It *will* be all right. And now," he added, "let's go and pack our suitcases. Not too much, remember. Just enough clothes for a week-end. And don't forget to put in my copy of Mein Kampf."

NEXT day at two thirty-five promptly Herr Baumeister and his wife arrived at the Osnabrück station, and very soon were comfortably settled in a second-class compartment on the Amsterdam express. They had not exchanged a word since they had left the taxi. Suddenly the door of their compartment was flung open and three men in uniform stood before them. They were brown-shirted customs police, with heavy revolvers in leather holsters.

The leader of the trio stepped forward, saluted stiffly, and cried: "Heil Hitler! Passport, please."

Herr Baumeister promptly produced it. Without even opening it the official handed it to a subordinate.

"Are you Fritz Baumeister?" he inquired.

"I am," said Fritz.

"And is this your wife?"

"It is," answered Fritz.

The officer barked, "You are under arrest."

"Under arrest?" echoed Fritz in shocked surprise. "What in the world am I arrested for?"

"For attempting to transport money out of Germany illegally. Come along at once."

"But the train is about to leave," said Fritz, "and it's most important that I shouldn't miss it."

"Can't help that," was the reply. "You are under arrest and you and your wife have to come along with me. Get your hat on. Don't bother with your suitcases," he added; "my men will take care of them. Come!"

Frieda helped Fritz to his feet, handed him his crutches, and soon the little procession was slowly on its way back to the station. The customs officials ushered Fritz and Frieda into a large bleak room with whitewashed walls used in emergency by both Customs and Police Departments.

"Sit down," said the officer. "Give me your railroad tickets." And as Fritz handed them over the man added, "And now tell me about the money."

"What money?" said Fritz.

"The money you are trying to smuggle into Holland," bellowed the officer.

"I really don't know what you are talking about, Herr Officer," began Fritz; "but if—"

"Stop your lies!" the man yelled as he struck the table with his fist. Then he took a letter out of a portfolio one of his men was carrying and handed it to Herr Baumeister. It was on plain paper, poorly typed, badly spelled, and unsigned. It was addressed to the Zollkontrolle (Customs Department). Fritz's eyes grew bigger and bigger as he read the letter aloud to Frieda. "Listen to this," he said.

"Osnabrück, May 3.

"Loyalty to der Führer prompts me to report that on the 3 o'clock train to Amsterdam on May 5 you will find Herr Baumeister of 92 Friedrichstrasse, and wife in a second class compartment. You will easily recognize him as he suffers from gout and has his left leg heavily bandaged. If you unwind those bandages you will find under them several thousand marks which Herr Baumeister is attempting to smuggle across the border. Heil Hitler!"

When Fritz had finished reading, his breathing was labored and perspiration appeared on his forehead.

"Surely you don't believe this," he said, turning to the customs officer. "I swear to you, we are only going to Amsterdam on business. Look at our tickets. They are for a round trip. Examine our suitcases and you'll find clothing and toilet necessities."

"We'll attend to all that after I get through with you," he barked. "Take off those bandages."

"Oh, Herr Officer, you can't mean that!" pleaded Frau Baumeister.

"Hold your tongue, woman," was his reply. He turned to Fritz. "Off with those bandages."

"I beg you to send for a doctor first," Fritz pleaded. "The pain—"

"To hell with you and your pain! Either you unwind those bandages or I'll do it myself."

"VERY well, then," said Fritz quietly. "But I warn you that the responsibility for this outrage is all yours and as a loyal member of the National Socialist Party I shall see that your superiors are made aware of your brutal conduct."

"Shut your mouth and undo those bandages," cried the officer. "Otto and Hans, stand beside him and watch every move he makes."

Carefully Fritz began to unwind the linen folds, and as each section was unrolled the three men made a careful examination. When the last covering had been removed, Herr Baumeister's foot and ankle, heavily painted with iodine, were revealed. But not one single mark had been discovered.

The customs officer then ordered the suitcases to be examined. Fritz's wallet was turned inside out; Frieda's handbag as well. But nothing incriminating came forth.

"Take Frau Baumeister to the matron and have her thoroughly searched," he commanded.

Frieda followed the man from the room. The moment she left, the officer began to look at Fritz in a slightly embarrassed manner.

"If you have no objection," said Fritz with sarcasm, "I would like to have my leg rebandaged. It may not interest you, but the pain at the present moment is intense."

"Hans," ordered the officer, "help Herr Baumeister."

But at that point Otto returned with Frau Baumeister and reported that the matron had been unable to find any money on the lady's person.

"May I help my husband?" asked Frieda of the now far from blustering official.

"Please do, Frau Baumeister," he said with a certain deference. Then to Fritz he cried as he mopped his brow: "There must be some mistake! But why would any one have written such a letter?"

"Some people have a rather crude sense of humor," observed Fritz, "and there are plenty enemies of our Führer who would enjoy getting his officials into trouble."

"That must be it. Trying to get us into trouble. I hope, Herr Baumeister, you will overlook my part in this unfortunate affair."

"Oh, you did only what you considered your duty, I suppose," said Fritz magnanimously. "But what worries me is that there is no other train today for Amsterdam and I had a most important engagement there for this evening."

"Could you not telegraph that you had to postpone your appointment until tomorrow?"

"I suppose so. But how about my tickets? Can they be changed?"

"Permit me, Herr Baumeister. I shall take pleasure in arranging that myself with the stationmaster. And allow me to hand you your passports. I trust you will make no complaint over this unfortunate incident."

"You may rest assured about that," said Herr Baumeister graciously. "And now, my dear," he said to Frieda, "give me my crutches and we'll take a taxi home."

"Permit my men to carry your suitcases and secure a taxi for you," said the officer, adding as he raised his arm in salute, "Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" replied Herr Baumeister as he and Frieda left the dreary emergency room. . . .

Fritz and Frieda did not exchange a single word as they drove home. But once they were alone in their house, Fritz squeezed her hand, gave way to a smile that was full of meaning, and slyly remarked, "Heil Hitler!"

THE day following the distressing ordeal with the customs officials the train for Amsterdam left Osnabrück punctually at three o'clock. In a second-class compartment were Herr and Frau Baumeister. Carefully folded under the heavy bandages on that gouty leg was the tidy little sum of 120,000 marks, soon to be turned into good Dutch guilders.

As the train crossed the frontier, Fritz tightly clasped Frieda's hand. For a moment longer they sat in silence. Then, with the tension relieved now that they knew they had made their escape from Germany forever, they both began to chatter excitedly. Suddenly Fritz threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

"I wonder," he said, "what that officer would say if he knew that it was *I* who had written that letter."

THE END

GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID

A woman famous for her parties gives an intimate picture of a man famous for his songs—Cole Porter

BY ELSA MAXWELL

The author and Cole Porter plan Geraldine and Josephine's coming-out party.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

JOSEPHINE was a perfect lamb, but Geraldine was a holy terror. The selfsame specialists who had nothing but praise for Josephine shook their heads and sighed and said they were very much afraid that Geraldine was incorrigible. It looked to them as if they would have to do away with Geraldine.

"Mr. Porter must realize," they argued, "that his very life is endangered by the behavior of Geraldine."

Mr. Porter realized it all right, but Mr. Porter—Mr. Cole Porter of the Great White Way, New York—was firmly determined not to part with Geraldine. He loved her as much as he did Josephine, which was only natural. What man would love his right leg less than his left one? For that is precisely what "Geraldine" and "Josephine" were — the pet names which Cole Porter, today's foremost composer of musical comedies, gave to his two legs, broken in the early autumn of 1937, when the man who wrote My Heart Belongs to Daddy was thrown off a horse in Locust Valley, Long Island.

Today, two years later, Geraldine has finally mended her ways and her proud possessor is up and about. But no one who knows and loves him will ever forget the bleak winter of 1937-38. For months and months his doctors were of the opinion that they would have to amputate his right leg. His doctors—but not he. Nobody, said Cole, was going to amputate a leg of his. Operate on it, yes, by all means, but no amputating. . . . And so a series of operations took place, and all sorts of drugs had to be used in order to relieve the patient of excruciating pains.

And yet, believe it or not, Cole Porter actually wrote—at least in his mind—the major part of Leave It to Me during the short spells between those operations. That the gayest show of the decade should have been written by a man threatened with an amputation is most unusual, to be sure; but everything about Cole Porter has been, is, and I suppose always will be most unusual.

To begin with, unlike so many other successful composers, he was not born in Poland, Russia, or Austria but in Peru, Indiana, of all places. To continue: He never peddled newspapers, worked as a singing waiter, or pounded the ivories in Tin-Pan Alley but instead spent the "formative" years of his life in New Haven writing songs (the famous Bulldog-Bulldog among them), playing practical jokes on Yale's class of 1913, and having an altogether marvelous time. And finally: He never made any attempt at glorifying the American Mother. The nearest he ever came to following in the steps of so many of his colleagues was a take-off on Al Jolson which he wrote some years ago but never published. That particular opus of his, which he gave me to have and to hold, was entitled: Al Jolson's Newest Knockout, That Old Siena Memmi o' Mine.

Lest the idea of a Mammy parody should seem irreverent to those who prefer to take their Al Jolson straight, let me hasten to explain that, like all men with a real sense of humor, Cole Porter has very little, if any, sense of reverence. One of the most successful men who ever hit Broadway, he does not for a second overestimate the part played by Broadway in his country's life.

If he thinks little of Broadway, he thinks still less of Park Avenue. Although idolized by society, he never misses a chance to take a crack at it. In fact the very best joke ever played on the international stuffed shirts was played by him. It happened in Paris, in the spring of 1925. The Coolidge boom market was just getting under way and the American visitors in Paris were specializing in entertaining real and phony foreign titles. One morning I opened my newspaper and saw a headline which read:

"Elsa Maxwell gave a large dinner party last night for Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fitch."

I rubbed my eyes. In the first place, I had never heard of any one by the name of Fitch, and in the second place, I had gone to bed very early the night before and certainly had not given any dinner party. The first shock over, I went on reading the description of my magnificent "dinner party." I discovered that every one who had an English, French, Indian, or even a Georgian title had been present; that the humblest of my guests had at least three syllables in his or her name; and that all of them came to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fitch of Muskogee, Oklahoma. According to my newspaper, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fitch, a fabulously wealthy couple, did not wish to be bothered while in Europe and would be neither photographed nor interviewed. That last phrase disclosed the fine Italian hand of Cole Porter. I telephoned to him at once and said:

"What's the big idea? Who are those Fitches, anyway?"

"There aren't any," said Cole. "But that's the beauty of it. Before the summer is over they will be the most exclusive and sought-after couple in Europe. Just leave it to me."

The following week the newspapers announced that Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fitch of Muskogee, Oklahoma, had left to take a cure at Karlsbad, where they would be the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cole Porter along with a dozen or so of the choicest and utterly unpronounceable titles that only Cole Porter could have thought up. Numerous acquaintances of mine called me up that day and made no bones about the fact that they were slightly peeved at being snubbed by the Fitches, Cole Porter, and myself.

"At least you could have let us give some sort of party for them."

I answered that I felt exceedingly sorry but that the Fitches were very, very choosy about the people from whom they accepted invitations.

A whole month was spent by Cole in showing central Europe to Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fitch. He took them hunting in Hungary, where they met people who certainly couldn't have pronounced their own names. He took them on a cruise off the Dalmatian coast and introduced them to every single member of Graustarkian royalty, and he was just about to invade Turkey when I did him dirt. I announced in the columns of my favorite newspaper in Paris that while Mrs. S. R. Fitch still continued to be a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cole Porter, Mr. S. R. Fitch had walked out on his host and joined a house party of Miss Elsa Maxwell's on the French Riviera.

An indignant wire arrived from Cole: "Lay off Fitches if you know what's good for you." I met his challenge by releasing the photograph of Mr. S. R. Fitch to the newspapers. The distinguished visitor from Muskogee looked pretty terrible in that photograph, which was not surprising at all, considering that a friend of mine who posed as Mr. Fitch was wearing false whiskers and the most old-fashioned bathing suit that could be found in France.

THE Fitch epic continued for several months more. The only interview ever given by the couple while in Europe was released by them to the press through none other than Mr. Cole Porter. They said that they were very glad to leave because they hated every blessed American in Europe. The newspaper that published that interview was flooded with letters of protest from its readers. The selfsame people who would have given their right arm to meet Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fitch were accusing them now of intolerable snobbishness. That was that. The Fitches never came back, not because they wanted to stay in Muskogee but because the society editors in France were tipped off by a New York columnist that they had been taken for a ride by Cole Porter.

Six years passed before I or any one again heard of the "most sought-after American couple in Europe." On the opening night of Cole Porter's Gay Divorcee, I nearly fell out of my chair when I heard Fred Astaire burst into a song describing the life and deeds of Mr. and Mrs. Fitch.

It was extremely characteristic of Cole Porter to have unearthed the Fitches. Extremely characteristic because he is the world's most determined hoarder of tunes and ideas. Money means nothing to him. But tunes and ideas! . . . Generous to a fault, always willing and ready to help any deserving individual or cause, he keeps money in circulation but tunes in a strongbox. The "boys" who were graduated from Yale in 1913 swear up and down that some of the songs which the nation was to whistle years and years later were thought up by Cole when still in New Haven.

Thought up and salted away. They had to be salted away because their creator was at least a decade ahead of his time.

WHEN first I met him in 1915 he was already, in spite of his youth, an all-round composer of light music and lyrics. His wit was as sharp and his tunes as catchy as they are now, but not until thirteen years later, not until Broadway beheld his Fifty Million Frenchmen in 1928, was he to become the Great God Brown of the box office. The public had to come of age and get over its weakness for sugar and honey before it was ready to enjoy Porter's pepper and vinegar.

In the meanwhile Cole did what he would never have been able to do had he become an instantaneous success. He lived. He fought in the war—he joined the French a year ahead of Woodrow Wilson—he traveled and met all kinds of people in all kinds of countries, he learned a great deal about the phonies masquerading as Great Social Leaders, and he developed his unique gift for satire, unspoiled by too much success or too much acclaim.

Europe knew him as the Playboy of the Western World. His real friends realized that he was an indefatigable worker and a brilliant creator who was bound, sooner or later, to come into his own. But the mobs that were storming the smart European resorts in the mad, mad 1920s thought of him as that little man who lived in the biggest palace in Venice and whose pranks were the talk of two continents. His pranks were unique, I must admit, but even his pranks had a certain social significance. One example shall suffice.

There was an old colored woman in Paris who worked in a night club and whom Cole and I got to know and like. She admitted to us in an unguarded moment that her greatest ambition was to "rub elbows with the swells." She would, she said, give ten years of her life if she could so much as "peep in" on that famous annual Charity Ball which features the presence of everybody who is anybody in Paris. A beautiful European princess was to be at that ball, and our friend thought that she was just about the very last word in elegance. . . . Cole listened to her gravely, then said:

"I will take you to that ball."

"But, Mr. Porter, I haven't got a dress that's good enough. . . ."

"Don't you worry," said Cole. "I will attend to that too."

He certainly did attend to that . . . and how! . . . He got in touch with Molyneux, the dressmaker who was supplying this princess with her clothes, and said that he wanted to order a dress for one of his friends, a replica of the dress that the princess was to wear at the Charity Ball.

And so it came to pass that our friend appeared at the Charity Ball in a dress that was a one-hundred-per-cent twin of the princess's dress, causing thereby a near riot among the stuffed shirts and phonies.

Cole does not hesitate to poke fun at any one or anything he believes deserving of a lesson. In spite of our long friendship, he took me to the cleaner's in his Jubilee. He was getting a bit tired of my habit of referring to everybody as "my most intimate friend." Hence that side-splitting song in Jubilee about "Elsa Maxwell and her forty thousand intimate friends." . . . Did I mind that song? Not at all. I felt that I had it coming to me—a good dose of medicine—and I enjoyed it.

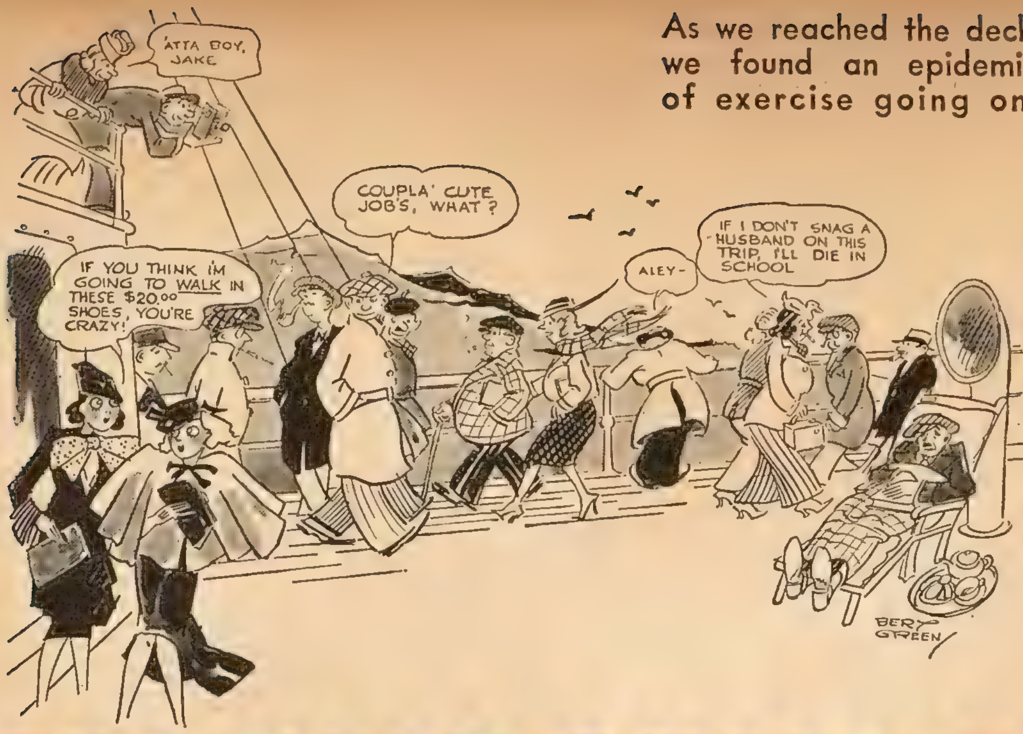
FIFTY Million Frenchmen, Porter's first full-fledged box-office smash, was followed by such hits as Gay Divorcee, Anything Goes, Jubilee, Red Hot and Blue, the motion-picture version of Rosalie, Leave It to Me, etc., etc. His latest show, Du Barry Was a Lady, is scheduled to open in New York early this month.

Today, eleven years after his first big success, Cole Porter is universally recognized as the world's Number One composer of musical comedies. He is to our generation what Gilbert and Sullivan were to theirs. His satire is just as merciless and he, too, hides the face of a philosopher and reformer behind the gay mask of a royal entertainer.

His achievement, however, is greater than that of the authors of The Pirates of Penzance. Gilbert the poet needed the aid of Sullivan the musician, whereas Cole Porter needs only Cole Porter. His lyrics—he writes every word himself—are as excellent as his music and as easy to remember.

Cole Porter is in no way different today from what he was before Broadway discovered him. He still loves life. He still hates sham and hypocrisy. He still possesses a knack for spotting phonies at a distance of ten miles. And he has managed to reach the very top of his profession without dropping a single friend or acquiring a single enemy. His three closest pals today happen to be three men who were his classmates at Yale. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is a record!

THE END


ATTA BOY, JAKE
COUPLA' CUTE JOB'S, WHAT?
IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO WALK IN THESE $20.00 SHOES, YOU'RE CRAZY!
ALEY-
IF I DON'T SNAG A HUSBAND ON THIS TRIP, I'LL DIE IN SCHOOL
BERT GREEN

As we reached the deck, we found an epidemic of exercise going on.

THE GOLD RUSHERS

Get aboard for laughs! A new day dawns for two gay daughters of sudden fortune

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART TWO—THE GOLD RUSHERS

HOT canine! Here we are on Mr. Cunard's surfboard the Elegantia. Whata ship, and whata life! It hardly seems possible that a week or two ago I was polishing celluloid in a barbershop and my girl friend was resting from peddling mousetraps in the 5 & 10. But that's my story and you're stuck with it.

Well, boys and girls, as we ankled through the beautiful Main Lounge we were floored. All around us were gorgeously gowned dames and handsome men all bon-voyaging one another. Oh boy, and when we reached our luxurious cabin, we thought we had drawn Eddie Windsor's Royal Suite by mistake.

The steward had hardly escorted us to our quarters, than Lenora Glenn—my side-kick—flopped herself on the white kid chaise longue among the downy pillows and gasped: "Who'd ever imagine us two woiking goils would be shoving off to gay Paree in a wha-hooing parlor like this!"

"Are you asking me?" I chuckled. "It's all very scenario, and if we don't grab a couple of millionaire husbands on this man's barge, it won't be our fault."

"Speaking of men," said Lenora, dimpling, "did you see that tall good-looking thing with the dreamy blue eyes at the gangway? He tossed me the cutest smile. And what a ritzy car he had, too. A big shiny supercharger with a pair of liveried goo-goos in the bow."

"Ye gods, girl, who was he? A magic-lantern hero?" I asked with pardonable curiosity.

"Search me, but from the looks of him he must have forty-two bucks for every bone in a mackerel. His initials are R. B. G. if that means anything. I lamped them on his door."

"You would!"

"The point is, how'll we meet him—later?"

"Listen, kid," I told her. "If he's a customer on this glorified canoe, we'll find him, if we have to call out the marines."

For a moment Lenora looked doubtful. "Listen, Beverly," she finally said. "I've got an idea. Let's not tell *any* one we're *traveling* on a *sweepstake* prize."

"What's the gag?" I asked. "Winning the Ups an' Downs, or whatever it is, is something to be *proud* of."

"I know all that," she said impatiently. "But let's *make people think* we're a couple of *wealthy gals* making our annual sojourn in Paris. It will add to our prestige and make us important. Get it?"

"Don't be idiotic!" I replied. "Why, we've never been aboard a *liner* before, much less to *Paris*."

"True." She insisted, "But if we *get away with it*, look what it means!"

Well, after kicking the Social Register idea back and forth, my girl friend won me over. So, after browsing through a stack of travel pamphlets, we memorized the names of several European show places and decided to pose as two Park Avenue society cuties traveling abroad.

The next morning, after breakfast, we took the "lift" to the promenade deck to see what an ocean voyage had to offer in the form of a couple of millionaires who might be beguiled into listening to a few bars of Lohengrin. As we reached the deck, we found an epidemic of exercise going on. All the customers were pacing the deck like they were under a contract to wear out their shoes. We joined the procession, but after two turns around we were sunk.

"Let's flop here," gasped Lenora. "My dogs are barking."

Well, boys and girls, in case you have never been on an ocean voyage before, I'll endeavor to give you the lowdown on a hard day at sea. As I said before, the marathon comes after breakfast. The voyagers usually carry a book under their arm, preferably Emerson, Aristotle, Plato, Confucius, or some other high-powered skull. This classifies you as one of the intelligentsia even if you can't read.

After each turn around the deck your batteries get so run down you have to traipse into the cocktail lounge and have them recharged with Scotch-and-soda. This routine is kept up until eleven ayem. By this time you are half swacked and exhausted, so you flop in your steamer chair. Hardly are you parked, when along comes the deck steward with a nickel-plated kiddy car. He slips you a bowl of "mutton broth" and some pilot biscuits you couldn't dent with an ax. After you've inhaled the broth, you are so pepped up you make a beeline for the cocktail lounge again and order a Shark's Breath, which has no more kick to it than a sixteen-inch gun. You then make for the sports deck and engage in a game called shuffleboard, played by shoving swollen aspirin tablets along the deck.

By this time it's time for lunch, so you go below and fold yourself around a little snack consisting of cantaloup frappé, mock-turtle soup, avocado salad, roast beef à la Holstein, two baked potatoes, and top it with a suet pudding that would floor the American Expeditionary Forces. You then stagger back to your steamer chair and sleep for an hour or so.

At four pyem along comes the deck steward again. This time he services you with a mess of "tea and tarts." Once the Oolong is digested, you make your way to the gymnasium, the therapeutic baths, or massage parlor, where a native of Copenhagen ties knots in your vertebrae. If you survive this ordeal, it is time for cocktails, so you go to the bar once again and tee off with something mild like a French 76 that sneaks. This is a concoction of brandy, Cointreau, hashish, and a dash of ether.

Lenora and I hoisted three shots and we were as stiff as a head waiter's shirt. Honestly, if you could have seen us trying to climb into our two-way stretch when we dressed for dinner you would have fried.

After dinner the boat began doing the Lambeth Walk, so I ankled to our suite and Lenora went on deck to en-

★ ★ ★
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COGNAC BRANDY

With the aid of the "Christmas Spirit Past," Scrooge re-lives his youth at the Fezziwigs' Christmas party.

FOR almost a hundred years before Dickens penned his immortal story "A Christmas Carol," Hennessy Cognac Brandy had played a leading role in yuletide festivities throughout the world. Let this incomparable Cognac help to make *your* Christmas merrier... by its flavourful presence in plum pudding and mince pie... as after-dinner liqueur... as a happy solution to the "What to give?" problem. Remember your friends with a flask or fifth of Three-Star Hennessy... and, of course, don't forget yourself.

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joy the moonlight. She had only been gone a half hour when she came flying back, her eyes like head lamps.

"Oh boy!" she pants. "Who do you suppose is parked in the next steamer chair to mine?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "Who?"

"None other than Robert Barrington Grosvenor—the guy with the big car. The good-looking he-devil who threw me the smile as we came aboard in New York. I've been *talking* to *him.* He's got the longest lashes—"

"But has he any *dough?*" I cut in.

"Dough?" she exclaimed, hurriedly putting on a new face. "I'll say he has. His old gent's president of a *can* company and Robert's the head of an *oil* syndicate."

"So he's an oil can!" I cracked.

"Cut the comedy!" she sneered. "Step on it! I want you to meet him."

I climbed into the cutest ensemble I owned and up on deck I went. I must admit that Robert Barrington Grosvenor was all Lenora said he was—and *more!* He had eyes like Clark Gable, a physique like Errol Flynn, and an UMPH like Rhett Butler. Whoops, my dear, what's what!

"I'm charmed to meet you," he said in a lordly manner that would ruin Anthony's Eden.

"It's a pleasure," I replied with a gracious smile.

Then he tenderly wrapped me in a steamer rug and sat between us. Well, honestly, I've never listened to such a brilliant conversationalist in my life. Having graduated from Yale's knowledge box, he discussed world affairs, art, music, and literature like nobody's never-mind. He referred to his hops to Cannes, Biarritz, and Monte Carlo like I take the subway. It was so refreshing to listen to some one who didn't use dese and dems.

"May I ask what you young ladies intend doing on the Continent?" he inquired.

"Why—er—" I hesitated. "First we're going to stop at the Savoy in London, then we're going to Paris."

"Where will you reside in Paris?" he asked, tapping a monogrammed cigarette on his platinum case.

"At the Louvre," said Lenora with an offhand air.

"At the Louvre?" chuckled Robert. "Why, that's an *art gallery!*"

Seeing my girl friend had pulled a skull, I tried to come to her rescue.

"That's one thing you'll learn about Miss Glenn," I said, attempting to laugh it off. "She sure gets her names twisted. We're really stopping at the Gare St. Lazare."

"Worse yet!" roared Robert. "The Gare St. Lazare's a railway station."

Don't you love it?

Thinking I'd better confine our visits to the U. S. and A., I made a few cracks about our town house and our visits to Southampton and Miami.

Will Regan put a snag in the girls' matrimonial plans? Be on hand next week to follow the husband hunt. Watch Lenora go down for the count before the soulful eyes of a Count!

Just then, who ankled along the deck but a guy I thought I'd seen before but couldn't place. A heavy-set, redheaded bird wearing a green-checkered coat and giddy sport shoes.

"Well, if it isn't little Beverly West!" he exclaims, displaying his gold tooth.

"I guess you must be mistaken," I snapped, with carbolic in my voice.

"That's a pip!" he laughed, throwing back his head like a kid. "Think of meetin' you on this paddle-wheeler. How's Tony and the old *barbershop?*"

Oh boy, when he mentioned the barbershop I recognized him as "One-Round Regan," a second-rate prizefighter. Honestly, my face turned a rosy red. I took a peek at Mr. Grosvenor to see how he was taking my shellacking, but all I could see was a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"Remember the old gang?" continued the roughneck. "Remember Cockeyed Sweeney and Minnie Quinn and Lefty McGee? 'S funny, they all made a *name* for theyselves. Cockeye's cappin' for the nags, Minnie married a guy who owns a chop-suey dive, Lefty got life in Alcatraz, and me, I'm peddlin' scrap iron to the Spaniards. We *all* got out in front!"

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Grosvenor," I gulps, jumping up. "I've got a splitting headache."

With that, I made a beeline for our suite with Lenora at my heels.

"For the love of Pete," she gasped, slamming the door, "who in heaven's name is that *tough egg?*"

"He used to be a customer in the barbershop," I sobbed, half hysterical.

"Now, isn't *this* a nice load of clams!" snorts Lenora. "Here we've been bragging about Newport and our town house to a millionaire and along comes this dizzy dope who ruins the works. What's *Robert* going to *think of us now?*"

"I wouldn't know!" I moaned, burying my face in the pillow.

THE END

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw and sensitive. Yet, because of his business and social status, one out of every 7 men must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture is contained in this rich cream. It won't dry on your face. Applied with the fingers, it quickly softens each whisker. A protective layer is formed over which your razor glides. Off comes each hair at the base without scraping. Like a cold cream, yet not greasy, Glider helps keep your skin smooth all day. Glider is the result of nearly 100 years' experience in making fine shaving preparations. FREE—tube of Glider. Send your name and address today. The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. KG1, Glastonbury, Conn.

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000 IN 223 CASH PRIZES; YOUR CHANCE TO WIN MONEY IS EXCELLENT

STARGAZING CONTEST

BEGINS ON THIS PAGE

ON this page Liberty presents another opportunity through which you can hitch your financial wagon to the stars. As explained in the Rules at the right, which you should read carefully before starting your entry, the names of twenty of the better known stars of screen and microphone will be hidden in the stars in the puzzles in this series.

Puzzle No. 1 on this page easily solves into the name of a Hollywood luminary soon to appear in the long-waited film version of a best seller of recent memory. Puzzle No. 2 reveals an entertainer appearing more often over the air than on the screen. Write each name in the space provided under the puzzle.

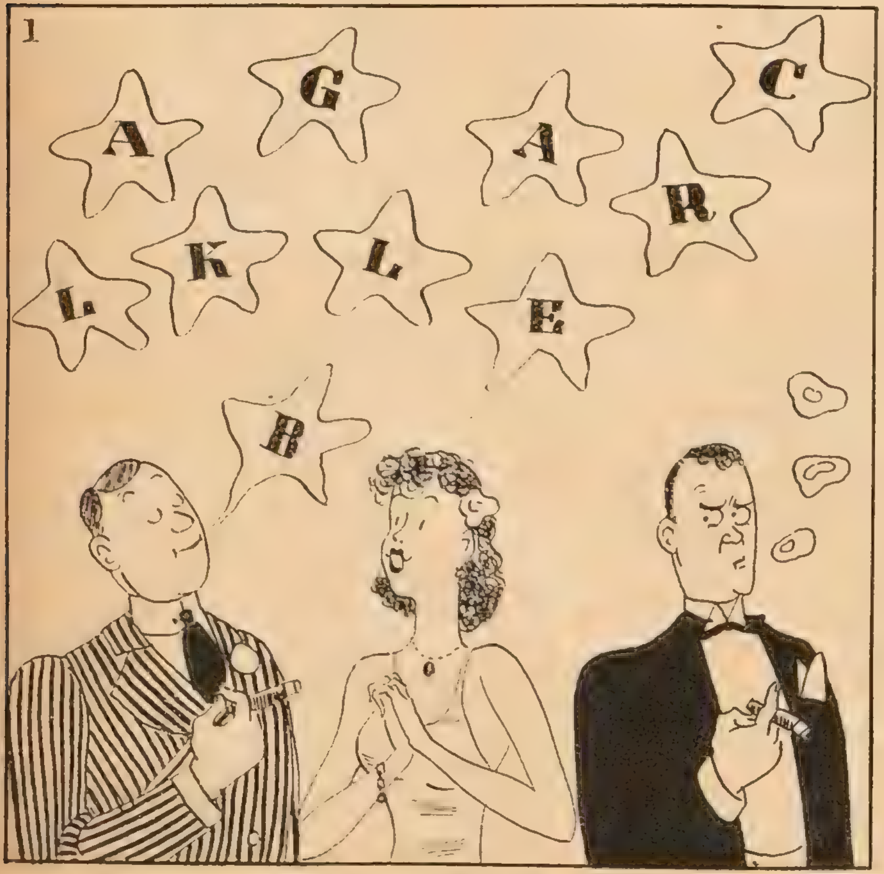
Now you are well on your way toward completion of a successful entry. You may be the one to capture the $500 cash First Prize! There may be that well worth-while addition to your budget in the stars of this contest for you. Or perhaps it is the $200 Second Prize, or the $100 Third Prize. And just look at the other opportunities to get into the money! More than two hundred of them. Be sure that you take full advantage of this chance to find your fortune in the stars. The $2,000 has been set aside for the winners. It's ready and waiting. Will you claim a substantial share for your own? Puzzles 3 and 4 in the Stargazing series will appear next week. Watch for them.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.
2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.
3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.
4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



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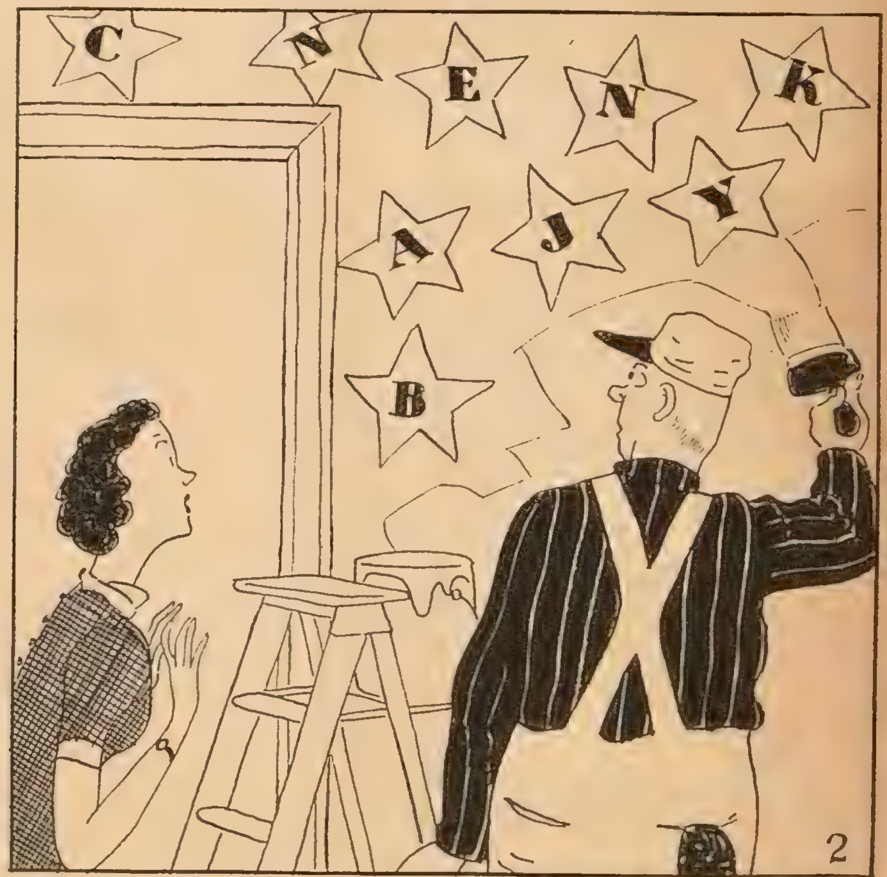

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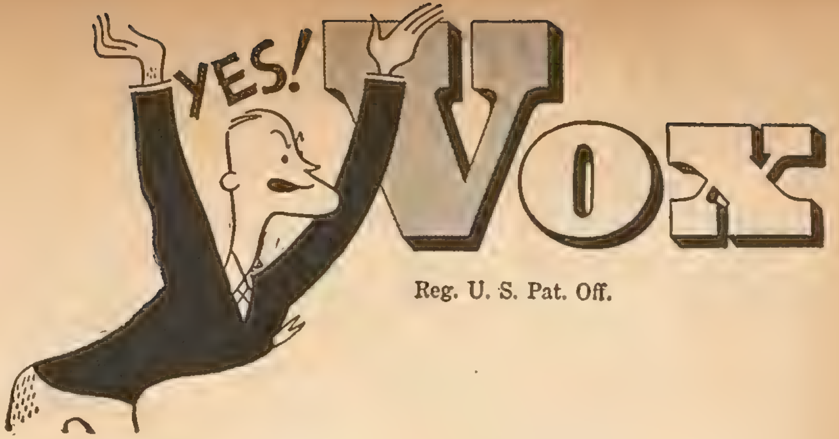


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"TRUTH WITH A TWIST"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In Clyde R. Miller's article " Truth . . . With a Twist "—the Other Side (November 25 Liberty) he states: " I know of no ' Society for the Integrity of the News.' " Is he not taking advantage of a slight error in my November 18 article? He does, however, know of exactly the same thing by another name.

When I was digging into this matter, I received from one of those who were in on the original proposition the information that it was called the " Society for the Integrity of the News." Subsequently I learned that it was known by various names; for instance, the " Federation for the Integrity of Public Information."

I have before me a letter signed by Ferdinand Lundberg concerning this group. He says:

" I have already mentioned the matter to Dr. Counts, who is enthusiastic and promises to line up Dr. Dewey, Dr. Beard, Dr. Harry Ward, Bishop Francis E. McConnell, Dean Newlon and others as an editorial advisory board."

In another letter Lundberg says:

" Nothing has been decided in advance, so there will be no take-it-or-leave-it fait accompli dumped in the lap of those meeting with Dr. Beard, which will include Jesse Newlon, Heywood Broun, Dr. Counts, myself, Clyde Beals, George Leighton of Harpers and some others. The meeting and the project is, of course, confidential."

Soon Lundberg's signature disappears from the correspondence in my possession and the name of Clyde R. Miller appears. It would seem from the correspondence that by this time the managing spirits in the Federation for the Integrity of Public Information were Professor George Counts and Clyde R. Miller. In a letter I have, dated March 18, 1935, the phrase " integrity of the news " appears. It was undoubtedly this name that stuck in the memory of my informant.

I should like to ask Professor Miller exactly what great difference there is in fact whether his Propaganda Analysis grew out of an organization called the " Federation for the Integrity of Public Information " or the " Society for the Integrity of the News." He knew what I meant. He knew that there had been organization meetings, luncheons, and conferences concerning this organization. He knew that these plans were concocted before Propaganda Analysis came into existence. He knew that at least a few of his leading collaborators were notorious fellow travelers, men who often acted as window dressing for the Red crowd. He knew that they were in on this thing before Filene's money appeared. For in one of these letters it appears that money is needed and that a promise of financing " to the extent of $10,000 or $15,000 may be obtained through the instrumentality of Mr. Frank Palmer of the Federated Press." Filene's name does not come into the story at this stage.

In a word, Clyde Miller, searcher for the truth, archfoe of the innuendo and the implication, catches me stubbing my toe on the word " Society " instead of " Federation," and " News " instead of " Public Information," which later becomes " News " in his own correspondence. Instead of correcting my error for the sake of accuracy, he hides behind it for the sake of propaganda. " Oh, no! " he says. " There was no such thing as you talk about." But he does not tell us what really did exist.

Is that the full truth? Is that scientific precision in the interest of exact information to the public? — *George E. Sokolsky.*

ANOTHER LID TO LIFT

PELLA, IA. — I have just read the second installment of The Lid Off Los Angeles (November 18 Liberty) and think it is wonderful. However, this pertains only to a community. Why don't you take the lid off the county, state, and national American Medical Association?

This would have a bearing on every community and individual in America.—*R. M. Martin.*

GO AHEAD!

RACINE WIS REQUEST PERMISSION REPRODUCE YOUR ARTICLE
"GRAFT—THE NEW LANDLORD"
WITH FULL CREDIT
W C REYNOLDS
THE RACINE JOURNAL TIMES

THE UNITED STATES BETTER BECAUSE OF LIBERTY

EL CAJON, CALIF. — Mr. Oursler's Inked Out (November 4 Liberty) says something that has needed saying for a long, long time.

If newspaperdom doesn't clean its own septic tank, the day isn't so far distant when it will be done for it. Censorship is in the offing, ready to serve—ready, if need be, to impose a central control.

Travel leisurely over the highways and byways of this country and listen to the constantly swelling rumble: " Damn them newspapers. They're ag'in' us! "

As an ex-New York City newspaperman and theatrical press agent, I congratulate Mr. Oursler. The United States is better because of Liberty, and that is the best thing that can be said of anything or anybody.—*Hubbard Nye.*

CAREER WIFE AND F. D. R.

CHICAGO, ILL. — The two questions on the cover of November 11 Liberty read:

DO CAREER WOMEN WRECK THEIR MEN?

WILL WAR IN EUROPE SAVE ROOSEVELT?

Now, we know Mrs. Roosevelt has had a supreme career, so will it take the European war to save Franklin D.? What Price B'gorry?—*Robert von Knopke.*

WHY USE FEMALES IN DEPICTING WAR?

WHITESBORO, N. Y.—Nothing burns me up more than to see a picture such as was used on the cover of November 18 Liberty.

Will you be so kind as to explain why illustrators such as Mr. C. D. Batchelor use females in depicting war? It seems to me illustrators would use men, who are the cause of war and horror of war, instead of women, who are doing everything in their power to prevent war.

I can assure you there are many women who feel as I do about these pictures, and if illustrators have to paint, let them paint the true picture. —*(Miss) R. M. Francis.*

BEFORE I WAS, I AM

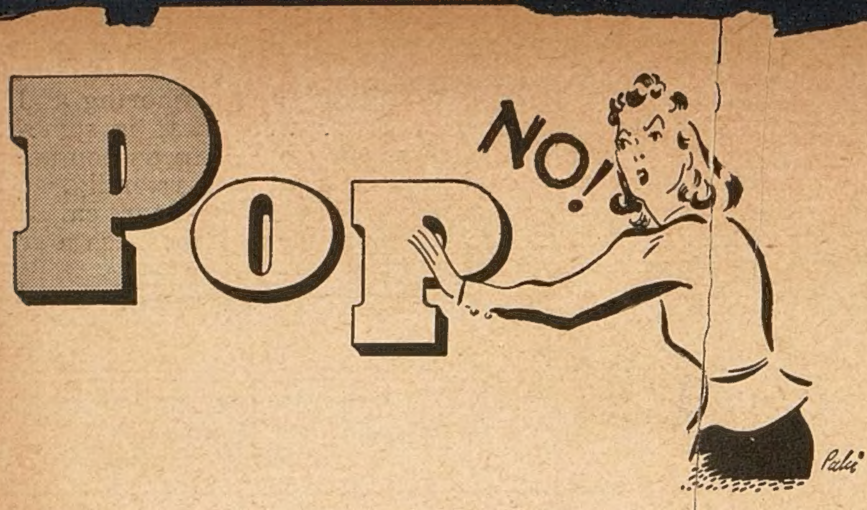
RICHMOND, IND.—There is no subject so elusive and fascinating as man's existence on the earth. Nevertheless, after sixty years of life, reviewing and pondering the evidence gathered from anthropologists, historians, scientists, philosophers, ecclesiastics, sentimentalists, and the common folk, the following is my conclusion:

READING TIME ● 17 SECONDS

After an eternity before I was, I am; and it is far less difficult to grasp the possibility that I might be again than it is to comprehend how it ever was that I am at all.—*R. F. Van Voorhis.*

VENUS CAN BE SMART!

LOUISVILLE, KY. — One of the greatest mistakes is that beautiful people are necessarily dumb. On the contrary, intelligence seems to accompany beauty in a surprisingly large percentage of cases. A



good example of this is the fact that, without intelligence, many of our stage and screen stars, whose beauty is so well known to us today, would never have been able to gain recognition, nor would they have been able to retain their places. Many surveys tend to show that beauty and brains go together more often than not. And I'm not beautiful, either.—*Clara Fitzroy.*

TRACING AMERICANISM TO ITS SOURCE

COLUMBUS, OHIO — Many times I have admired Mr. Macfadden extravagantly and many times I have cussed him profusely for his editorials.

In the latter category falls his Tracing Americanism to Its Source (November 18 Liberty). I won't go into any detailed argument about this editorial, but suffice it to say that his incessant excoriations of the New Deal administration stamps him as one saying, "Everybody is out of step but me."

Just one point in this article. He says: "The responsibility for relief, if it cannot be borne within the family, should be assumed by the town. If the town is not able to financially bear the load, then it becomes the duty of the state." That is all both true and logical. Then why does he not continue, logically, and say, "If the state is not able to financially bear the load, then it becomes the duty of the nation"? If I live in Brownsville, Kansas, and can be taxed to help the relief load in Jonesville, Kansas, then why should I not be taxed to help bear the relief in Smithville, Arizona, if Smithville and Arizona are both unable to bear the burden?—*Robert Whitfield.*

PICTURE PUZZLE OF STAMPS

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.—You may not be one with me in approving the versatility of Postmaster General Farley in his art contributions by way of the humble postage stamp, yet I crave to suggest a new stamp issue.

The United States is mapping itself by airplane. Why not signalize this work by issuing a stamp bearing each state map as soon as a new state is covered? The issue, completed, would form the forty-eight or fifty parts of a picture puzzle. Pieced together, these stamps would exhibit the first optically perfect map of the United States. Their printed legends should follow the margins, so that by overlapping they could be excluded, leaving only each state's name across its stamp's face and affording an unimpeded view of the nation.

Philatelists should receive this hint with joy. Mr. Farley will have provided himself with a pastime for his declining years, collecting the parts of the picture of his former stamping ground. — *Battell Loomis.*

PRIEST COMMENDS SHADOW OF THE MASTER

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The reproduction, by Anthony Abbot and Achmed Abdullah, of the Christian reparation spirit in the Liberty serial The Shadow of the Master, is more than dramatic — it is soul-searching and absolute. —*Rev. Dermot McArdle.*

PARCEL POST "COLLECT"

VAN ALSTYNE, TEX.—Mr. R. C. Lord (November 18 Vox Pop) is the one who made the mistake. Parcel post can be sent collect. The sender can pay the postage and send it C. O. D. for the amount he paid, and he will receive a money order for his postage when the C. O. D. is accepted by the addressee. — *F. T. Moore, Assistant Postmaster.*

HOW WORD "DAY" WAS USED IN BIBLE

BOONTON, N. J.—Apparently the length of time God took to create the earth has developed quite a controversy in Vox Pop. Here is the explanation that ought to be obvious to any one who has read the Bible:

The word "day" was used merely to denote a passage of time. It most certainly doesn't mean any definite length of time. It says in the Bible that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years," and "a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past," meaning that to God there are no limitations to time.—*Believer in Truth.*

A PAGE FOR YOUNGSTERS?

JACKSON, MISS.—Why not have a page set aside for young people only? This page could be made up of stories and articles sent in by high-school students who are interested in writing and poetry.

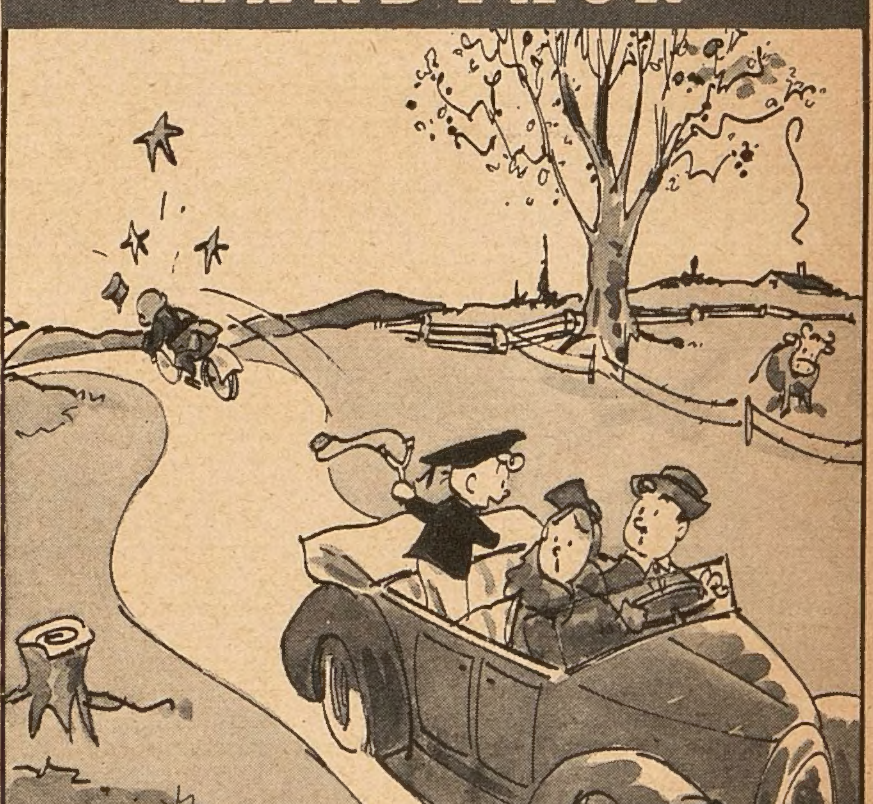
Not only would youth enjoy these articles written by those their own age, but it would aid the writers themselves by giving them experience.

Give youth a chance to express itself through the pages of your publication.—*Bettye Hughes.*

CHANGE THE DIAL, MR. BOGARD!

HUNTINGDON, PA.—W. E. Bogard (November 18 Vox Pop) complains of having his eardrums punctured by swing music. Doesn't Mr. Bogard know that by merely changing the dial on his radio he can hear a variety of musical programs? Or would he rather listen to a swing band so that he can get a good "mad on" and write insulting letters about musicians who are catering to the demands of the public?—*Ira B. Heaton.*

"HARDTACK"



"I fixed that cop for givin' you a ticket, pop!"

Why Do the Democrats Want McNutt?

FULTON OURSLER

WE ARE NOW facing the quadrennial state of upheaval known as a Presidential year. Eight years ago we, the people, a good many millions of us at least, elected Franklin D. Roosevelt to be the thirty-second President of the United States. Four years ago we did it again. What will we do in 1940? Will Roosevelt ask us to try him again? Some say yes, some say no. We have already made our bet on that subject in this column.

If Roosevelt doesn't run, who will be the Democratic candidate? Ickes? Wallace? Kennedy? One could name a dozen possibilities. The favorite of the powers that be, by all accounts, Paul V. McNutt, former High Commissioner of the Philippines. What is the secret of Mr. McNutt's popularity with some of the big boys among the Democrats? He is known to have had a feud with Jim Farley, which isn't too helpful. On the other hand, there are some who call him the handsomest politician since Warren G. Harding. What sort of man is Mr. McNutt? What kind of President would he make? These questions are answered in a startlingly frank article in Liberty next week by Frederick L. Collins, one of your favorite contributors and a man who can somehow manage to inject significance even into his commas. His article is an outstanding feature in an important table of contents. Next week we give you the selections in Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1940. Other features will include The Girl in the Storm, a stirring short story by James M. Cain, and another exciting yarn called Sea-Dog's Revenge, by George Masselman; together with Chinatown Angel, first entry in Liberty's next Valor in Citizenship award; Gag the Senate and You Gag America, by Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg; Not a Feminine Woman in Hollywood, by George Brent; and many others, together with installments of all the serials.

FROM THE MAIL: Our incorrigible informant, Senator Footloose, raises an interesting conjecture. Has Unity Freeman-Mitford, daughter of Lord Redesdale, been playing a deep and subtle role in world affairs? As you know, she has been called "Hitler's girl friend." Now she is the subject of violent rumor. She was first reported ill in August, then came the report that she shot herself when Germany and England headed for war. Senator Footloose's friends tell him that Unity was "caught out" by the Nazis, and that now the Germans know she was in fact Great Britain's number one lady spy in the Reich. . . . Father Flanagan, whose famous achievements in Boys Town Liberty was first to publish abroad, writes Harold Wise that he is forming a new group of honorary citizens. You can become one by sending five dollars to Father E. J. Flanagan, Boys Town, Nebraska. I can think of nothing better to start your Christmas off right. . . . From Dale Warren, a letter telling that Houghton Mifflin Company will publish Rupert Hughes' Attorney for the People: The Life Story of Thomas E. Dewey as a book on January 2. We were much interested in reading the new book by the Rev. Charles Francis Potter called Beyond the Senses. It is a modern, up-to-the-minute survey of the latest findings in telepathy and other forms of psychic phenomena. I was particularly astonished to find, beginning on page 228, a story about myself—of a strange dream I once had and how it all came true. I once told this story to Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, then principal research officer of the American Society for Psychical Research. He published it in his book Noted Witnesses for Psychic Research, and there I thought it was buried, but here it is again!

COMMENTS ON OTHER RECENT BOOKS: ★★★ HUDSON REJOINS THE HERD, by Claude Houghton. How it feels coming back to life after being almost dead. A mystery story of the spirit. . . . ★★ THE ARK AND THE ALPHABET, by Nathalia Crane and Leonard Feeney. Animal verses; a sample: "A peacock on a pedestal, in beauty doth prevail, and if he had a thousand eyes, he could not see his tail." How do the authors know? . . . ★★★ CROOKED SHADOWS, by Kurt Steel. The German-American Bund in a detective story—tough and exciting. . . . ★★ YOUTH IN ARMS, a book of maps and statistics, invaluable to any one who wants to follow the progress of the war. Did any one ask what war? . . . THE CHANGING WEST, by William Allen White. An economic study that turns into mysticism and is therefore, in my opinion, the soundest kind of common sense. Sample: "Democracy will define its terms more clearly as the year grows and the decade ends. The answer finally will not depend upon goodness, it will depend upon the resiliency of the common spirit. . . . Let strong men be mean, let weaklings be lazy, and let the mediocre men be complaisantly befuddled. So it has always been. Put them to work side by side—the grasping, the do-less, and the bewildered, . . . an inert sense of fairness amalgamating their better qualities. A patent of social conduct emerges, strange and full of friendly purpose. They all seem to be pushing and hauling, pulling and clamoring and have done a day's work that is somehow good, but they only are as competent and wise as they are friendly, so the wisdom of kindness—later called the love of man—comes to bless our labor."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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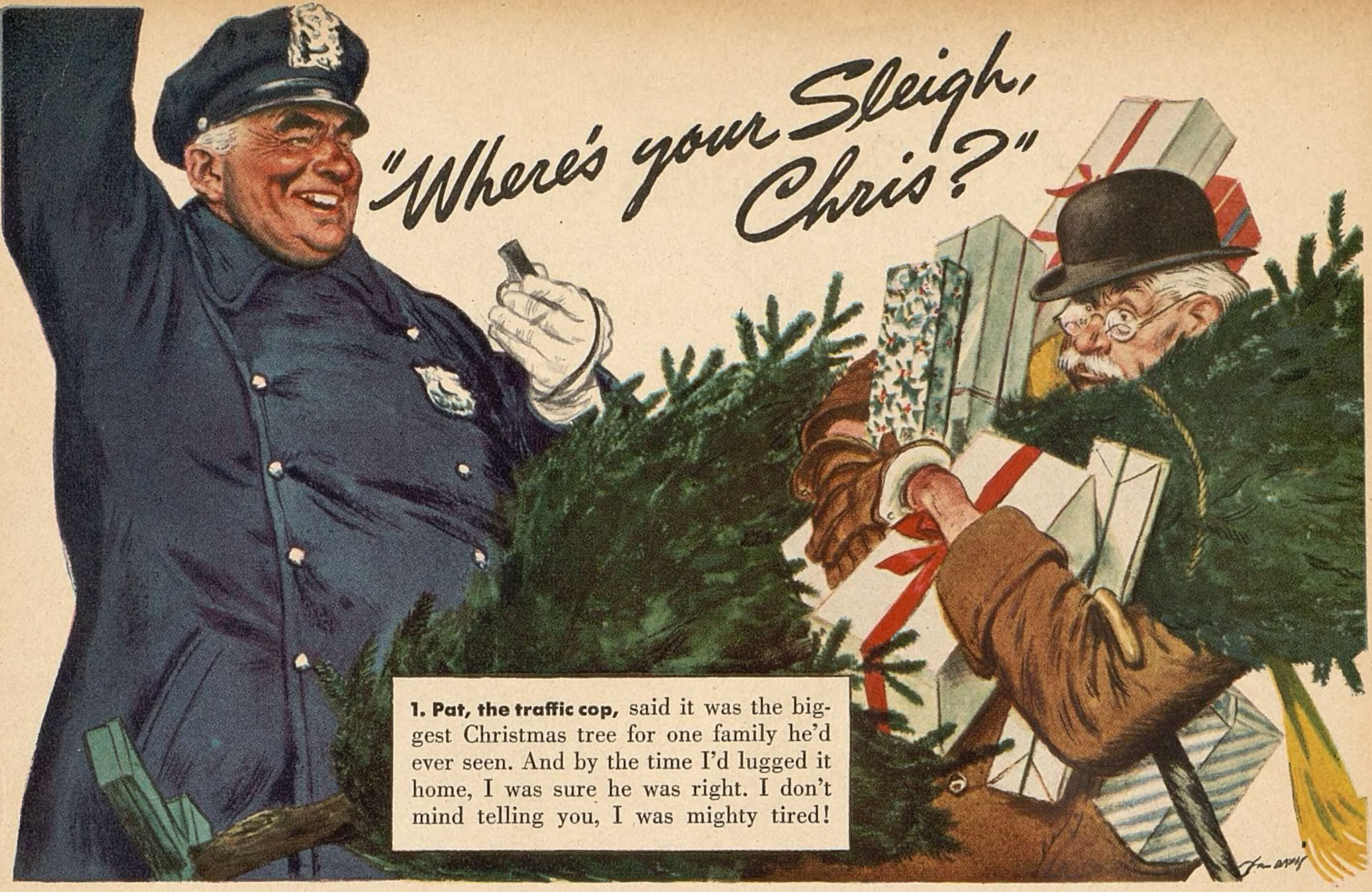
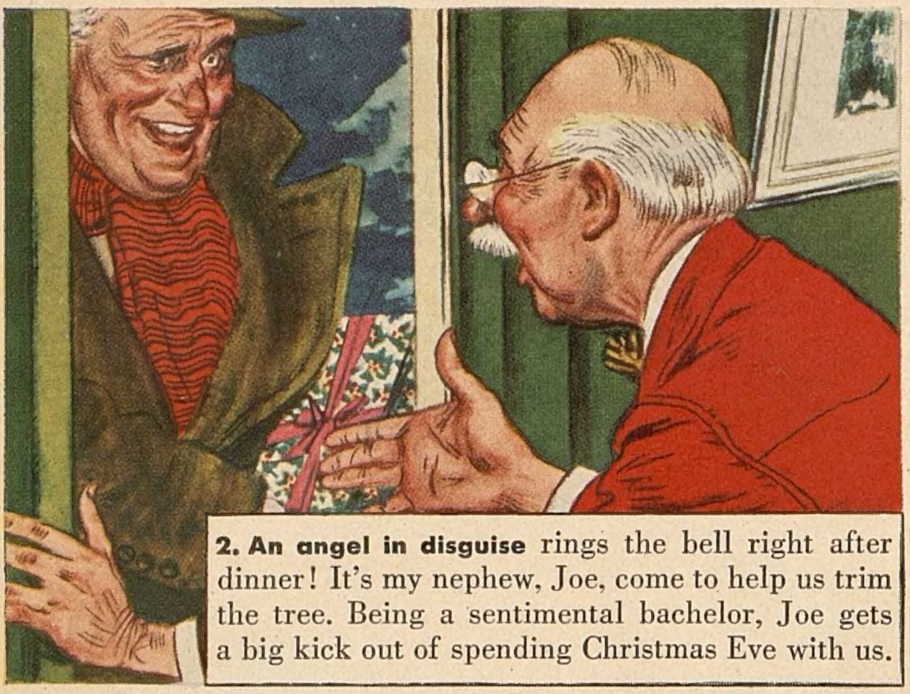
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

"Where's your Sleigh, Chris?"



1. Pat, the traffic cop, said it was the biggest Christmas tree for one family he'd ever seen. And by the time I'd lugged it home, I was sure he was right. I don't mind telling you, I was mighty tired!



2. An angel in disguise rings the bell right after dinner! It's my nephew, Joe, come to help us trim the tree. Being a sentimental bachelor, Joe gets a big kick out of spending Christmas Eve with us.

3. "Merry Christmas!" yells Joe, when, just at the stroke of twelve I'm puttin' the finishing touch on the tree. "Here—Double Your Enjoyment of a job well done." And he hands up the smoothest highball I'd ever tasted.

4. "Come on, Joe—give! What is it?" I ask him. And he says, "It's TEN HIGH—the whiskey with *No Rough Edges*. And the secret is, it's distilled by Hiram Walker under doubly careful control." Thanks to Joe—my *first* Christmas present was the best of the whole day!

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH

Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

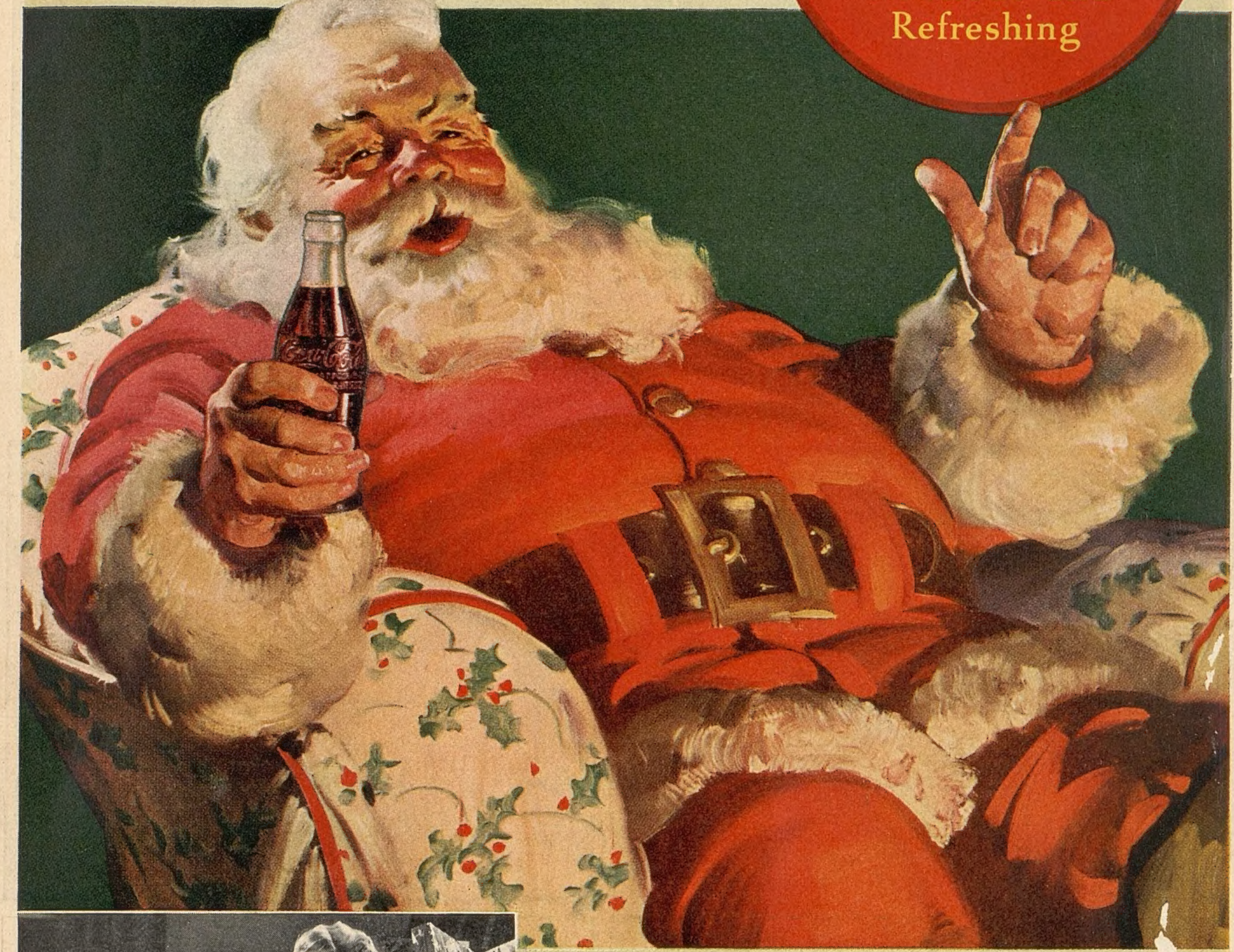
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

To say "Merry Christmas"—say "TEN HIGH." And give it in this gay, gifty carton that says, "I want to Double Your Enjoyment of the holidays!"

90 PROOF

"And the same to you"

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing



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THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES
WITH ICE-COLD COCA-COLA AT HOME

When you're at your busiest, don't forget that the busiest man in the world . . . old Santa . . . takes time to pause and refresh. So this Christmas in remembering others don't forget to remember yourself now and then . . . with an ice-cold Coca-Cola for *the pause that refreshes.*